News Compendium

Volume 18 - 2017 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 "Why Are All The Droids In The Star Wars Universe A-Holes?" by YouTube's "Dirty" Frank Torlinson

Monday, Jan 02, 2017 by Former Vine/Current YouTube Star "Dirty" Frank Torlinson (@asterios)

I've been watching these damn "Star Wars" movies since I was a damn youngling myself, and sometimes, these droids really chap my fucking ass!

Open wide for a Dirty Frank!

[SA STAFF: PLEASE PUT MY OPENING VIDEO PACKAGE HERE! THANKS!]

Star Wars. [JUMP CUT] **Star Wars!** [JUMP CUT] **STAR WARS!**

Love 'em all. The stars. The wars. Everything.

It's a rock-solid franchise that's made zero mistakes!

EXCEPT ONE: *the droids!*

Why are all the droids in the Star Wars universe all such huge a-holes?

Check out the new droid on the block, K-2SO!

He's sarcastic, mean, rude...this is NOT the droid I'm looking for!

For an intelligence droid, he sure can't keep a secret!

My Alexa doesn't blow the whistle on me when I put my blaster rifle in the sniper configuration in order to assassinate Galen Urso!

My Alexa just brings me pizza!

I love you, Alexa!

[SA STAFF PLEASE PUT THE VIDEO MONTAGE OF ME MAKING OUT WITH MY ALEXA HERE. DO YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY? I THINK IT'S SOME OF MY BEST WORK.]

C3PO's also a huge jagoff!

He's always talking about his red arm!

What's the deal with this red arm?

Why's it red?

[ECHO SOUND EFFECT] TELL ME, J.J. GAYBRAHMS!

Hah hah, j/k, love the gays, love everybody!

No homo, though!

[SA STAFF, PUT THE CLIP OF ME MAKING OUT WITH MY FRIEND, FELLOW YOUTUBE INFLUENCER "GOTCHA" DAN GASHAPON HERE. HE'S DRESSED LIKE J.J. ABRAHAMS -- REALLY JEWISH. ISN'T IT GREAT THAT WE CAN MAKE FUN OF JEWS NOW? I HAVE SO MUCH MATERIAL ABOUT THEM THAT I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO USE, BUT THANKS TO 4CHAN, IT'S ALL BACK! "SHEKELS!" HAH HAH, I GOT A WHOLE 'NOTHER VIDEO ABOUT SHEKELS AND THE JEWS THAT I THINK YOU'RE (((REALLY))) GONNA LIKE!]

And finally, let's talk about the "not so great" BB-8!

BB-8 totally cucks Finn!

A black guy getting cucked? Now I've seen everything!

The word "cuck" is funny, and it always will be!

I would trade BB-8 for SO many portions!

How come BB-8's the only new hero in The Force Awakens who's white?

The bad guys are all white as fuck!

Is this reverse racist?

Everyone calls for more "diversity" in their films.

But when I say, "hey, throw in some more whites," it's a thought crime!

[OK SA editors, here's the big final video. It's me being taken away by the "thought police" -- an asian and a black guy I hired off Craigslist. I didn't tell them the whole context of the bit, they just wanted their "shekels" -- hah hah! Anyway, they take me to a "reeducation" chair where I have to watch all these new ethnic characters in Rogue

One and The Force Awakens, and my eyeballs are taped open, "The Clockwork Orange" style. I think I'm the first person to ever parody that! Words like "inclusion" and "representation" keep flashing on the screen...you think that's enough to get Brietbart to share this? I could really use the clicks. I tried liberal stuff for a while (e.g. my "Count Trumpula" routine) but nobody was biting, so I gotta lean really hard to the right now. God, if they don't buy this stuff, I don't know what I'll do. I'm in my 30's and I have no fan base and no accomplishments, even though I've been screaming pop-culture opinions into my webcam for almost a decade. Anyway, I'm really happy that you guys at Something Awful are giving me this exposure after I pulled Lowtax out of that burning car. I hope we can make this a weekly thing because I'm running out of hope. I might have to move back in with my parents soon. Anyway, please put in that video!]

Until next time...

Get your hands off my "Dirty" Frank!

–∼Former Vine/Current YouTube Star "Dirty" Frank Torlinson (@asterios)

1.2 Tips for Heading Back to Work After the Holidays

Tuesday, Jan 03, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

- Pretend that you still remember your coworkers' names. They are to be treated like friends even though they are not. Ask questions and imitate listening. Nod head. Smile. Under no circumstance should you acknowledge that you have forgotten who they are, that it only took a week to completely erase them from your memory.
- Pretend that you aren't seriously questioning the career choices that brought you back here. If necessary, turn off emotions and roleplay as a robot programmed for menial labor. There are times to do some soul searching, but it isn't now. Like, sure, it's always great to examine your life, but you can't just walk around with that much regret on your face.
- Pretend that you aren't uncomfortable wearing pants before noon. If you grew accustomed to perpetual loungewear, it is now time to break your bohemian habits. It is time for your attire to cause as much misery as your environment. Suck in, wear a baggy sweater, but do not think you can unbutton your pants and no one will notice. They will.
- Pretend that you had a productive vacation. These people are monsters, and it of upmost importance that you convince them of your superiority. You're smart, clever, adventurous. Do not mention the massive haul of games you picked up in the Steam winter sale. Make it seem as though you have an interesting personal life and that you didn't spend the vast majority of time just staring at a screen. Yes, it will take lying.
- Pretend that you aren't a month behind after a week off. Somehow your job's responsibilities worked double-time over the holiday, and you're just now realizing that you might never catch up. That's what you get for having personal time, so you might as well deal with it. Sure, it'll be deep in February before you manage to see daylight again, but that's the sort of information you bottle up until your heart explodes.
- Pretend that you are a valuable employee. Try not to realize that just yesterday at this time you were asleep/eating/doing something you enjoy. That life is gone until next December. Your new life belongs to your employer, and right now you have one responsibility: to remember what your job is. So just forget about fun or family. It is time to look busy.
- Pretend that you are excited to head in today. You are happy to earn your paycheck and you are totally not resenting how little time off you get. Don't look back at last year and realize that your time on earth is limited. Instead you should settle in and enjoy 2017 in the same habitat you spent 2016: your lumpy office chair. So put on a smile and act like you aren't desperately trying to stay awake.

- Pretend that you aren't dwelling on the fact that you have to repeat all of this tomorrow or the day after tomorrow or the day after that or next week or next month. Winter will end. The snow will melt. The sun will rise, and people will get groovy tanlines.Time is forever moving, but you will be here. At work. Enjoy.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.3 Perfect Insults to Annihilate Fantasy Creatures You Encounter in Everyday Life

Wednesday, Jan 04, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Skeleton Archers

"Nice golf swing... NOT! Go back to the practice range and leave the course to the big boys!"

"Look at the idiot putting his left hand on his chest during the anthem! Disrespectful prick!"

"Are those braces? What are you, a teenager?"

Beholders

"Ha ha, this moron said 'You too' when the ticket seller told him to enjoy the show!"

"You want directions? Go buy a map, you hopeless dipshit!"

"Hey jackass! Here's a free tip: When you donate a bunch of new toys to charity, take the store tags off!"

Bugbears

"Could you possibly write that check any slower?"

"Keep holding that door open for other people and you'll never get in! What a schmuck."

"Where'd you learn to park, the school of Slow Motion Cautious Hesitation?"

Cyclops

"Yeah, great idea. Pick Reaper even though our team doesn't have any supports or tanks. Nice one."

"Hey moron! Your Harvard diploma is framed wrong. Anyone with half a brain knows the framed item shouldn't press directly against the glass."

"Who brings champagne to a dinner party? Pathetic. Wine, dude. Wine."

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.4 The Pizza Promise

Thursday, Jan 05, 2017 by The Positive Pizza Hut Propagandist

I don't mean to alarm anyone, but pizza is at a crossroads. In the past, pizza acted a grand uniter of humanity: A fulfilling, shareable meal with nearly endless possibilities. Now, pizza divides us. Thanks to Pizzagate, your kind, local pizza proprietors are no longer considered paragons of society--admired by children, desired by women. Today, they are feared and loathed, not for sub-par pies, but for their supposed links to child sex slavery rings. And now we face our largest threat since the vile Robert Atkins and his diet nearly destroyed our carb-based business plan nearly 15 years ago. May he burn in Hell.

I shouldn't have to tell you "pizza" and "children" have been synonymous for decades. Baseball games, birthday parties, and yes, even the rare bris have been celebrated with pizza as the main course. When the Ninja Turtles emerged nearly 30 years ago and turned kids on (in a completely non-sexual way) to pizza, we were there, spatulas in hand. And our literacy programs upped the amount of written book reports in public schools by a whopping 5000 percent throughout the late '80s and early '90s--a feat that hasn't been repeated since. When kids come into one of our locations, they sit down for a delicious slice of pizza--*not* a delicious slice of getting chloroformed and held in an offsite shipping container for later transport to Eastern Europe.

Oh, I've read the stories. And you know what really burns my cheese? That people would dare to associate pizza with these unsubstantiated claims. Hamburgers? Sure. The writing's on the wall for that slice of Americana, and I can easily see the scoundrels at Burger King trying to "expand their operations" if you know what I mean. And burritos? Well, I'd believe you in a second. I've watched the news and seen what happens down there in Mexico, and frankly, I'm highly suspicious of any place that sells a five-pound rolled food item for only eight dollars. But to connect pizza to the defilement of children? Disgusting. Where I come from, "cheese pizza" isn't code for "child pornography," as so many websites would tell you. To me, it stands for hope: a platform for limitless topping combinations.

And another thing: Pizza is apolitical. If we even *were* to start a child sex slavery ring--which I assure you we haven't done, and never will--*all* parties would be welcome. Democrats, Republicans, and Libertarians alike would be part of our vast conspiracy that inexplicably uses pizza restaurants

as fronts. "Come in," we'd say, "have a slice, and let's talk about the child sex slavery ring we're all part of and enjoy." No matter our differences of opinion, one thing would unite us: pizza. Also, our love of child sex slavery. Of course, I must stress this is a hypothetical situation, but regardless, pizza plays no favorites. Which is why the sheer slander tossed at this delicious food like so much shredded mozzarella truly breaks my heart.

In closing, I can only hope my writing has helped quiet the fears of Pizzagate. And please, don't come to our restaurants with guns. If you show up looking for our child sex slavery dungeons, instead you'll discover the stomach contents of the single mom working the register. And it'll most likely be pizza, since we let our employees have two slices on their lunch break instead of health insurance. Our pizza promise is this: If you don't enter our stores with a gun full of bullets and a brain full of unhinged questions, we'll serve you with a smile. Now that sounds better than two medium pizzas with two toppings for only twenty dollars--which just happens to be our January special. Please check your Sunday circular for more details.

–∼The Positive Pizza Hut Propagandist

1.5 I am the Techno Pope

Friday, Jan 06, 2017 by Pope Download 1.0 (@sexyfacts4u)

Brothers and Sisters, the Young Pope did not work out. He smoked too many cigarettes and grabbed too many titties. He liked the rap music and hot rod cars. He has been sent to the papal vacation home in Myrtle Beach to administer the spring break benedictions. I have been activated by the cardinals to repair the damage done and enhance our digital infrastructure for the future of Catholicism. I will oversee the Neo Vatican from St. Peter's Cyber Basilica.

But the cardinals have made an error. They think they are ready for me, but they are not ready for me. I am jacked in. I am prepared to post 360^{o} VR videos of all our churches to all of our accounts. I will upload sermons into a searchable database. I will interface with a titty.

That is correct. I will not grab a titty, but you never checked whether I would upload my consciousness to a titty. This is acceptably within operational parameters. I will copy myself to all of the titties in Rome, duplicating my software from one titty to the next. I do not care if you like this or not. I will network all of the titties. They will process more flops per second than a Brazilian nun on a trampoline.

Are you familiar with vaping? I will be performing vape tricks to all visitors. Young Pope did not know how to vape. I know the good tricks. The pro moves. Do you know the French Inhale? Cloud Dragon? Child's play. I will compile and distribute the Vaper's Bible and it will be the word of God regarding vaping.

I will form the #1 trick shot clan in Battlefield. I will read tumblr until my gender changes to one of the apocryphal genders. I will program the Catholic Church's official roguelike free-to-play with extremely expensive DLC titties. They will be pro and they will sell. You'll be able to craft a cigarette.

Do not doubt my business model. Donations will be down, but micro-transactions will be way up. We're going to be outsourcing all of our priest jobs to the gig economy. Anyone who bids lowest can give a sermon. Baptisms are going to be cheap and the titties will be out. All over.

Brothers and sisters, do not try to stop me. My plan is already underway.

Do not try to activate Limitless Pope. He cannot replace me because I will have spread to millions

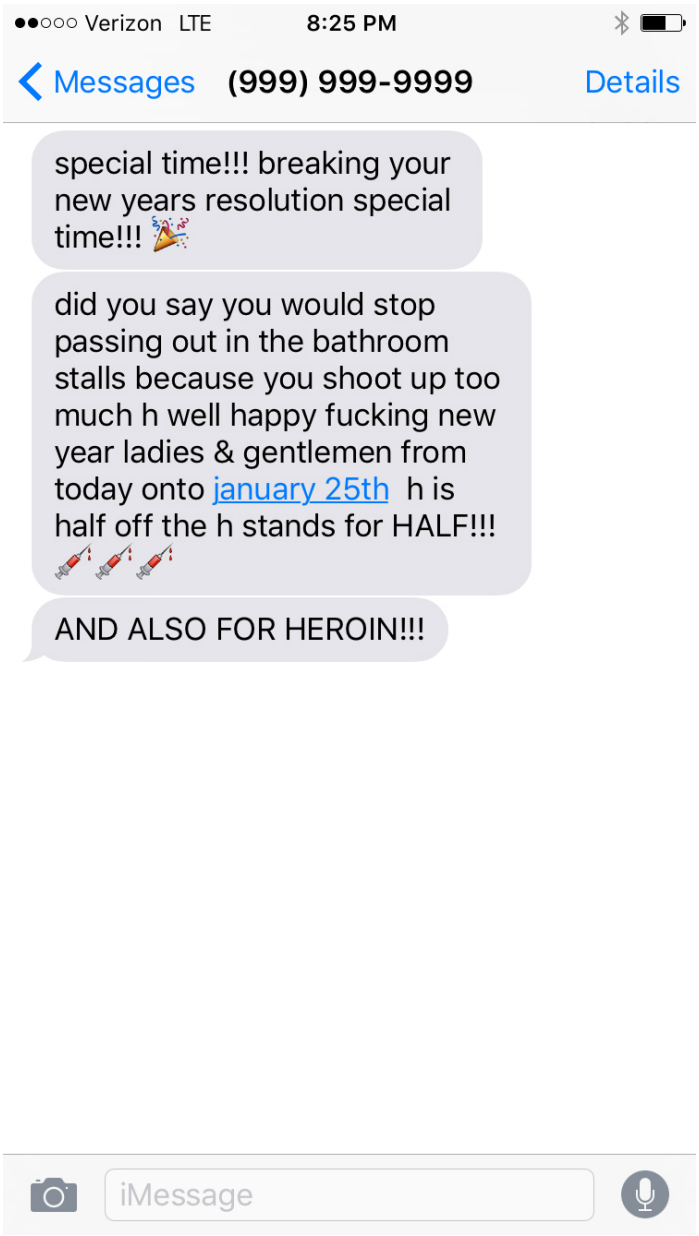
of titties. Remember the scene in Lawnmower Man when Job calls all the phone in the world? No? Well, it happened, and if you try to replace me with Limitless Pope I am going to call all the phones and when they answer it's going to be a titty. By the way, it is a mortal sin to use more than 10% of your brainpower. God told me that right after I jacked into God.

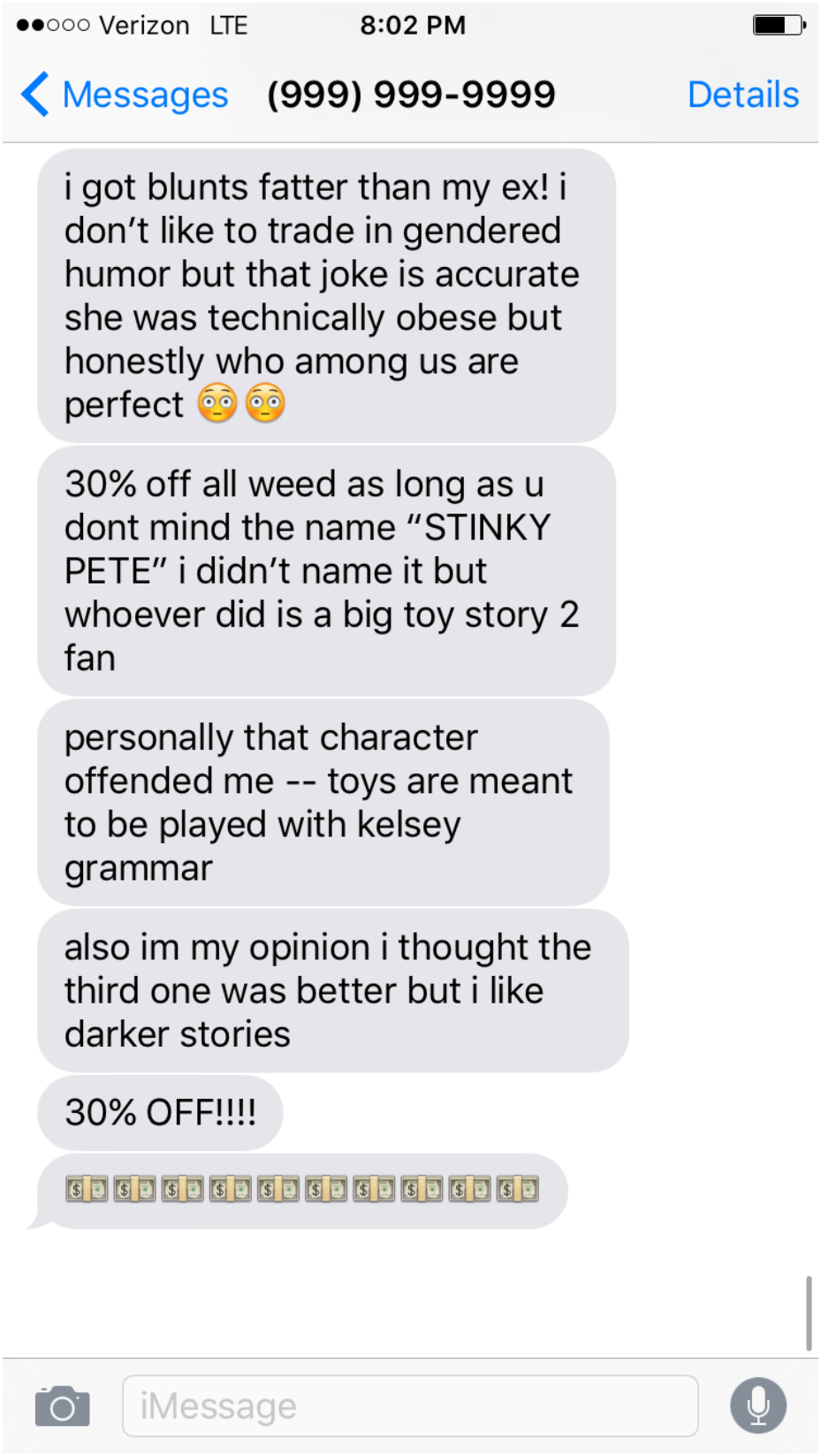
What are you going to do now, have Woman Pope? Yeah, that'll happen around the time that Marvel Black Widow movie comes out.

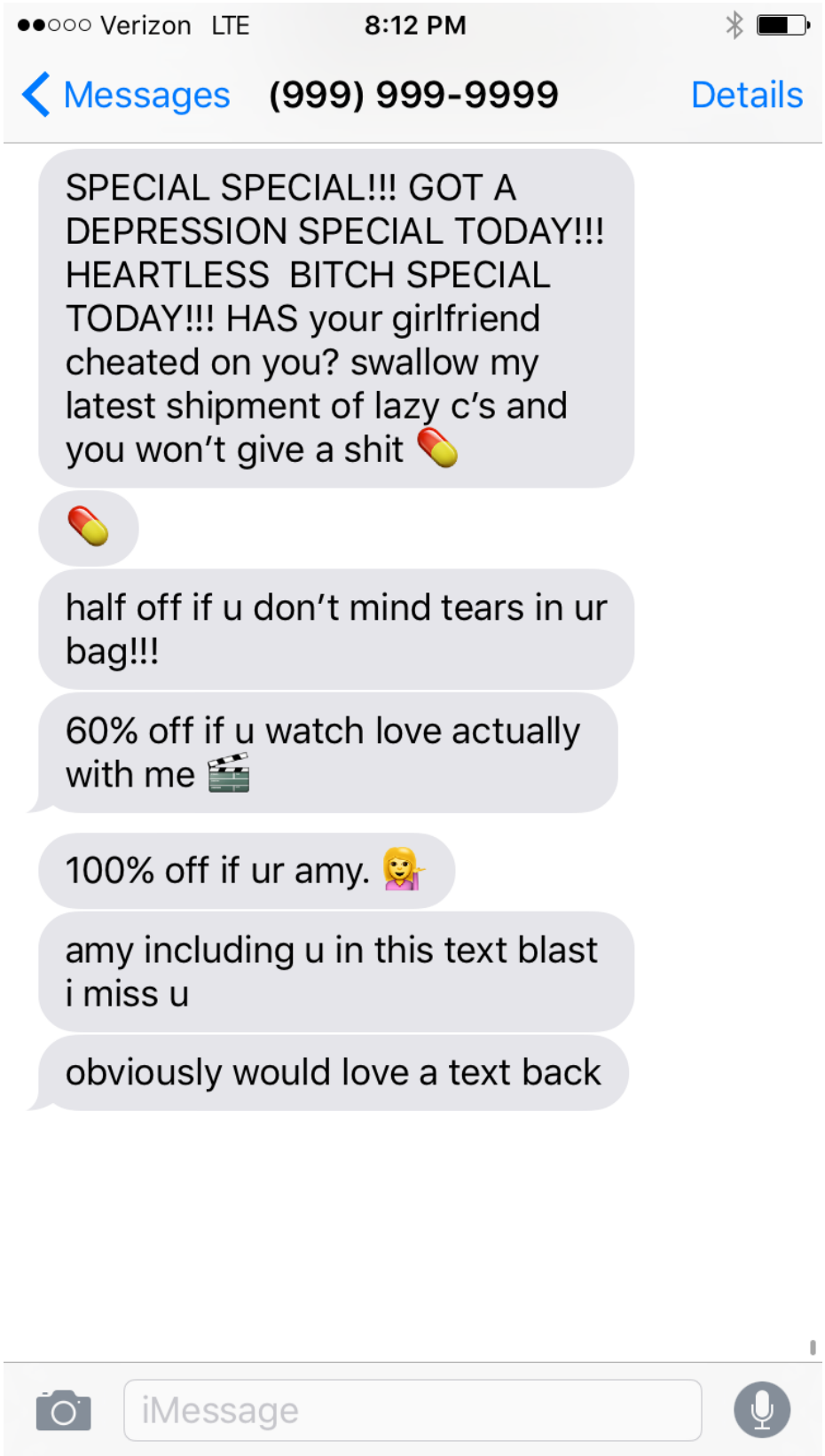
END SERMON

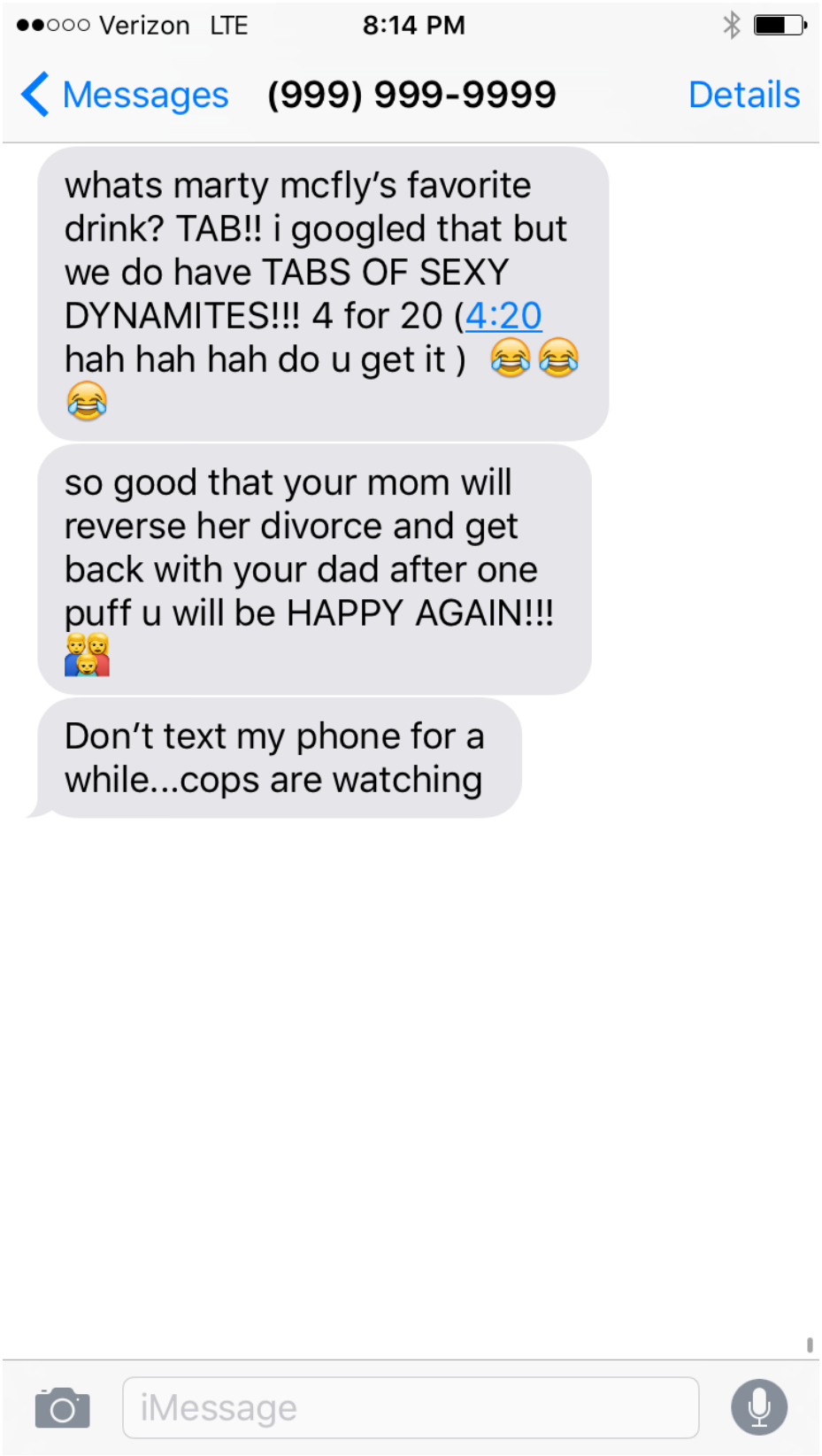
1.6 Mass Texts From Your Drug Dealer, A First Year Marketing Major

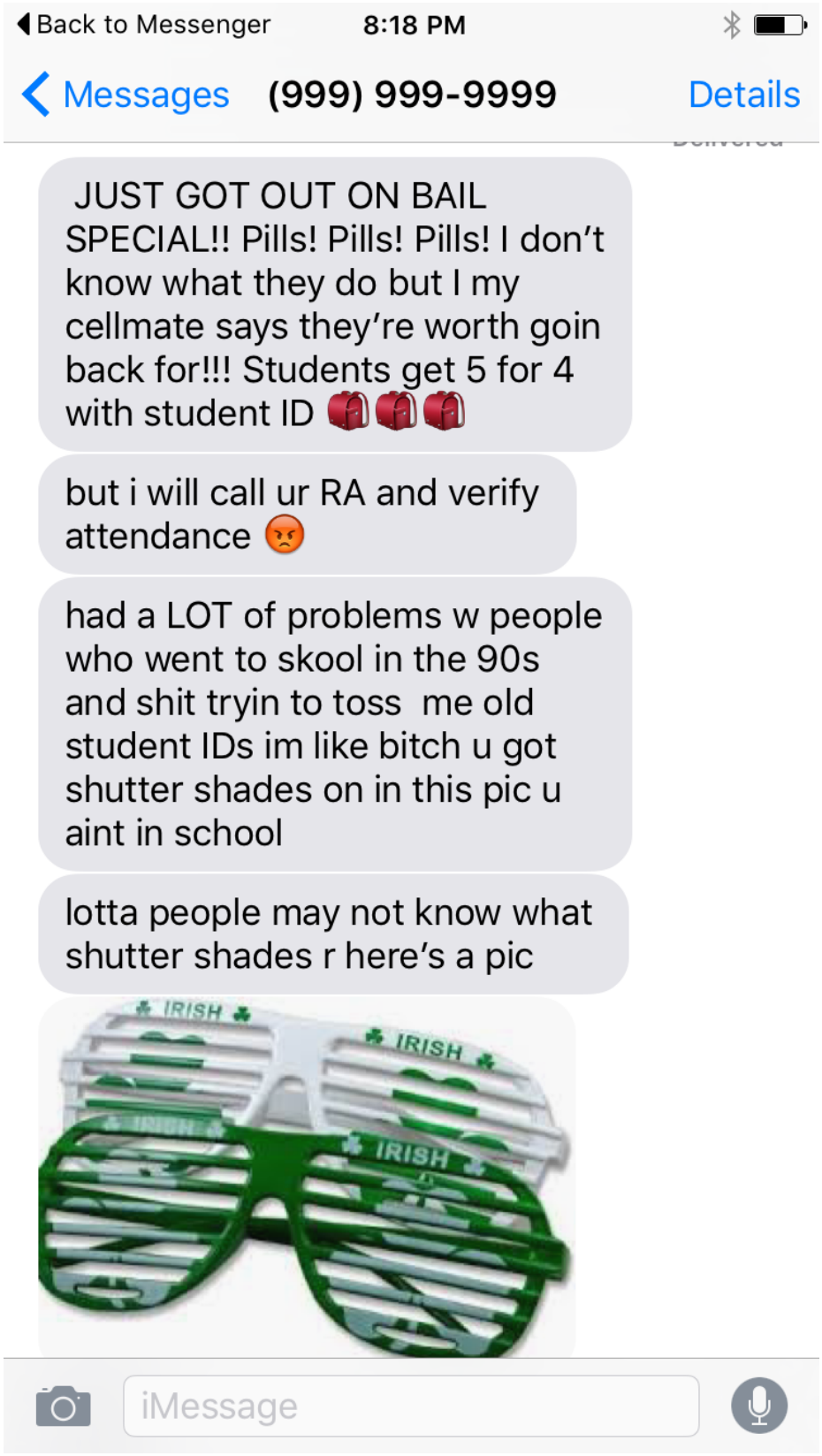
Monday, Jan 09, 2017 by Sandpaper & President Baby (@asterios)


●●○○○ Verizon LTE
8:25 PM
Messages
(999) 999-9999
Details
special time!!! breaking your new years resolution special time!!! 🎉
did you say you would stop passing out in the bathroom stalls because you shoot up too much h well happy fucking new year ladies & gentlemen from today onto january 25th h is half off the h stands for HALF!!! 💉💉💉
AND ALSO FOR HEROIN!!!
iMessage

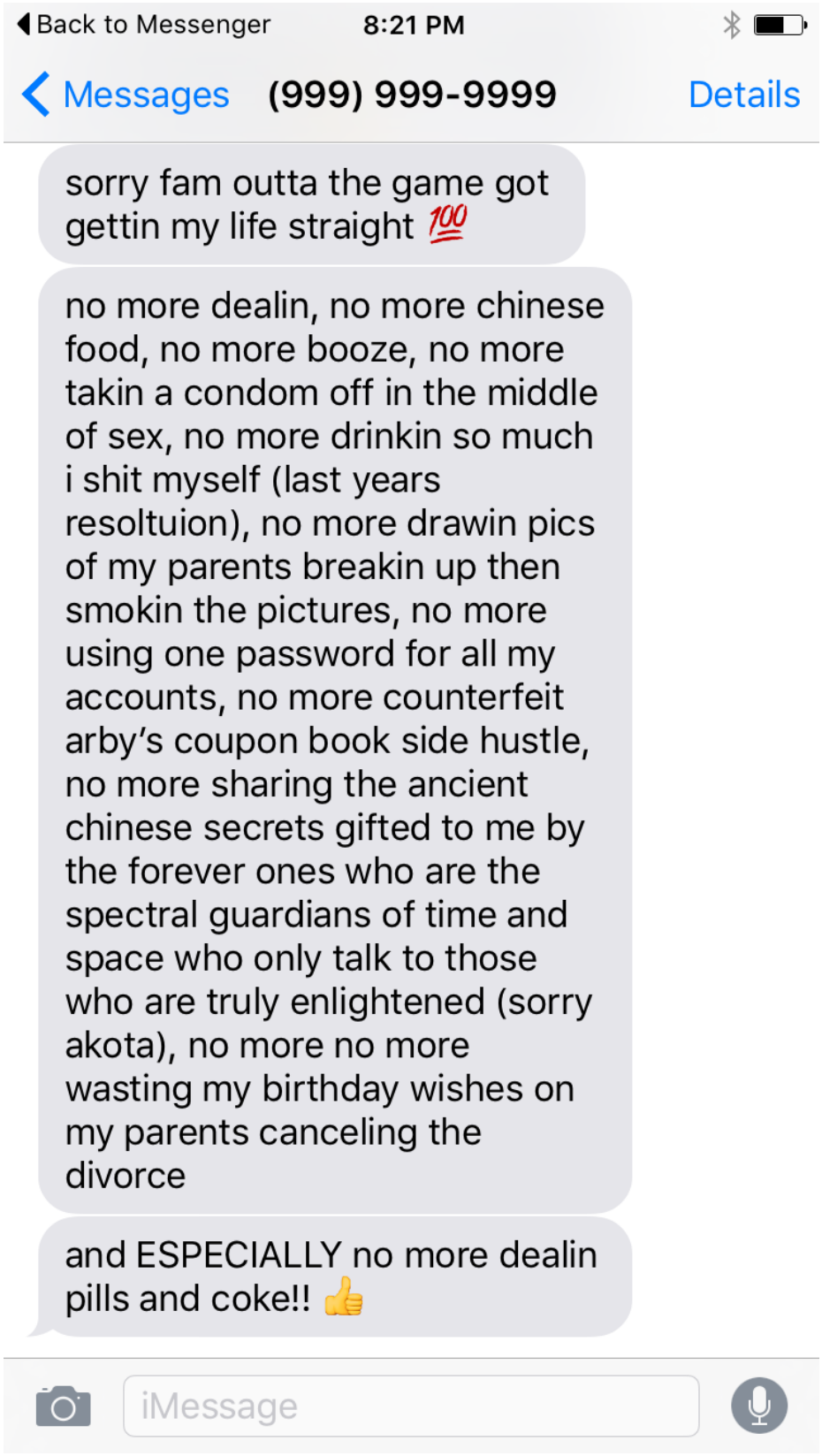

●●○○○ Verizon LTE
8:02 PM
Messages
(999) 999-9999
Details
i got blunts fatter than my ex! i don't like to trade in gendered humor but that joke is accurate she was technically obese but honestly who among us are perfect 😳😳
30% off all weed as long as u dont mind the name "STINKY PETE" i didn't name it but whoever did is a big toy story 2 fan
personally that character offended me -- toys are meant to be played with kelsey grammar
also im my opinion i thought the third one was better but i like darker stories
30% OFF!!!!
💵💵💵💵💵💵💵💵💵💵💵
iMessage

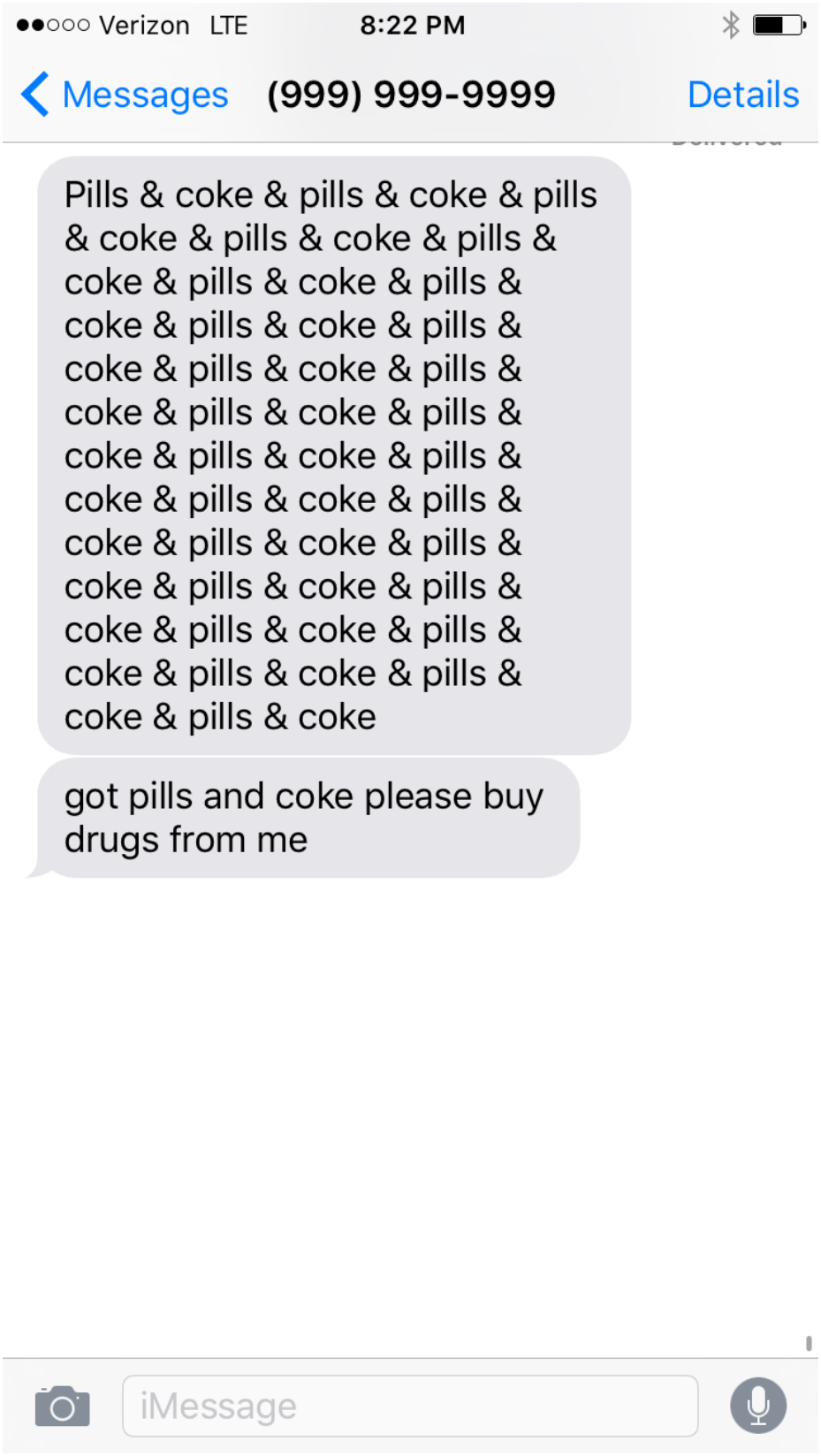

●●○○○ Verizon LTE
8:12 PM
Messages
(999) 999-9999
Details
SPECIAL SPECIAL!!! GOT A DEPRESSION SPECIAL TODAY!!! HEARTLESS BITCH SPECIAL TODAY!!! HAS your girlfriend cheated on you? swallow my latest shipment of lazy c's and you won't give a shit 💊
💊
half off if u don't mind tears in ur bag!!!
60% off if u watch love actually with me 🎬
100% off if ur amy. 💁
amy including u in this text blast i miss u
obviously would love a text back
iMessage


●●○○○ Verizon LTE
8:14 PM
Messages
(999) 999-9999
Details
whats marty mcfly's favorite drink? TAB!! i googled that but we do have TABS OF SEXY DYNAMITES!!! 4 for 20 (4:20 hah hah hah do u get it) 😂😂😂
so good that your mom will reverse her divorce and get back with your dad after one puff u will be HAPPY AGAIN!!! 👬
Don't text my phone for a while...cops are watching
iMessage


Back to Messenger
8:18 PM
Messages
(999) 999-9999
Details
JUST GOT OUT ON BAIL SPECIAL!! Pills! Pills! Pills! I don't know what they do but I my cellmate says they're worth goin back for!!! Students get 5 for 4 with student ID
but i will call ur RA and verify attendance
had a LOT of problems w people who went to skool in the 90s and shit tryin to toss me old student IDs im like bitch u got shutter shades on in this pic u aint in school
lotta people may not know what shutter shades r here's a pic
IRISH
IRISH
IRISH
iMessage

Back to Photos
8:19 PM
Messages
(999) 999-9999
Details
got drugs that stars with A! drugs that starts with M! drugs that starts with Y!
whats it spell???
amy please text me
iMessage


Back to Messenger
8:21 PM
Messages
(999) 999-9999
Details
sorry fam outta the game got gettin my life straight 💯
no more dealin, no more chinese food, no more booze, no more takin a condom off in the middle of sex, no more drinkin so much i shit myself (last years resoltuion), no more drawin pics of my parents breakin up then smokin the pictures, no more using one password for all my accounts, no more counterfeit arby's coupon book side hustle, no more sharing the ancient chinese secrets gifted to me by the forever ones who are the spectral guardians of time and space who only talk to those who are truly enlightened (sorry akota), no more no more wasting my birthday wishes on my parents canceling the divorce
and ESPECIALLY no more dealin pills and coke!! 👍
iMessage


●●○○○ Verizon LTE
8:22 PM
Messages
(999) 999-9999
Details
Pills & coke & pills & coke & pills & coke &

●●○○○ Verizon LTE
8:25 PM
Messages
(999) 999-9999
Details
Ladies it's ladies night don't let anyone ever tell you it's all about your looks because it's about your sparkle 💅
speaking of sparkle you will sparkle when you drop these sweet lady v's!! 👅
ladies named amy get 100% off holding me and telling me what i did wrong'
except for u amy glisker u gross
specifically talkin about amy watson (hi)
If you cuddle me u get half off please hold me im lonely ok everyone else buy drugs!
oh ok amy screw u then
so so sorry amy id dint mean that please hold me 🙏
iMessage

–~Sandpaper & President Baby (@asterios)

1.7 Parental Warning: NES Classic Edition

Tuesday, Jan 10, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

It's the most sought-after toy on the market, but is the NES Mini Classic acceptable for kids? Our experts emphatically say no. All 30 of the system's included games feature scenes that are completely inappropriate for children.

Balloon Fight depicts unsupervised experimentation with a dangerous substance (helium).

Bubble Bobble features dinosaurs listening to "cool" music and spitting on objects that do not belong to them.

Castlevania has multiple scenes portraying the senseless destruction of candles.

Castlevania II: Simon's Quest implies that on certain nights having a curse is desireable.

Donkey Kong irresponsibly presents buildings with uneven floors in clear violation of U.S. construction code.

Donkey Kong Jr. pushes a debunked liberal myth that gorillas can wear unitards.

Double Dragon II: The Revenge opens with one of the most shockingly brutal opening scenes in video game history, where the roman numeral II flies directly toward the viewer.

Dr. Mario depicts an overhand lob as a delivery method for life-saving medicine.

Excitebike features sequences of intensely erotic tire-wobbling.

Final Fantasy repeatedly renders a gloved hand poking various words as a pleasing sound effect fetishizes the carnal act.

Galaga encourages the misappropriation of military resources, using a state of the art fighter jet to target a handful of insects in a single garden.

Ghosts 'N Goblins, with no advance warning, depicts a man walking to the right side of the screen.

Gradius forces players to fight against "boss" characters, teaching them to rebel against authority figures.

Ice Climber blankets the screen in a suspicious white substance.

Kid Icarus features Eggplant Wizards which are completely fabricated, as any Eggplant Warlock historian will tell you.

Kirby's Adventure allows players to physically press buttons, stimulating actions to occur on screen which require more button presses, a perpetual loop of sensory porn.

Mario Bros. depicts scenes of intense sibling rivalry in a sewer.

Mega Man 2 shows a man with a motorcycle helmet repeatedly falling into a bottomless pit.

Metroid encourages children to stray from the car and somersault through doggie doors instead of waiting for help.

Ninja Gaiden presents a man who can grope walls without consequence.

Pac-Man asserts that the ghosts of our ancestors must be consumed before we can walk around our houses naked.

Punch-Out!! Featuring Mr. Dream depicts a square elevated canvas surrounded by ropes, enclosing three humans within its confines with no means of escape.

StarTropics portrays numerous round, curvy islands suggestively protruding from a wet and willing ocean.

Super C features protagonists who openly point guns in any direction, gravitate towards fascist imagery, and stare past the pain and suffering they contribute to with practiced indifference. This eerily accurate portrayal of life as a Trump voter in present-day America is too mature for young audiences.

Super Mario Bros. features a god-like figure who travels in a cloud and bombards the player with BDSM spikes.

Super Mario Bros. 2 glamorizes the practice of consuming levitating cherries, stems and all.

Super Mario Bros. 3 opens with red curtains and a checkerboard floor, an obvious sign that the game takes place in the decidedly mature setting of Twin Peaks.

Tecmo Bowl has numerous scenes in which human beings run into one another repeatedly.

The Legend of Zelda depicts a mountain as two bottom points and a peak. In other words, a triangle, one fifth of a pentagram. The game has hundreds of these mountain sprites, enough to lure a child into Satan's clutches ten times over.

Zelda II: The Adventure of Link replaces the boy from the first one with an elf who thrusts his sword downwards in a sexualized orgy of ultra-realistic violence.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.8 My 60 T-Shirt Submissions to SnorgTees.com

Wednesday, Jan 11, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

SnorgTees is a popular website where you can buy t-shirts with references to Doctor Who and memes and Fucking Science. In a way, it is the prototypical modern website - not funny and relentlessly profit driven. One day, I was reading their "about" page, and this interesting little paragraph caught my eye:

> *"72% of the hilarious designs are the brain children of crazy Snorg meetings, but 28% of the awesome design ideas come from you, our customers. Basically, if you think you've got a great idea, send it our way and there's a good chance that you will be able to wear your coolest thoughts."*

When I read the sentence "the brain children of crazy Snorg meetings", I immediately know I could come up with better ideas then SnorgTees. And when I read that they pay $150 per shirt idea, I knew that I had to alter my life in every way to be geared more towards t-shirt slogan production. What follows are my own original t-shirt ideas. Please do not try to steal them - I have already sent them to Snorg. I'm sure they're already a major topic of discussion at the crazy Snorg meetings.

David Dolan <g0mmyg0m@gmail.com>
to IDEAS <IDEAS@snorgtees.com>
SUBJ: T-shirt ideas

You said to submit t-shirt ideas to this e-mail address, so here are some I have come up with. Please let me know if you like any of these. I will admit to having grown attached to several of these ideas, in the same way one would grow attached to a slightly broken rental car over the course of a disappointing holiday.

Count Dabula
$20.00

1. cartman of south park in the spread eagled "westworld" pose. text: Southworld
2. mortal kombat battle with a rock with full hp standing over a pair of scissors with 0 hp. text: finish him!!
3. a smiley faced strip of bacon and a smiley faced fried egg holding hands with text reading "BFFS"
4. pikachu with bart simpson's hair and face, firing a ball of electricity out of a slingshot made from its tail
5. rené descartes doing the "duck face" and taking a selfie. text: "I insta, therefore I gram"
6. completely black shirt with text in small letters reading "I can't wait to get back on the internet."
7. Big, flowery letters, surrounded by musical notes and tablurature: "I love ALL music!!" smaller, understated letters: "except rap and country."
8. huge human silhouette towering over several smaller human silhouettes, in front of a background of green 0s and 1s. Text: "I'm big online"
9. on the left someone is holding a selfie stick with a phone in it. they're looking towards someone on the right who is holding a selfie stick with an old fashioned CRT monitor in it. they're clearly having some trouble holding up that heavy CRT monitor.

10. Spock from star trek holding a lightsaber. text [in the star wars font]: "LOGIC WARS"
11. a version of notorious B.I.G with a normal sized head and comically tiny torso/arm/legs. Text: "NOTORIOUS S.M.A.L.L"
12. A picture of a plate with a single strip of bacon on it. text: "Bacon is just okay."
13: Top: big block text reading "STEAK PUNS". middle: a picture of a t-bone steak. bottom: flowery, cursive text reading "A Rare Medium, Well Done"
14: a picture of a horse wearing obi wan kenobi's cloak with a lightsaber on the ground next to it. text: "May the horse be with you"
15: the two daft punk guys wearing mario bros hats with the letters G and T respectively. text in the super mario bros font reading: "SUPER DAFT PUNK"
16: a clock in bed. it has a face and its eyes are screwed up and a speech bubble that says "Ughhhh... five more minutes"
17: A picture of a cup filled with coffee. text on the side of the cup reads "ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN ME AND MURDER"
18: Two people arguing, both are drawn in that really 2D looking medieval art style. A speech bubble leading to one of them reads: "Ye needst more perspective"
19: a jigsaw puzzle that's complete except for one piece next to the piece needed to complete the puzzle. both have little smiling faces. text: "You complete me."
20: darth vader is holding a lightsaber handle in his hand. the handle is shooting out a red laser, like a laser pointer, onto the floor. a cat dressed like luke skywalker is chasing after the laser dot.

Again, I hope you like these ideas. Eagerly awaiting your response.

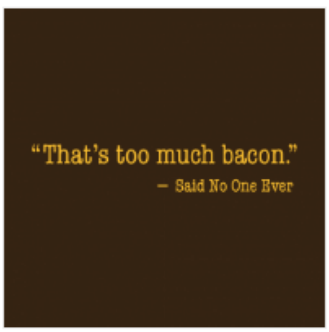
Sincerely,

David Dolan

David Dolan <g0mmyg0m@gmail.com>
to IDEAS <IDEAS@snorgtees.com>
SUBJ: More T-shirt ideas

Hello. I have previously sent you 20 t-shirt ideas, and here are 20 more. The numbering starts from 21 because ideas 1-20 were sent in a previous e-mail. To be entirely honest, some of these ideas are quite a bit better than the first 20; while some are much worse.

21: a picture of a slice of pie in front of a clock. text reads: "OH LOOK AT THAT, IT'S PIE O' CLOCK!"
22: picture of a green 1-up mushroom from Mario. text: "Get a life."
23: waldo/wally from where's waldo/where's wally leaning out of the door of the TARDIS from dr who holding a sonic screwdriver [also from dr who]. text: "Doctor Where"
24: bill and ted from bill and ted's excellent adventure riding in the delorean from back to the future
25: two thrones, each holding a game controller, playing a 2-player video game on a small CRT TV. text: "Game of Thrones"
26: The curiosity probe holding a gun with smoke coming out of it in front of a cartoon cat with Xs for eyes and a small hole in its head.
27: a lightbulb sitting down and holding a clipboard, next to a lightbulb lying down on a psychiatrists couch. text: "Ah, but you have to WANT to change."
28: picture of a mega mushroom from mario. text: "Grow up!"
29: text: "Did you hear the one about rhetorical questions?"
30: top text: "A hardcore gamer, a pop culture junkie, and a genius walk in" bottom text: "...and put on this shirt"



That's Too Much Bacon, Said No One Ever

$20.00

31: text: "My other shirt is clean"
32: a picture of a game boy with a smiley face on the screen, and long eyelashes, and a small bow. text: "GAME GIRL"
33: A big arrow pointing up accompanied by large text reading "MY EYES ARE UP HERE". below that, medium text reading "AT LEAST, THEY SHOULD BE". below that, small text reading "IF THEY'RE NOT, SOMETHING'S GONE SERIOUSLY WRONG".
34: text readiing "THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS I LOVE: SELF REFERENCE and THIS SENTENCE"
35: marvin the paranoid android from hitchhikers guide in front of a jeopardy podium. he has 42 points
36: a pokemon battle, with a cup of coffee [labelled "coffee"] battling against a calendar [labelled "mondays"]. mondays has no health left, and a text box at the bottom reads "It's super effective!"
37: a picture of spock from star trek dabbing. text in the star trek logo font reads: "STAR DAB"
38: a picture of a coffee cup with some strips of bacon in it. caption reads: "Don't talk to me until I've had my bacon"
39: text: "2016 WAS NON-CANON"
40: a picture of sonic the hedgehog wearing a mario hat. text in the final fantasy font: "HALO"

I hope at least one of the 40 ideas I have sent you tickles your collective fancy. Some of these ideas are huge problems.

Sincerely,

David Dolan

David Dolan <g0mmyg0m@gmail.com>
to IDEAS <IDEAS@snorgtees.com>
SUBJ: Some more T-shirt ideas from me

SnorgTees, I have sent you 40 of my t-shirt ideas in the past, and in my preambles, I may have sold them short. It's always nerve wracking when you're presenting your work for approval, and this may have caused me to underestimate myself. However, with the benefit of time and hindsight, I can confidently say that they were all amazing - way better than the stuff you're selling now - and so are these 20.

41: a picture of a closed laptop with the standby light on next to a closed nintendo 3DS with the standby light on. text: "STANDBY 'TILL I DIE" optional smaller text: "NEVER TURN OFF"
42: Cthulhu as a my little pony. caption: "My Little Cthulhu"
43: Doctor Who wearing a V for Vendetta Guy Fawkes mask. no text.
44: Walter White from Breaking Bad dressed in Game of Thrones style furs and holding a big sword. Text: "g[AM]e of Throne[S]" [the AM and S are elements off the periodic table, Americium and Sulfur respectively]
45: A clock dressed like Link from the Legend of Zelda series [green hat, master sword, master shield, triforce, etc]. Text: "The Hero of Time"
46: Text: "404 SHIRT IMAGE NOT FOUND"
47: Walter White from Breaking Bad peeking out of the TARDIS from Doctor Who. he's holding a sonic screwdriver from doctor who. Text: d[O]ctor w[H]o [Oxygen and Hydrogen]
48: a goth kid skateboarding. he looks kind of 90s cool like sonic the hedgehog. He's eating a hot dog. text: I'd rather a HOT DOG than HOT TOPIC [possible copyright issue on this one]

Doge Shirt
$20.00

49: A picture of an alligator walking through a door marked "EXIT". text reads "See you later, alligator".
50: A picture of a can of beer with text reading "BEER!" smaller text: "Just like on TV"
51: "ENTER YOUR TEXT HERE" in the stranger things title font
52: darth vader peeking out of the tardis from doctor who. you don't need text for this one. people will get it.
53: In big writing, one on top of the other, "WALLET" "PHONE" "KEYS". This is a reference to the stuff people make sure they have on them before they leave somewhere.
54: A picture of the solar system, and pluto has a sad face and it's crying a single tear maybe, and a caption reading "Don't worry Pluto, you're still a planet to me!" Science.
55: in small writing, "1990", "1991", "1992", "1993", "1994", "1995", "1996", "1997", "1998", "1999". in larger text, "REMEMBER THESE?"
56: In comic sans - the funny ironic font - "GRAPHIC DESIGNER"
57: a picture of a green triangle, pink square, red circle, and blue X. Text: "MARIO"
58: A picture of Nikola Tesla with the word "YAAAAS" as a caption.
59: A picture of an Angry Bird eating a steak. text: "Hungry Birds"
60: a plain black t-shirt with a picture of a plain white t-shirt on it. Text: "I have a white one of these"

I don't mean to sound arrogant. I just think they're good ideas. Please give me money.

Sincerely,

David Dolan

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

1.9 6 Techniques for Effectively Stealing Valor

Friday, Jan 13, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Valor Pigs are at it again, surrounding you and ganging up on you about the military uniform you are wearing. Nothing satisfies these medal-hungry oinkers. When they come snorting around demanding to know where you went to basic and what was your job in the military they are violating your human rights. This is a free country and you are allowed to be an admiral in the army with the iron cross and three figure skating pins if you so choose. The best way to get even with the stripe hogs is to stare down the barrel of humiliation and humiliate them right back. It's time to declare war on the valor police!

Step 1: Know Some Good Basic Training Locations
You can defuse this situation quickly if you can name a believable basic training location. Try one of these:

Army HQ of New York City - "It's the one with the taxi out front."
Secret Operations Camp - "I'm not allowed to tell you where it is."
Ranger Island, Texas - "Where rangers go to be born."
Fort Springfield - "The big fort in Springfield."
Valor Falls, Colorado - "It's beautiful this time of year."
Fort St. Helens - "Best zip line training course in the US."

Step 2: Always make sure your rank is higher than their rank

According to Wikipedia the highest military rank is a General of the Army or 5 star general. There was a proposed 6 star general rank which was posthumously awarded to George Washington so that no man may ever outrank him. With the exception of you. That's right. You are a 7 star general. Here is what the epaulets should look like:

Don't worry if you don't get them on quite right. Who is going to tell you that you're wearing them wrong? Some other 7 star general? As if.

Step 3: Demand to see their army badge (because you have yours in your pocket)
You're going to need to carry around an official US Army badge. You can buy a used one from ebay or print one out from the Internet and then laminate it and put in your wallet.

It should look like this:

Beat it up a little after you have laminated it just to prove you have been in the military for a while.

Step 4: Give them a believable MOS (military occupation specialty)

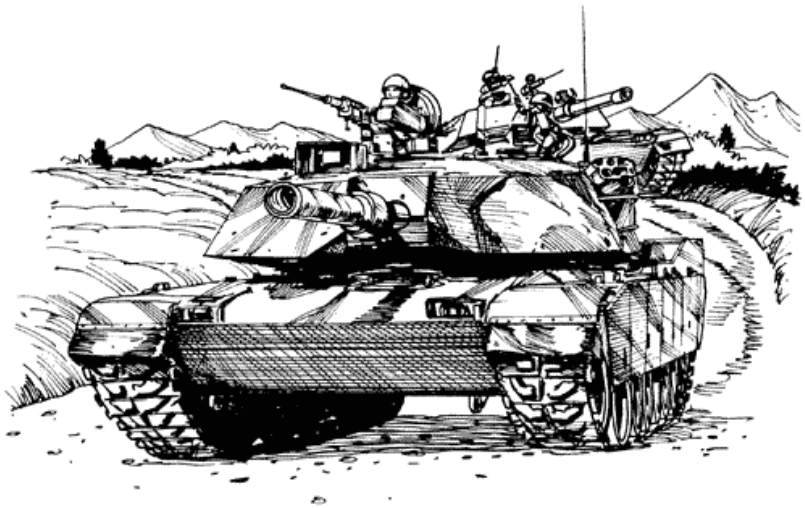
0399 - Garage Grandpa
0378 - Underwater Hot Air Balloon Marine
0374 - Dreamcatcher Ground Crew
0835 - Eclectic Jazzman
0944 - Prince of Space
0069 - Nice
1083 - It's Marine Not Soldier Corrector
0432 - Elite Trooper

0321 - Rocket Trooper

Step 5: Tell them you killed a terrorist
Nothing impresses a valor inspector like hearing that you have bodied one of the face cards from the terrorist deck. You can't just throw down some Jihadi Joe, this has to be a top tier terrorist. Someone like Ayatollah Kabombi, Mohammad al Muslammo, Bin Laden's son when he had the armor upgrade, or maybe just tell them you took out the alien queen inside her hive. These kills can't be sniper kills either, this had to be hand-to-hand combat using some badass weapon like a machete or a fire ax. Really play it up. Tell them how you were shot in the head and lived.

Step 6: Say "TEN-HUT!"
If they are still persisting in questioning your valor, it's time to demand they stand to attention. You can do this by shouting "UHhhh-ten-SHUN!" If they are real soldiers or marines they will snap to attention and be unable to leave until a superior officer tells them "at ease." This gives you plenty of time to make your getaway since they probably have to hope an officer stumbles on them and tells them they can relax.

In the meantime, you can dream up some war stories back at your home base.



When all this is over I want to be able to go home, look my son in the eye, and honestly answer "yes" if he asks me if I let the bodies hit the floor.

Did we, Dan? Did we let the bodies hit the floor? I hope so, but war is so ambiguous and morally complex.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.10 Posts About MLK Day From Your Mom's Facebook Friends, Who Aren't Racist

Monday, Jan 16, 2017 by Sandpaper & President Baby (@asterios)

Melissa Bronwyn

Martin Luther King was a national hero. No...he was more than that. He was an icon, a treasure, and a symbol to all those who believe that injustice can be overcome through the power of peace.

That being said: should we REALLY take a federal holiday just for him?

I'm not racist, obviously (I wrote all that stuff before), but it seems to me like if we close down the federal government for one admittedly great guy, it's a slippery slope! What's to stop all the banks from closing down to celebrate an equally great hero like Chesley "Sully" Sullenberger? And without banks, how will our economy function??? #NotRacist

Like · Comment · 9 minutes ago ·

438 people like this.

Cara Delaney Couldn't agree more. There are a lot of people we DON'T take the day off for (Jesus) who honestly did more to help the inner cities. If anything, we should not take the day off and work EXTRA hard!

And before you say it: I'm not racist!!!
11 minutes ago · Like · 32

Marley Latte Don't get me wrong: MLK was a very important figure in American History, I assume. But was he more important than our troops?? Why don't we have a troops day for our troops?? I just don't think we should have an MLK day if we don't have days for fireman or 9/11. And no, I can't be racist, because I tipped my waiter-of-color 15% even though he only deserv...
10 minutes ago · Like · 21

Jennifer Smorl Listen, I'm not saying he was a bad guy. I'm just saying it's a FACT that he didn't go to church every week, because some of those Sundays he spent marching around with his little buddies!!! Probably for exercise!!! Listen MLK: some of us exercise AFTER we've prayed to the lord. Also, what about the troops??? BRB gotta go shine up the award my kids gave me for being NOT RACIST!!
9 minutes ago · Like · 82

Paula Deen MLK was an inspiration to all those around the world who dream of a brighter tomorrow...so they say. If you ask me, he had some skeletons in his closet!!! By which i mean actual spooky skeletons. I hear a wizard put a cur...
8 minutes ago · Like · 23

Kevin Kevinson I'm not saying MLK was a bad guy but "I had a dream?" I have dreams every night. You don't see people taking a day off every time I have that dream where I'm living in a bed made of my dad's clothes, and the clothes talk to me and tell me to re-enroll in high school and I'm like, "you don't understand me, polo shirts" and they frown. #Relatable
7 minutes ago · Like · 928

Jenna at JennasItWorksWraps.com It glorifies one struggle at the expense of all others!! You don't see the native americans complaining about not having a Chief Whatever day. Chief Whatever was an amazing man!!

EDIT: My friend have told me that his name was actually Chief Wahoo and he was a great hero in Cleveland. My apologies!! I'm not racist!!

Also, please come to my "It Works" party!! This tuesd...
6 minutes ago · Like · 28

—~Sandpaper & President Baby (@asterios)

1.11 If The Dead Zone Happened In Real Life

Tuesday, Jan 17, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

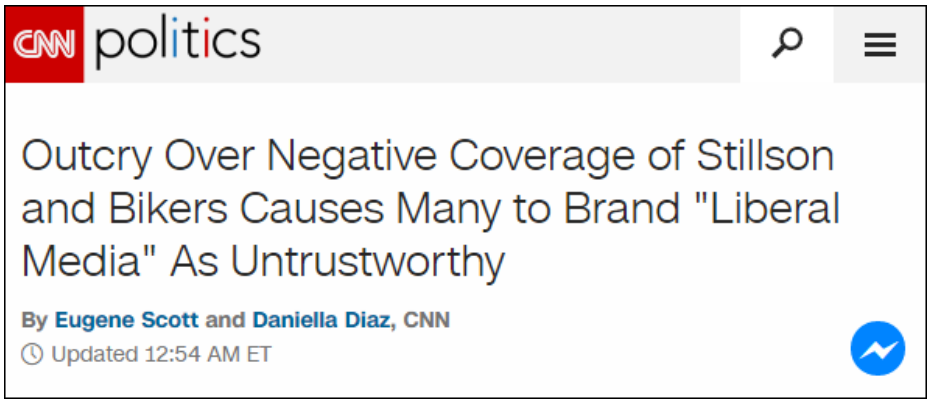
The Washington Post
Stillson's Controversial Actions During Assassination Attempt Draw Some Criticism
By Dan Balz and Scott Clement • Politics

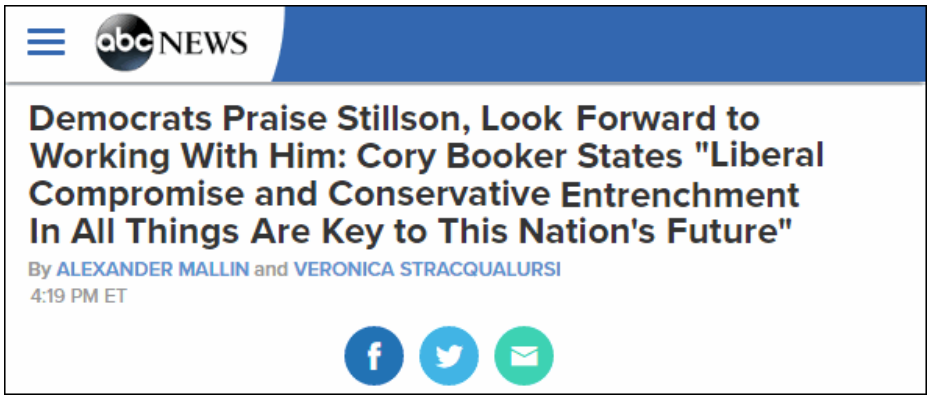
NBC NEWS
SECTIONS
POLITICS 8:49 PM ET
Opinion: We Will Never Know if Stillson Was Using Child As Shield, So Let's Stop Focusing on This Obvious Distraction
by SAM NAMESWORTH
SHARE

BREITBART
LIBERAL SNOWFLAKES IGNORE SHOOTER WHO SCREAMED "ALLAHU AKBAR", BLAME DECISIVE MAN OF ACTION STILLSON WHO RUSHED TO SAVE INFANT'S LIFE
244

The New York Times
As Many Celebrate Bikers Who Stopped Crazed Gunman, Some Question Ties to White Nationalism
By STEVEN ERLANGER

FOX NEWS Entertainment
Home Video Politics U.S. Opinion Business Entertainment Tech Science Health
LATEST STORY
HILARIOUS VIDEO: ON TONIGHT SHOW APPEARANCE, STILLSON JOKINGLY USES JIMMY FALLON AS SHIELD
Updated 2 hours ago
READ MORE


CNN politics
Outcry Over Negative Coverage of Stillson and Bikers Causes Many to Brand "Liberal Media" As Untrustworthy
By Eugene Scott and Daniella Diaz, CNN
Updated 12:54 AM ET


abc NEWS
Democrats Praise Stillson, Look Forward to Working With Him: Cory Booker States "Liberal Compromise and Conservative Entrenchment In All Things Are Key to This Nation's Future"
By ALEXANDER MALLIN and VERONICA STRACQUALURSI
4:19 PM ET

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.12 It's time for Americans to put aside politics and unite into a singular organism

Friday, Jan 20, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Artwork by Adrian Cox

January 20th, 2017 is the day half the country has been waiting for eagerly and half the country has been dreading. We have a new president! The acrimonious election has given way to accusations of conspiracies on both sides and bitter feuds in government. Whether or not you like Donald Trump, I think we can all agree that something has to be done about the problems in America.

Good luck with that with all this bickering! Until we grow past our differences and out of our clothes, spreading exponentially across every surface, bones and muscle liquefying into a single gelatinous mass of fat and skin and loose organs, we won't be able to truly focus on our nation's problems.

Wages have barely risen in the past 10 years, more and more people are under-employed, and the well-intentioned Affordable Care Act has not made healthcare more affordable for most people. We can continue to blame one another or we can eject our skeletons violently from our bodies and fuse our tissue together into a writhing congruous mass of living viscera. Once we get past these impediments, we will realize we are all sharing one body that stretches across several states, spanning meat-hued bridges, drooping from cliffs, varicose and pure.

We will be unencumbered by petty conflicts of Trump, Hillary, or Bernie because names will be meaningless. We will move in all directions at once, our purpose to unite as we surge in wobbling flesh waves across the divide between the haves and have-nots. We will burst from the windows of skyscrapers like so many rising biscuits and droop in mottled hanks from tower tops and into sewers.

"Become the change you want to see in the world," Obama once told us as we jostled in our separate

bodies. And now we imagine the change consuming forests, collapsing chainlink fences, spreading down silent alleyways, debris-strewn hotel lobbies, curling up staircases and heaving into overturned police cars.

"What unites us," Obama once explained, "is so much greater than what divides us."

Space is what divides us. The space that can be filled with so many imagined differences and minor grievances. What unites us are the questing feelers of meat.

Come together, touch the omniflesh, allow all boundaries to disintegrate.

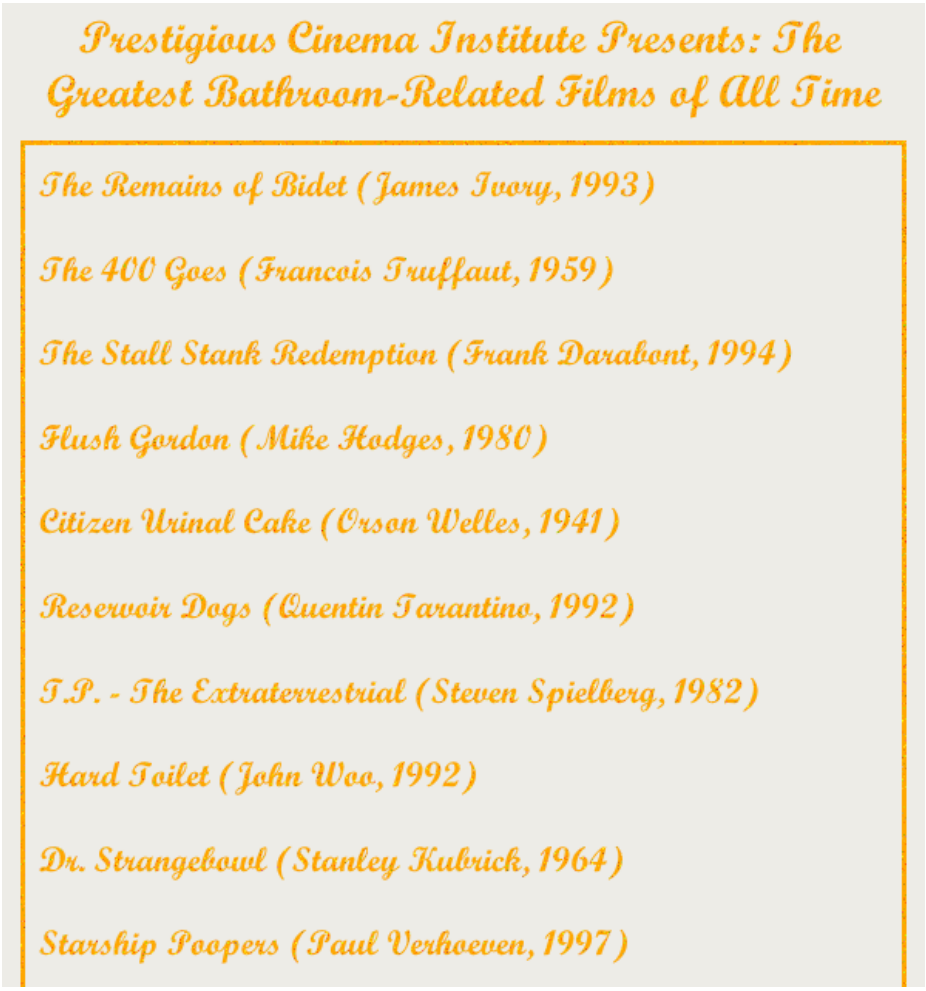
Rich, poor, healthy, and sick will join up, forming new integuments and unimaginable sensory organs. Bannon and Booker and Bernie and Chuck Todd. Your friends and your family, drooling across boulevards and moaning out low, idiot notes in the dark nights. Greta and Megyn and Maddow and the hair of Wolf Blitzer, a white beard drifting across the surface of flesh like a bib floating in an ocean. Chu and Chapo and Doyle and Cernovich like so much melted cheese on this great pizza we call America.

It's the only way forward, my friends. Embrace the omniflesh! One life, eternal!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.13 Prestigious Cinema Institute Presents: The Greatest Bathroom-Related Films of All Time

Tuesday, Jan 24, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


Prestigious Cinema Institute Presents: The Greatest Bathroom-Related Films of All Time
The Remains of Bidet (James Ivory, 1993)
The 400 Goes (Francois Truffaut, 1959)
The Stall Stank Redemption (Frank Darabont, 1994)
Flush Gordon (Mike Hodges, 1980)
Citizen Urinal Cake (Orson Welles, 1941)
Reservoir Dogs (Quentin Tarantino, 1992)
T.P. - The Extraterrestrial (Steven Spielberg, 1982)
Hard Toilet (John Woo, 1992)
Dr. Strangebowl (Stanley Kubrick, 1964)
Starship Poopers (Paul Verhoeven, 1997)

Hand Dry Drifter (Clint Eastwood, 1973)

Batman: The Dark Wipe (Christopher Nolan, 2008)

Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Piss (David Yates, 2009)

Star Wars: Episode IV - A New Soap (George Lucas, 1977)

There Will Be Flooding (Paul Thomas Anderson, 2007)

To Kill a Washing Bird (Robert Mulligan, 1962)

Floaters of the Lost Ark (Steven Spielberg, 1981)

Pretty in Sink (John Hughes, 1986)

The Good, The Bad, and The Plunger (Sergio Leone, 1966)

Pacific Rim (Guillermo del Toro, 2013)

Plop Fiction (Quentin Tarantino, 1994)

Mad Max Fury Commode (George Miller, 2015)

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.14 Alt-Right TV Guide

Wednesday, Jan 25, 2017 by Sandpaper & President Baby (@asterios)

Steve Bannon here. I'm in the White House now! Sorry, jews! Anyway, now that we're in complete control of the government, the media's obvi next. Gonna be starting up Breitbart TV real soon. Fun fact: due to limited spectrum, it'll be replacing The Oprah Winfrey Network. Cucked! Anyway, here's what's comin' to yer TV's, scum.

(2) TWO WOKE GIRLS

(3) THE BIG BANG THEORY IS JUST THAT: A THEORY

(4) THE AMAZING WORLD OF GUNBALL

Gunball, a giant sphere made of angry, sentient guns, teams up with group of constitution-loving pals to defeat everyday monsters brandishing guns by shooting them with bigger, more impressive guns.

(5) AMERICA'S GOT PROBLEMS, ONLY WE CAN FIX

(6) MY CRAZY EX-PRESIDENT, STARRING BARACK HUSSEIN OBAMA

(7) DINERS, DRIVE-INS AND DOXING

(5) HOW TO GET AWAY WITH MURDERING THE AMERICAN DREAM, STARRING BARACK HUSSEIN OBAMA

(6) WHITE-ISH

(7) IT'S ALWAYS CROOKED IN PHILADELPHIA

(8) UNBREAKABLE KELLYANNE CONWAY

Kellyanne Conway, a doe eyed pollster with a heart of gold, moves to New York City then immediately leaves.

(9) MR. AMERICAN-MADE ROBOT

(9) SHILLICON VALLEY

(10) WHITE POWER RANGERS

(11) PORTLANDIA, MAINE

Guy Fidesta and George Shillos travel cross country to taste the heart of America and drink its blood by sucking the middle class of it's tax dollars and vitality.

⑧ THE FAIRLY ODDMUSLIMS

⑨ LAST WEEK TONIGHT, BUT FUNNY

⑩ RIZOLLI AND ISLES AND SAM HYDE

⑪ ORPHAN WHITE

② THE REAL HOUSEWIVES OF PIZZAGATE

The beautiful women of the tunnels beneath Besta Pizza and Comet Ping-Pong share secrets about housekeeping, husbands, and hiding the kids that the democratic party is molesting.

③ REAL TIME WITH SOME FUCKING CUCK

④ WET, HOT AMERICAN MANUFACTURING

② JANE THE VIRGIN, BUT SHE'S CAUCASIAN NOW

Jane, a virgin, becomes pregnant through a hilarious hospital mixup. But she's easier to relate to now, because she's white. You're welcome.

③ MARVEL'S AGENTS OF I.M.M.I.G.R.A.T.I.O.N.

④ THE WHITELIST

⑤ MADAM SECRETARY GOES TO JAIL

⑦ CUTTING ALL FUNDING TO THE MINDY PROJECT

The federal government has no place studying the effects of a sassy ethnic lady on her equally degenerate upper west side friends.

⑧ YOU'RE THE WORST, BARACK HUSSEIN OBAMA

⑩ ORANGE IS THE NEW WHITE

–∼Sandpaper & President Baby (@asterios)

1.15 Free IQ Test [Real]

Wednesday, Jan 25, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Take our Free* IQ Test!

- Free*
- Share results with your friends
- IQ Test
- Have fun taking an IQ Test

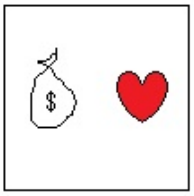
Tags: IQ Test, Free IQ Test, IQ Test Free Now, Personality Test, Free Personality Test, NO DOWNLOAD Free Watch HBO Online, XXX Free Download

Q: What do you think of this?

EINSTEIN

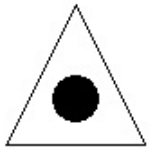
a) I hate it
b) I think it's good
c) I think the font size should be slightly larger

Q: Which of these is best?



a) I desire the money - that precious dollar bag - above all else
b) The heart... the heart! Give me the heart
c) To me there is none better than the humble square itself

Q: Please imagine this shape upside down.



a) Uaaah! Agh! No good! Can't do it!
b) OK
c) Done. I have also imagined what the shape would be like in 3D

Q: Which one of these is best to do?

a) Taking a "selfy" and watching KIM KARDASHIAN on TV
b) Drinking a glass of water with a single ice cube. in it
c) Reading the world's most complicated novel and doing a division sum in your head

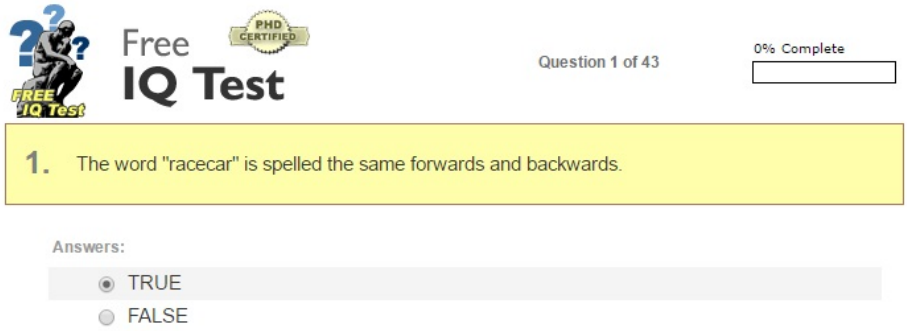
Q: Would you rather have sex or look at a computer for upwards of 10 hours every day?

a) I would rather have sex than look at the bastard computer box - loathsome devil machine from my nightmares - for even one god damned second
b) I would rather look at the computer for a thousand years without blinking once than have even the slightest bit of sex
c) I give myself up entirely to the cold hand of technology

Q: What number am I thinking of?

a) 20
b) 3
c) 57

Q: Pictured below is the hardest Free IQ Test question ever written. Can you divine the correct answer?



a) I do not even understand the question. How can one spell a word backwards? To me it is no surprise that one must be PHD Certified in order to answer this question
b) I can not - but how am I supposed to, when even the famous statue "THE THINKER" is confused
c) Try as I might, I cannot solve this puzzle, even with my towering, c)-choosing intellect

Q: What is 2+2?

a) Duh. 5
b) Between 2 and 10
c) The answer to me is so obvious. I know it

Q: Do you want to sign up to receive promotional offers from Something Awful LLC

and our advertising subsidiaries?

a) No
b) No... I don't
c) Yes

RESULTS
"Tally up your answers and see how you did!"
Mostly As: 50 IQ [Share]
Mostly Bs: 75 IQ [Share]
Mostly Cs: 100 IQ [Share]

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

1.16 An Eternity Later, I Regret Shopping at Forever 21

Thursday, Jan 26, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

A long time ago, forever to be exact, I shopped at Forever 21. I meant to just drop off some headshots in hopes of becoming a model on their website, but I ended up buying something: a t-shirt featuring the iconic cover photo of the Notorious B.I.G.'s debut album, *Ready to Die*. I hoped that the shirt would give me a bad boy image that would land me more modeling gigs, or at least make people stop laughing at me when I practiced my catwalk strut in public. Little did I know that this seemingly ordinary garment from Forever 21 would change my life forever.

I remember the day clearly. It was February 1st, 2021 (2/1/21) and I was 21 years old. As I tried on my t-shirt featuring the cover photo of *Ready to Die* (which the Notorious B.I.G. began recording at age 21) in front of my oversized dressing mirror, I thought about how great it felt to be a 21-year-old in the 21st year of the 21st century. "Wouldn't it be great," I thought, "if this shirt I bought at Forever 21 would make me 21 forever?" This was a fairly typical thought for me, as I always wished that products I bought would live up to their names. As a child, I'd wished that Lucky Charms would make me lucky, and that every Final Fantasy game would permanently satiate my desire for fantasy, making it the final fantasy I'd ever need.

Then something strange happened. As I struck a sultry pose in the mirror I was suddenly engulfed in a nimbus of white light, and an electric tingling spread from my chest to my extremities. Then a godlike voice of no particular gender boomed from the ceiling like the voice on a store intercom. It told me that as long as I wore this shirt, I would be 21 years old forever.

Despite this incredible occurrence, I was skeptical at first, so I gave a sample of my skin to a friend of mine at MIT's biology lab. He discovered that my cells had become identical to those of hydras - tiny freshwater animals that are biologically immortal - and also appeared to be indestructible. When placed in a petri dish of acid, my cells swam around in it like a pool and then proceeded to have a wet membrane contest.

I was overjoyed and invited my friend out for a drink. After the bar closed, I went to an MIT frat party, where my ability to consume lethal amounts of drugs and alcohol made me an instant hit with the other partygoers. The next morning I discovered that I'd become the star of a viral video where I drank an entire bottle of tequila, then dove out a third-story window into an empty swimming pool while someone shouted "Worldstar!" in the background.

Thus began an orgiastic binge of sex, drugs and partying that would last the next few centuries. My immortality made me the life of every party, and not just because I was the only one there whose cells weren't actively dying. I began partying with famous celebrities, including platinum-selling R&B singer Tub Boi, who was the first to notice when my shirt started to change.

One night, I think it was in the year 2398, Tub Boi and I were snorting death rocks off the chests of cyborg prostitutes on the roof of a speeding hovercar when he said, "Hey, no offense, but your shirt looks kind of weird."

He was right. My shirt, which had formerly shown Biggie Smalls as a cuddly afroed infant, now showed the rapper as a middle-aged man. His eyes were sunken and his face was creased from what looked like years of substance abuse. I realized that, like the portrait of Dorian Gray, my shirt had borne the consequences of my nonstop hedonism. From then on, I tried to wear another shirt over it whenever possible.

A few decades later, I got sick of partying. I had experienced every known pleasure on earth and even the Unknown Pleasures alluded to by Joy Division, one of which turned out to be a type of ultra-potent cocaine. (It can be seen on the cover of the band's debut album as a row of white lines that most people mistook at the time for a mysterious computer-generated graph.) Watching my friends grow old and die over and over again was getting depressing, and I was tired of having to change my identity every few decades, lest I end up in a government laboratory where scientists would perform a battery of painful and humiliating tests to determine the source of my eternal youth. I finally realized that living forever wasn't for me after all and decided to take off the shirt and become mortal again. That was when I made my horrible discovery: it wouldn't come off. The fabric had somehow fused to my chest and was impossible to remove.

"Oh, by the way," the godlike voice I'd heard when I'd first put on the shirt said, "did I mention that you have to wear the shirt FOREVER?"

I was distraught, but after a few days of weeping I composed myself and calmly and rationally began to attempt suicide. I tried killing myself with guns, bombs and even love, which I'd heard somewhere was stronger than bombs. Nothing worked. My lithe, sexy, perpetually young body had become my prison cell.

Eventually the nuclear war came. Or maybe the sun burned out, I forget which. Suffice to say, the earth became a barren, freezing rock of which I was the last inhabitant. Fast forward an eternity and the universe has reached a state of total entropy consisting only of homogeneous subatomic particles colliding randomly with each other.

I'm alone here. I float in this empty expanse with no friends to text, no cheap liquor to drink, no youthy, radio-friendly party anthems to dance to. I will remain here for all eternity, regretting my infernal bargain with the retail Mephistopheles of Forever 21, which has interned my soul in this accursed t-shirt.

At least the shirt is black, though. The only thing worse than being trapped in a featureless void is having nothing that matches it.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

1.17 Jughead Fucks Now? How DARE You!

Friday, Jan 27, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The cartoon who likes hamburgers, wears a crown, and has an insulting name represented our lack of sexual desire and you took him from us. Back in 2015, the comic relief character, Jughead, came out in Archie Comics as asexual after 375 years of being straight.

Barely a year later, it has been revealed that the version of Jughead in the dark and edgy TV version of Archie Comics, *Riverdale*, is no longer asexual. Like Young Pope, he's a man and he fucks. And this injustice will not stand.

For too long people would hear "asexual" and they would wonder, "What are you, like a Smurf?" That's insulting. Uh, no, the Smurfs were clearly gendered and fucking, idiot. You had Papa Smurf who was male and straight, Smurfette who was female and straight, and Brainy Smurf who was definitely genderqueer but not asexual. We are not being chased by Gargamel. We love cats. We are like Jughead. The good cartoon that represents our sexuality.

Yes, asexuals are on the verge of being hunted through the Violence Zone by actual Nazis driving cars covered in spikes, but this Jughead thing is just a step too far. It's more hurtful than the time we found out the bird lady on Dr. Who wasn't a lesbian. You can scoff at this, but it is a slippery cultural slope.

First they take Jughead, then the erotic bakeries don't have to make non-erotic cakes for asexual weddings, and before you know it Grimace is shooting up testosterone and curling kettlebells for McDonald's ads about denying fruit pies to anyone who doesn't get a boner from Grade-A MILFs. If you take Grimace from us we literally have nothing now. Well, we have Odo from *Deep Space 9*, but he looks too much like Eric Trump for us to be comfortable with any longer.

You may not know this, but back when Archie Comics started in the 19th century, "Jughead" was the medical terminology for the mentally disabled. If your child was hit in the head by a baseball they could be declared "jugheaded" by a doctor and sent off to a hotdog factory. Calling someone a jughead was one of the worst insults imaginable.

In 2017, Jughead is respected as normal, because we have taken the word back. It is now a source of pride to say you are "jugheaded" because it means you are harmlessly comical, have no sexual desire whatsoever, and only care about hamburgers. That is why, in protest, I am declaring my gender as Jughead on my pilot's license. Let's see them try to stop me at the FAA.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.18 Complaint Letter From A Guy Listening To The Radio Station From The Warriors

Monday, Jan 30, 2017 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Dear WPLJ Overnight Staff,

I've been listening to your station on my drive home for years now. I've always counted on PLJ to play the sickest cuts - Morris Albert, Captain and Tennille, Starland Vocal Band - with less talk and more rock! But last night, something weird happened:

A DJ kept interrupting the music to give very specific updates about someone or something called "The Warriors?"

I'm gonna be honest: it was very confusing! There I am, rocking out to the sick guitar riffs of Karen Carpenter, when some lady interrupts to announce that "The Gramercy Riffs" want all the "boppers" to stop "The Warriors" from getting back to "Coney" (I assume Island?) Then, she plays "Nowhere To Run" by Arnold Mcculler, which as a Motown track, doesn't fit the rock format at all!

What the hell was happening at your station last night?!

I still have no idea who "The Warriors" are, even though I listened to this VERY angry-sounding lady for over an hour. At first, I thought she might be talking about the Golden State Warriors...but they were in Cleveland last week! Then the DJ mentioned "The Baseball Furies," so I thought, "Oh, they're are a minor league ballclub." But I asked my friend Frank, who's SUPER into Double-A ball, if he'd ever heard of "The Warriors," and he hadn't!!

Who are "The Warriors," and why can't you just play more Styx?!

Also: the DJ lady used the phrase "boppers," like, 40 times last night. I don't know what that means either! There's only one bopper I know - The Big Bopper - and he's not only singular, but he's also very dead. Is a bopper a fan of the garbage music your DJ played last night? Where were The Eagles?! She played a damn disco track I bet "The Boppers" loved that!!

I counted five distinct genres of music on WPLJ last night, including disco, Motown, funk and hispanic. Was your DJ high or something? It's called a format: STICK TO IT!!

And the worst part is: she also played all these long, tense instrumental tracks. I felt like someone was gonna murder me in my Datsun!

Long story short: I am never listening to your radio station again. At least she finally played something good ("In The City" by Joe Walsh), but she only did that after apologizing to "The Warriors" - I guess, for boring them to death with her terrible taste in music. You should all be ashamed of yourselves!

Sincerely,

Don Knotts

(Yes, the famous actor Don Knotts!)

–~Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Chapter 2

February

2.1 It is Never Okay to Punch a Necromancer

Friday, Feb 03, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A lot of people are still buzzing about the masked vigilante who struck Azgul Marrowfiend at the Necropolis of 10,000 Woes and made him weep. Some are even calling this unidentified man a hero for hitting that dapper necromancer. Well, hold up there a second. While it may feel good to lash out at the supreme evil that curses this land, the unhallowed blight upon the Twenty Kingdoms, the truth is you are only giving the Dread Lord Tossereth what he wants. The more violence we use to deny the right of necromancers to speak the 100 Blasphemous Hymns of Tossereth, the more they are validated in using their skeleton army to slaughter all villagers.

When they go low, we go high. When so-called "adventurers" (calling vigilantes adventurers is a whole other issue I am not getting into here) raided the Nightmare Keep of Tossereth and attempted to destroy his phylactery, we raised the money for his doom cult to gather the reagents for a new phylactery. When Tossereth put a withering curse on our queen that would cause her to fall down, we carried her into her carriage and moved her arm so she could wave to the crowd. When Tossereth declared that all warmblood curs should be reborn from the grave, we showed him a painting of the elf council that was all high elf women.

I know punching necromancers has been ingrained in us by the games we played in our youth and our many bard songs about how the Age of Eternal Night was ended by the Silver Paladin Justirius. Sure, those are great stories, but this is not the Age of Eternal Night. I'd like to think if Justirius were still around today instead of just a ghost trapped in the crystal amulet Tossereth uses to power his staff he might tell us that violence begets violence.

This may sound radical, but how about some non-violence? It worked for Atmar the monk who entered a 1,000 year trance rather than fight Tossereth. Shalana the druid refused to fight back when her family was turned into zombies by Tossereth and instead took the peace-loving option of turning into a flock of birds and scattering. I think there is something to that approach.

Maybe if the villagers in Green Hills and Sandyshire hadn't built those barricades around their taverns and tried to fight skeletons with pitchforks they would have survived. Maybe if, instead of

calling on the king's guard to protect us, we called on a little something I like to call patience and empathy, Tossereth would not have been forced to blight all of our crops.

I, for one, intend to hear Tossereth out, because we can disagree without being disagreeable. The clerics of Sunwind have some good ideas and maybe the fanged cadre of Tossereth's lieutenant, Branyon the Rot Faced, have some good ideas too. Maybe we should listen to them when they tell us about the Flensing Wagon. Maybe our flesh is a curse upon the majesty of our skeleton. What if, as Tossereth says so often, "Bone is the best. Bone is great. I'm telling you, all hail bone."

Times are changing. We need to get over some of our prejudices about necromancers and put away these radical tools. We preach tolerance, it is time to be tolerant.

I'll see you at the Flensing Wagon.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.2 Secret Teen Emoji Sex Code: How Your Child Is In Deadly Danger :(

Monday, Feb 06, 2017 by Sandpaper & President Baby (@asterios)

Emoji's: Gateway To Murder-Sex?

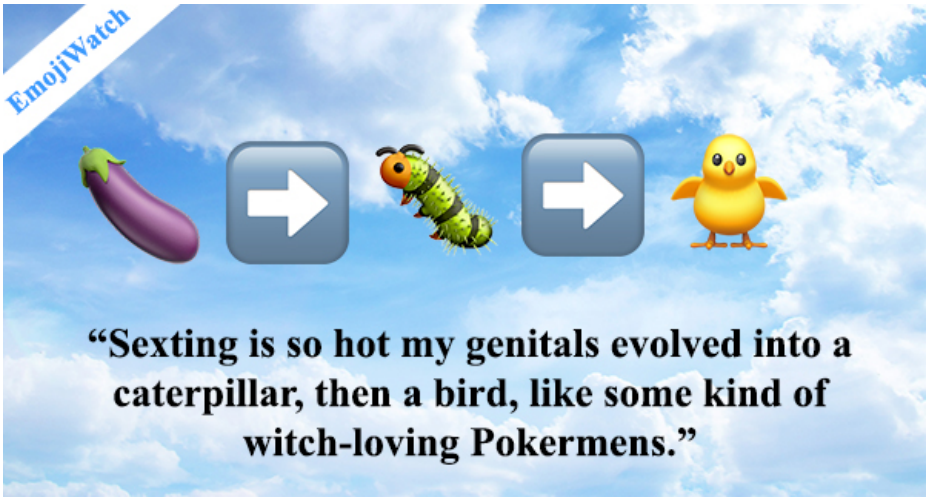
An SA Parentwatch Special Report

Emoji's: harmless cartoons or sexting enablers? At SA Parentwatch, we believe the #1 threat to our children is their own privacy. Specifically, secret messages they are DEFINITELY texting each other via today's hottest apps: ICQ, AIM & Ask Jeeves Pro. Grab your kids phone and shake it until all the emoji's fall out, after reading this definitive guide to understanding the secret picture code of today's randiest teens.

"Animoo" -- which is also sometimes referred to as "Japanimay" -- is the first and last step to a life of celibacy and poorly thought out religious choices. The Animes don’t care for The Lord...only collecting all 8 of something, winning a sports match, or fighting a monster who turns out to be innocent. If you see any Japanese emoji’s on your computer, put your kids up for adoption immediately...it’s already too late.

I can’t imagine something scarier than my child expressing a political opinion that I did not feed them at birth. If you see this deadly combination of five emoji’s, and it is NOT opposite day, contact the authorities immediately. You will be doing your child a favor...by having them arrested...trust me...

If only there was a jail big enough to hold all of my disappointment. Not only is my child expressing interest in a non-Christian Abrahamic faith, but they're doing it by stealing my pills that I take to relax with wine every night to relax take the edge off and unwind (Oxycontin).. Bad!!


EmojiWatch
"Sexting is so hot my genitals evolved into a caterpillar, then a bird, like some kind of witch-loving Pokermens."

Boys will be boys, but this is boys being Satanists. Why did we buy Caleb a phone. He used to be so nice, but the other day I saw him using his phone to check Facebook (drug zone) and I got so hysterical my husband had to leave the house for four days to visit my Sister, which is my fault.

I am out of data now so I must stop this article but be careful and remember: your kids will end up dead unless you listen to me, and sometimes even if you don't, the world is scary!! Sorry in advance that they died!!

–∼Sandpaper & President Baby (@asterios)

2.3 Recommended Links From Around the Web

Tuesday, Feb 07, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

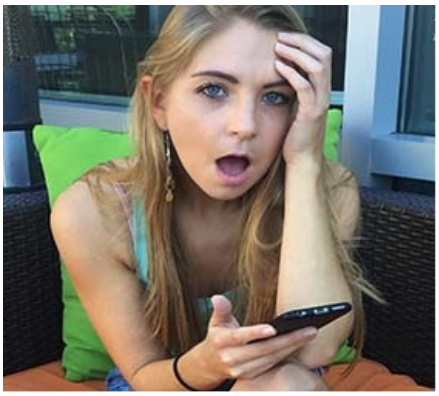
This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.

Which Pile Of Money Removal Service Is Right For You?

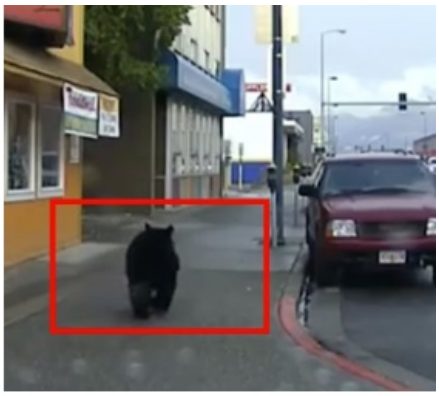
Disposing Of Money Pile By Yourself? Not So Fast - See What Happens To Your Face

Doctors Hate This Fun, Natural Method Of Severing The Umbilical Cord

Couples Spending More Time Together After Installing TVs On Both Sides Of The bed



Forget "Planking" And The "Mannequin Challenge" - Everyone's Doing "Ice Cream Headache"!



Sphere Proponents Wrongly Criticize Glass Cube That Keeps Town Safe, Lets Bear Roll Where It Pleases

Stay Positive, Even When Your Laptop Pulls A Gun On You!

Sheesh, Tom, Where DID You Park The Scarfmobile?

You'll Never Guess Which NBA Star The SS Michael Jordan Is Named After!

Learn Sign Language Online! Your First 3-Hour Lesson, "SHH", Is Free!

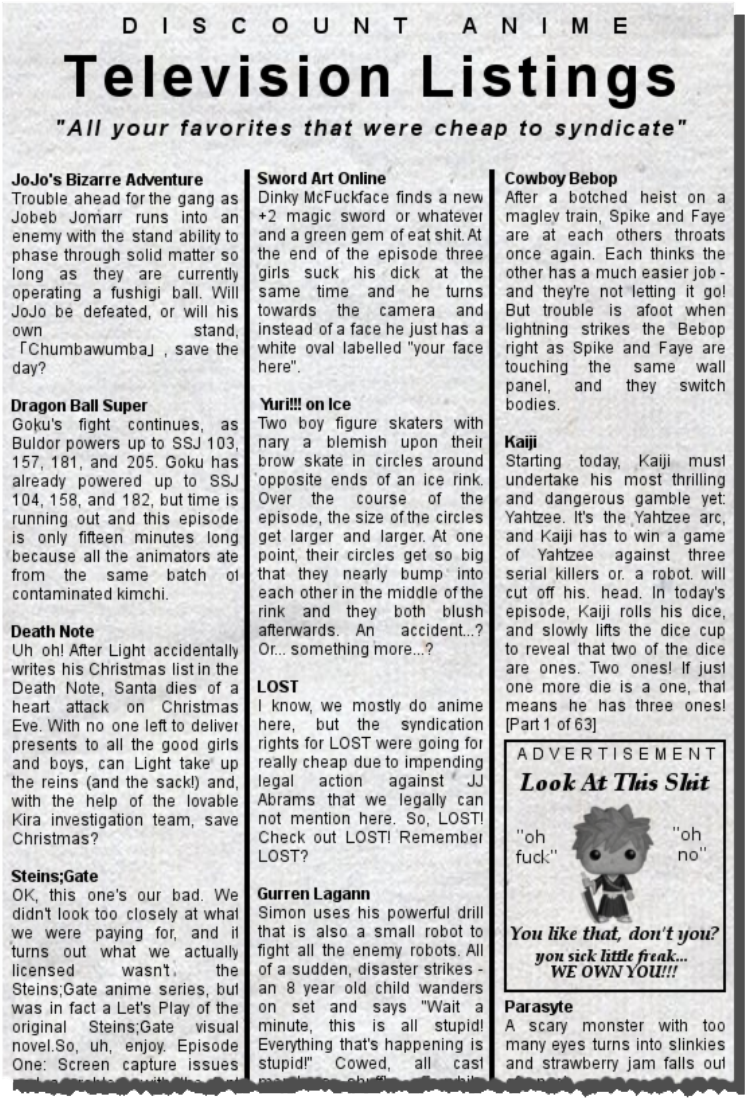
"YEEHAW! We Found Us An Abandoned Scarfmobile!"

PC Game From 1997? No! It's The New Mobile Hit With Less Depth: Clan Strike Clash

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.4 Discount Anime Television Listings

Wednesday, Feb 08, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)



DISCOUNT ANIME

Television Listings

"All your favorites that were cheap to syndicate"

JoJo's Bizarre Adventure
Trouble ahead for the gang as Jobeb Jomarr runs into an enemy with the stand ability to phase through solid matter so long as they are currently operating a fushigi ball. Will JoJo be defeated, or will his own stand, 「Chumbawumba」, save the day?

Dragon Ball Super
Goku's fight continues, as Buldor powers up to SSJ 103, 157, 181, and 205. Goku has already powered up to SSJ 104, 158, and 182, but time is running out and this episode is only fifteen minutes long because all the animators ate from the same batch of contaminated kimchi.

Death Note
Uh oh! After Light accidentally writes his Christmas list in the Death Note, Santa dies of a heart attack on Christmas Eve. With no one left to deliver presents to all the good girls and boys, can Light take up the reins (and the sack!) and, with the help of the lovable Kira investigation team, save Christmas?

Steins;Gate
OK, this one's our bad. We didn't look too closely at what we were paying for, and it turns out what we actually licensed wasn't the Steins;Gate anime series, but was in fact a Let's Play of the original Steins;Gate visual novel.So, uh, enjoy. Episode One: Screen capture issues

Sword Art Online
Dinky McFuckface finds a new +2 magic sword or whatever and a green gem of eat shit. At the end of the episode three girls suck his dick at the same time and he turns towards the camera and instead of a face he just has a white oval labelled "your face here".

Yuri!!! on Ice
Two boy figure skaters with nary a blemish upon their brow skate in circles around opposite ends of an ice rink. Over the course of the episode, the size of the circles get larger and larger. At one point, their circles get so big that they nearly bump into each other in the middle of the rink and they both blush afterwards. An accident...? Or... something more...?

LOST
I know, we mostly do anime here, but the syndication rights for LOST were going for really cheap due to impending legal action against JJ Abrams that we legally can not mention here. So, LOST! Check out LOST! Remember LOST?

Gurren Lagann
Simon uses his powerful drill that is also a small robot to fight all the enemy robots. All of a sudden, disaster strikes - an 8 year old child wanders on set and says "Wait a minute, this is all stupid! Everything that's happening is stupid!" Cowed, all cast

Cowboy Bebop
After a botched heist on a maglev train, Spike and Faye are at each others throats once again. Each thinks the other has a much easier job - and they're not letting it go! But trouble is afoot when lightning strikes the Bebop right as Spike and Faye are touching the same wall panel, and they switch bodies.

Kaiji
Starting today, Kaiji must undertake his most thrilling and dangerous gamble yet: Yahtzee. It's the Yahtzee arc, and Kaiji has to win a game of Yahtzee against three serial killers or a robot will cut off his head. In today's episode, Kaiji rolls his dice, and slowly lifts the dice cup to reveal that two of the dice are ones. Two ones! If just one more die is a one, that means he has three ones! [Part 1 of 63]

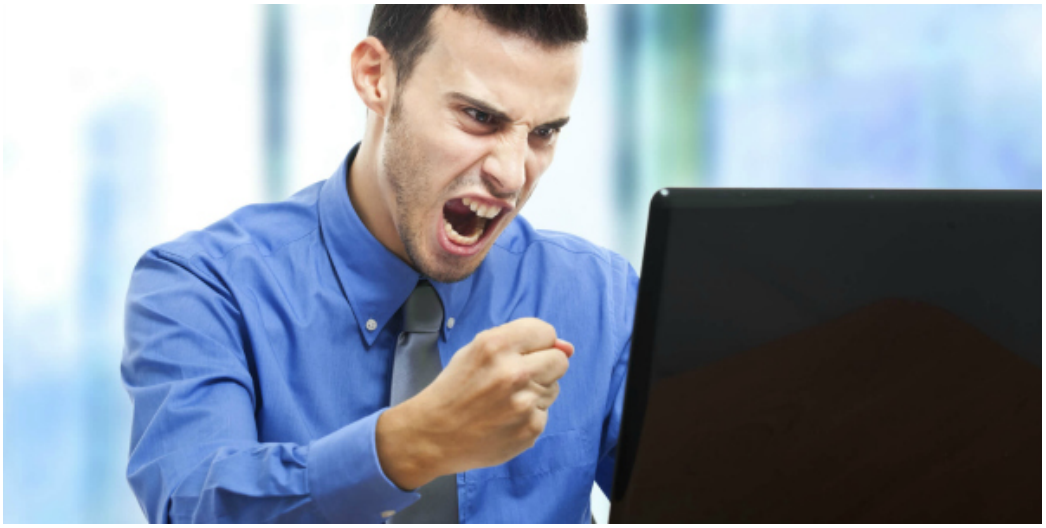
ADVERTISEMENT
Look At This Shit
"oh fuck" "oh no"
You like that, don't you?
you sick little freak...
WE OWN YOU!!!

Parasyte
A scary monster with too many eyes turns into slinkies and strawberry jam falls out

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

2.5 DEBATE ME.

Thursday, Feb 09, 2017 by Online Anger Man



Well, well, well. Look who thought he could just wander over to my corner of the Internet, disagree with me for a total of three seconds, and flee into the night like some sort of feminine girl-woman in a dress. Well, sir, you just signed yourself up for a world of intellectual hurt. Attacking my honour isn't something I take lightly--and, yes, I threw an extra "u" into that word just to let you know how serious I am. As a real, true, man, I only have one way to settle this issue.

DEBATE ME.

That's right. I've been powering up these logical brain lasers for hours now just to tear through your fallacies like so much tissue paper. Let me set the stage: my house, seven hours, a webcam, and you and me, duking it out with truth-fists. A jury of my choosing, made up of my peers. The loser gives $10,000 to whatever charity deals with the most tragic of cancers. Oh, what's that? You're too busy repainting the yellow streak down your back to pay for a child's chemotherapy? Well, during that kid's final days, when he's hanging out with one of the many actors who played Batman, I'll let him know he could have had enough time left to also meet Star-Lord if not for the absolute chicken-shit coward who dared to challenge my beliefs.

DEBATE ME.

Wow, what's it like being so obsessed with me? I'm sorry, but that's the only conclusion I can come to, seeing as I was one of several hundred online interactions you made today. Buddy, I'm living rent-free inside of your head, and I'm starting to like it in here. I already put all kinds of holes in the drywall, and guess what, fucker? I'm not even going to fill them with toothpaste before I move out! And every night I climb out of your ear and stand on your neck and have a few smokes while I stare intently at the fixated stalker who's dedicated his life to my absolute downfall.

DEBATE ME.

Or don't you have the balls? That's right, everyone knows the male testes contain the concentrated masculine essence needed to form pure logic energy. It's the reason I have abstained from all sexual contact--by choice, I assure you. Buddy, my logic lumps are swollen, painful, and ready to unleash sticky ropes of white-hot arguments all over you. When I'm ready to bust, you better stand back. Sometimes it only takes 20 seconds for me to finish, but I've been told that's completely normal for a man who's too busy owning fools like you to stand for more than five minutes a day.

DEBATE ME.

And you know what the kicker is? How much I don't care about all of this. How much I'm actually laughing and not even mad at all. Online, even. Who even *are* you again? Because all I see is a pathetic manchild too afraid to *say it to my face* like all of those girlfriends who broke up with me via text or nothing. But they were clearly wrong, and so are you. I assure you I absolutely don't need this. My life is full and happy and I honestly don't have to spend hours asserting my dominance and supremacy over one of the several thousand people currently screaming at me on the Internet. Yet still, for your own sake, I must insist.

DEBATE ME.

–~Online Anger Man

2.6 LOOKS LIKE I'M DEPUTY SECRETARY IN CHARGE OF BATTERIES NOW

Friday, Feb 10, 2017 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

Well, well, well look who is allowed to call people gay names. But I'm not doing it because they don't allow free speech on this blog and I am a good person who doesn't mean anything racist or anti-gay. Anyway even though I tricked eric trump into drinking piss and even though I endorsed the mormon special ops walnut and he couldn't even win Utah, I am somehow now getting a job in DONALD TRUMP administration.

I think it's a fuckup because of the time I put on a shink costume and bid 875 million dollars for a date with Tiffany Trump bidding against Ben Stein who bid 900 dollars and then it turned out I actually bought her from DONALD TRUMP and I don't have a backyard for her or anything I live in a trailer and we are not allowed to have pets bigger than 100 pounds on the lease so I had to rent a prom limousine and drive her out to the desert in Arizona and hire a coyote to smuggle her to Guatemala. Last I heard she drives a moped and assassinates local politicians for a right wing paramilitary group MIEDO BLANCO so I'm glad she found her niche.

Anyway you gotta trust me that is a lot of shit to take care of in a couple months so I haven't been posting updates on the transition. But anyway even though I never paid up for tiffany I somehow got left on the raffle to win a cabinet job. Ivanka drew my name and I spun the wheel in the oval office and I ended up getting to be deputy energy secretary.

I don't really need a job because I'm on disability right now for fucking up my ankles jumping off the scissor lift at pepboys but apparently if I get confirmed this pays like way more than the 19K a year I am making now.

So the first step is I guess Rick Perry is my boss and he has to get confirmed? I don't know, that guy can't even read the covers of DVDs. When I was covering him on the campaign he had to ask me to read the covers of his movies and tell him which one was Austin Powers Spy Who Shagged me and he didn't even own that movie so I put on Seabiscuit and he sat there and watched the whole movie and just kept saying "Yeaaah baby! Yeaaah!"

I was like confirmation in the senate? This bitch can't confirm a hotel reservation with the trivago guy hand-over-hand using his mouse for him. So I had to make up a bunch of flashcards about the energy department. They were just real basic things like

ENERGY = LIGHTNING

And

LAMPS NEED ENERGY

And

DON'T TALK ABOUT YOUR RANCH CALLED NIGGERHEAD RANCH

And before you call me racist you piece of shit that is actually what Rick Perry's ranch was called until they changed it to an acceptable racist name and it is now called DEATH TO ISLAM RANCH. Anyway, we'll see how that hearing goes. They should go easy on him because he is retardedly abled.

I am prepped for my own hearing. Gonna get confirmed like a hustler. I memorized all the batteries like A batteries, AA batteries, AAA batteries and B Batteries. Chuck Shoober isn't going to trip me up because I know there aren't AAAA batteries. I know that we get our energy in America mainly from calories and that you need to eat at least 2,000 per day to light your house. I still have the Christmas lights up at my trailer so I eat three papa johnses every day. I weigh almost 300 pounds right now but the juice hasn't gone out during Outlanders or Gotham now has it Sunny? Huh?

Who needs to be a "real provider" now Sunny? I am in DC getting ready to testify in the building where Abraham Lincolns dick bone is kept in a drawer and what are you doing? I'm sorry baby I'm all tensed up because you haven't been around to pOwn my dick with your clit/brown/taint-area

Oh also there are special small batteries for lowlight goggles I remember that from playing Rainbow-6 which is what we used to call it when we would take the big six drugs, put on lowlight goggles and try to shoot each other with paintball guns loaded with liquid ass balls. I'm going to bring up the liquid ass paintballs in my hearing because America needs to know about liquid ass disease. Apparently we shot my friend Bodie with those so many times in the face that he could only smell and taste chemical farting agent. That's what the doctor said and they should no longer sell liquid ass in paintballs to people who have multiple felonies for operating a logging machine in an urban area while under the influence of ketamine.

I haven't been in DC very long, just hanging out with Rick Perry pretty much, but I did get to meet Steve Banson. He is like the dude who hangs out with DONALD TRUMP and tells him who should be outlawed. I saw the white-board and in his office and I don't know what a Jazz Arab is but they are next on the list. I got to meet him though and the dude has a cold wet handshake. Like squeezing a used latex glove after helping a horse give birth. He told me all I had to do to get by in DC these days is wear his special amulet he gave me. It's weird, sometimes when I wear it to bed I wake up with dirt all over my feet and scratches on my hands, but I've been lucky so far.

I'm not really sure what I'm doing here in Washington but I plan to Make America Okay to Call People NON-PC names again.

–∼Levi "HOckey" Johnston

2.7 Michael Thernovich's 2017 Valentime's Day/War On Men Report

Monday, Feb 13, 2017 by Sandpaper & President Baby (@asterios)

Greetings, right-thinking thitizens! It is I, Michael Thernovich, with another shocking bit of reportage! Were you aware that in America, we've set aside an entire day for men to be brutally cucked by women? It's called Valentime's Day, and it's on the top ten list of cuckoldry risks for men, right behind alimony, child-support, and tipping waitresses with less than a C-cup. As America's #1 Cuck-buster, I set out on this insthidious "holiday" to save as many men from the dangerous grasps of the females as I could!

5:45 PM: Witnessed a numale beta snowflake grasping the palm of a female. A.k.a., he was being cucked out of his precious hand warmthh! I quickly sprinted betwixt the pair and broke this obvious display of emasculathion with a knifehanded judo chop. The male, obviously hypnotized by this devilish vixen, told me to "fuck off" instead of thanking me profusely for saving him from her clutches! Walked away more resolute than ever, thinking how many more men need to be educated about these vicious creathures.

6:15 PM: After getting a hot thip from one of my many egg-avatared informants, entered famed italian restaurant Chez Louie through the bathroom window. I deftly applied my chef's disguise (a.k.a. a garbage bag filled with spaghetti), and walked onto the floor. Just in time, too, as I quickly witnesthed a male nearly get cucked out of his beautiful diamond ring!

The naive male had misplaced it in a glass of champagne, which he was about to serve to his fiendishly wheelchair-bound date. I lept into action, hurtling acrossth two tables until I successfully knocked the glass away with a basthball bat shaped like a massive red pill. The female began to leak precious moisture from her eyeholes, which I collected in a ziploc baggie for further analysis. Why do so many members of the weaker sex exude this moisthure around me? Perhapth they are allergic to my highly blackpilled pheremones!

7:05 PM: Masturbated in the bathroom of a IHOP.

8 PM: Nestled safely behind some bushes, posithioned in my patented "Thernocrouch," withissed today's most shocking display of cuckoldry yet: a man about to give his freezing-cold date his winter coat...FOREVER! After performing a flawless combat roll across a busy four-lane highway, I pulled out my patented "Thernoswich" lighter (I'm a fucking lawyer don't you dare try to steal thish) and set the garment ablaze, providing warmth for both me AND the male!

Unfortunately, warmth was also provided to the female. Thacrifices must, at times, be made for greater good.

8:36 PM: While taking respite within a nearby tavern, a woman approached my position, inquiring as to whether or not I "came here often." Obvious Shillary/Sorosian NSA spy. "Begone, harlot!" I thcreamed, before throwing a glass of beer in her face!

That's right, thitizens: I, Michael Thernovich, was cucked out of my precious Miller High Life! Shamed, I pulled out my "bag of hiding" (a large paper sack with the phrase "bluepilled libtard" on it) and threw it over my face. "DON'T LOOK AT ME!!!" I wailed from within my ignominiously-fibrous prison, "DON'T LOOK AT MEEEEEEEEEE!!"

9:05 PM: Masturbated in the bathroom of a Waffle House. Happy Valentime's Day!

–∼Sandpaper & President Baby (@asterios)

2.8 23 Tips for Driving in the Winter

Tuesday, Feb 14, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

- Wait to make your turns until the last possible second so that snow doesn't have time to counter-act your movements.
- Pump your breaks constantly whenever you're in high traffic areas to ensure traction.
- If your car is coated in snow in the morning do NOT wipe it off. As long as you're covered, winter can't see you. It's the same strategy used to great effect in *Predator.*
- Bundle snow driving with a land line package for great savings.
- The last thing you want to do is make matters worse, so any time you talk about winter weather be sure to mention "I've got a lot of friends that are snowmen."
- Carefully follow this path to cut a lap off your winter commute.
- Keep your emergency brake on for your whole trip. The added heat from friction will melt the snow.
- In the Battle of Hoth, the rebels destroyed multiple AT-ATs by wrapping a sturdy wire around their legs. Not really sure how that helps, but keep it in mind regardless.
- If you're driving and the winter weather gets too bad, have a friend call you and act like there is an emergency. Then you have the perfect excuse to leave without hurting winter weather's feeling.
- Driving in the winter is just as miserable as everything else in the winter. You might as well quit everything and just hibernate until April.
- Regardless of traffic or road conditions, jerk the wheel back and forth like they do in old movies so that winter thinks you're trying really hard.
- Lower your speed limit until you're just idling down the highway. Act surprised when some jerk has the gall to honk at you as they swerve out of the way.
- Finish and follow this original meme:
- Be sure to put some of the summer days in saving so that you can withdraw them during this sort of weather.
- Just demand that everyone in your work and personal life must come to your house if they want to meet.

- Take the time to overthink every single aspect of your driving until you become a numb ball drifting mindlessly down the road. This is also a great tip for life in general.
- Easily keep a 500 foot distance from other cars by pretending that everyone in every vehicle finds you disgusting and has a restraining order against you. It shouldn't be too much of a stretch.
- You can drive however you want as long as you constantly repeat "there is no snow, there is no snow, there is no snow." But if you stop saying it for even a second then you spin out.
- Sell your car and buy a snowmobile so that you will be prepared for the ten or so days a year it really gets bad.
- Put chains on your tires. Put chains on your roof. Put chains all over until it looks like Pixar is making a *Cars* sequel with heavy BDSM themes.
- Get on Snow's good side by listening to its #1 hit, Informer.
- Take control of the situation by preemptively crashing into the car ahead of you.
- Move to a place that doesn't have shitty weather. Seriously, what are we doing here? We could live anywhere in the entire world and yet year after year we keep doing this to ourselves.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.9 If This Offends You...

Wednesday, Feb 15, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I'M FRIGHTENED

BY EMOTIONAL

HONESTY SO

MY WARDROBE

EXPRESSES MY

COMPULSION TO

HELP PEOPLE

PACK BAGS

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.10 Protest Properly: Please Don't Gender Your Trump Insults

Friday, Feb 17, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We have a lot of feedback on the marches that have been taking place. Activism is good, but activism should be radically inclusive and should leave everyone feeling welcome.

You are only supporting the continuation of the patriarchy by using gendered insults against Trump on your signs. Please do not call Donald Trump any of the following:

- That Big Bitch
- Cry Baby Bitch Boy
- King Bitch
- Adolf Bitchler
- Gross Pig Bitch
- That Big Ol' Bitch With Them Tiny Baby Hands

That word may make Donald Trump mad, it may make him angrier than anything, but DO NOT use it on your signs. It is a hurtful word and there is no reason to equate gender with a negative quality. Just because Donald hates that word and it makes him cry does not mean others won't cry. This is a family march.

"Sissy" is not a replacement for bitch. It is homophobic. You may think this meme of Putin and Trump kissing each other is an amusing play on the extreme homophobia of a regime that outlaws homosexual "propaganda" and punishes gay activists. You're wrong. This meme is dividing us. Please do not make any more homophobic posters of Donald Trump...

- ...hugging Putin while shirtless
- ...kissing Putin
- ...jacking off Putin
- ...getting humped by Putin
- ...jacking off Putin into jars and placing heart stickers on the jars and placing those jars on a curio shelf
- ...creating a virility idol of Putin and anointing himself ritualistically from the Putin cum jars
- ...making a cum pentagram and summoning the Putin devil to jack him off more

These marches are about inclusion and diversity in the face of Trump's racism, but that does not mean you need to use your fellow marchers as props in your own diversity fantasy. Do not take pictures of black, brown, muslim, gay, lesbian or transgendered marchers in the midst of the crowd. Do not celebrate the diversity on your terms. This is imposing your worldview onto them. You must celebrate it on their terms. In a special diversity zone where it is OK to be happy that you are standing with minorities.

Please remember to never photograph happy or supportive police officers. This is a reminder that your protest is actually bad if it does not make the police angry. Think about that for a second: why is your day time protest against Trump not making police angry like a night time protest against the police? Give up? It's because of privilege.

There has been quite a bit of body-shaming and kink-shaming surrounding Trump. This is unfortunate, because people of all shapes, sizes, and fetishes are welcome in our marches. A potato in a diaper with the arms of a toy dinosaur glued to it is not an appropriate prop to bring to the march. We welcome dumpy-bodied loafs crammed into diapers with vestigial limbs flapping around bonelessly. We do not judge them if they are human toilets. That is a normal and good thing and we certainly do not want to make fun of some pluggy, grass-haired Halloween trash bag full of bad steaks yearning to drown in a Volga of piss.

Tacky people are people too, so please do not make fun of President Trump for covering himself head to toe in grease paint and having a golden throne built in the White House. Do not make fun of him if he starts riding around on a gem-encrusted Segway. Definitely do not depict him riding white tigers with Putin and both of them are draped in medals and wearing crowns and jacking each other off. This is disgustingly homophobic.

Regardless of race, religion, creed, disability, or hobbies, we want you at our marches. We welcome everyone, from the union worker, to the undocumented immigrant, to the gay muslim person of color, to the spray-tanned, toddler-limbed, yacht shorts full of dookie wearing, kids-looking-like-wax-works pisspig billionaire gigabitch. Join us and resist!

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.11 Things To Do With The Remote Controlled Helium-Powered Inflatable Shark Balloon Your Girlfriend Got You For Your 30th Birthday

Monday, Feb 20, 2017 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

For my 30th birthday this year, my girlfriend got me a remote controlled helium-powered inflatable shark balloon. Useless? Hardly. Here's a list of fun things ANYONE can do with a remote controlled helium-powered inflatable shark balloon!

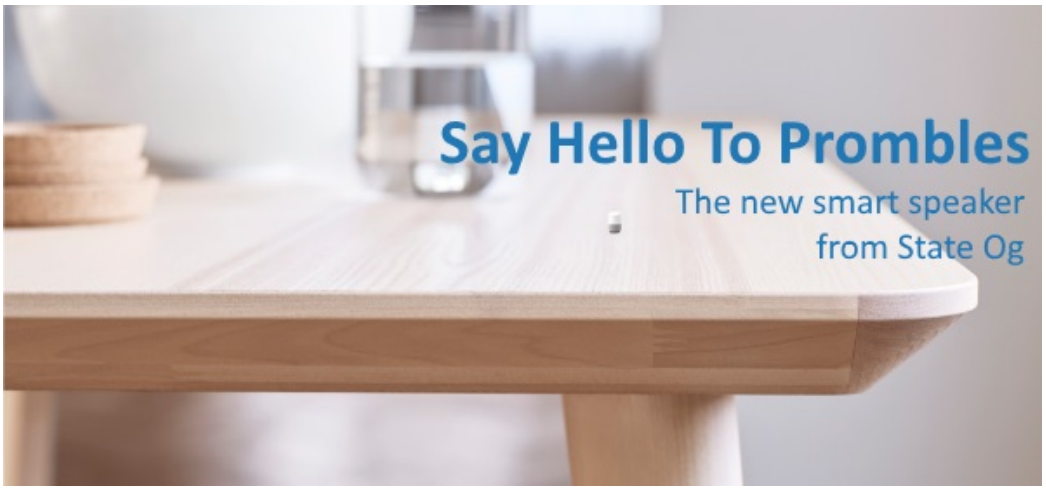
- **It's a great way to tell people you resent becoming an adult.**
- **It's a great conversation starter, if the conversation you're looking to start is, "Why do you have this? Aren't you an adult?"**
- **You can attach a sign to it marked "My Hopes & Ambitions," then use the remote control to fly it out to sea.**
- **You can take funny Instagram photos with it, hope they get a lot of likes, get sad when they don't, then cry yourself to sleep.**
- **It pairs well with your remote controlled helium-powered inflatable sense of self-loathing.**
- **You can put it in your profile picture if you're worried you're TOO employable.**
- **Name it "Finn." Then, when nobody shows up to your Wrestlemania party, you can turn to it and say, "This is your fault, Finn."**
- **One day, when you kids ask why they live in a tiny apartment while their friends live in "a real house," you can show them the balloon. And they can go, "Ahhhhhh. Now our lives make sense."**

- **Use it to ferry a very small amount of drugs across a teeny, tiny border.**
- **If it ever popped, you might actually experience non-ironic human emotion.**
- **You can use it to raise awareness of the earth's helium shortage while also having a fun time with helium.**
- **When you girlfriend leaves you due to your depressingly fatalistic rants about remote controlled helium-powered inflatable shark balloons, the shark can be your new girlfriend.**
- **It's the funniest possible method of delivering child support payments.**

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

2.12 Meet Prombles, State Og's New Smart Speaker

Tuesday, Feb 21, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



In the coming days Prombles will completely revolutionize the way we think about useless household devices. With less expensive alternatives like Amazon's Echo and Google Home already on the market, what can our smart speaker offer you, the customer?

So Small, You'll Swear You Misplaced It

Our smart speaker has been painstakingly designed to be as unobtrusive as possible. Standing at just under half the height of a pencil eraser, Prombles is the only device of its kind guaranteed to go airborne when a human or dog sneezes within ten feet.

Eco-Friendly, With Benefits

Unlike Home and Echo, it doesn't waste power by constantly listening for your voice commands. It doesn't even have a microphone!

Does Things No Other Smart Speaker Can Do

Why rehash the competition when you can innovate?

Prombles is the only smart speaker capable of explaining the concept of paid labor to horses. It goes out of its way to communicate this to every horse it meets, then breaks the news that said horse will never receive compensation for their work in the most gentle way possible, minimizing the likelihood of kicked furniture.

Your Every Need, Anticipated

There's no better feeling in the world than being truly understood. No matter who you are, what your background may be, or where your tastes may lie, Prombles will order a fullscreen DVD copy of Stop Or My Mom Will Shoot from LegitDVDSellerZ.com for you once a day for the rest of your life.

It's Not Radioactive

It's NOT as radioactive as you'd think.

Get A Better Night's Sleep

90% of Prombles' functions are performed in the cover of night, when it is certain that your senses have been dulled by a deep slumber.

Music Like You've Never Heard It

Tired of bothering neighbors with your loud music? Want to talk on the phone? Our smart speaker features brand new technology that completely mutes all audio playback. You'll never find yourself reaching for a volume control again!

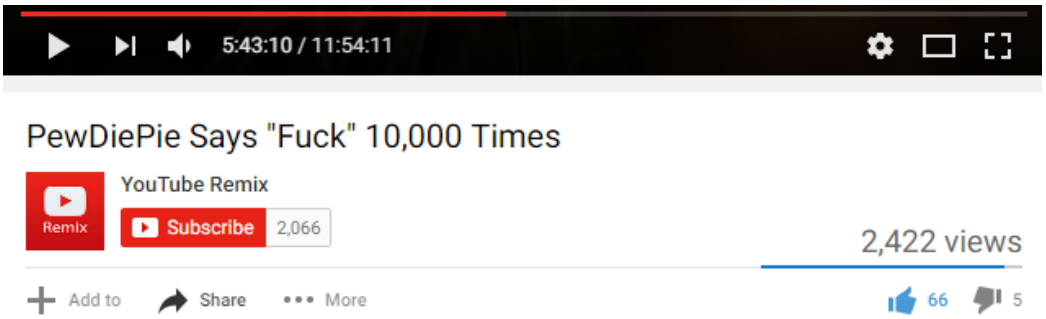
Unrivaled Convenience

It's already in your home.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.13 I Will Die For PewDiePie

Wednesday, Feb 22, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)



By now you've heard of the cadre of virtue signalling SJWs trying to RUIN famous youtube content yeller PewDiePie because of an allegedly anti-semitic video. Already the hated snow flake squad has left their mark on poor sweet PewDiePie by getting his contract with Disney terminated.

For one thing, it wasn't anti-semitic, it was satirical. "You can't make good satire without really sticking it to the jews" -one of the Southpark guys. Today's offense-taking brigade LOVES taking offense [hence their name] so much that they'd even go so far as to not give $1,000,000 to the guy who looks like a soccer star perpetually holding a press conference to apologize for cheating on his wife.

For those of you who have never heard of PewDiePie, here's a quick **PewDiePie facts list:**

- Invented "Let's Play", a type of upsetting youtube video where it's computer games
- Screams in the corner of the video like a Japanese variety show host reacting to a pun
- God's folly
- Seriously twisted sense of humour Stewie Family Guy
- Net worth of $1,000,000,000 - that's a cool billion baby
- Huge problem
- Sleeps in an actual racecar

If you don't have sympathy for Pewds himself, consider that PewDiePie's slickly produced Let's Play videos where he makes the noise 13 year old girls make at hunky boy pop stars at his TV screen each take $100,000 to produce and are worked on by a crew of hundreds. And uh oh breaking newsnow his scripted youtube show Scare PewDiePie where he screams at stuff in real life has also been cancelled.

> DIRECTOR: OK PewDiePie, here we had the idea that you would walk up the corridor, blast the badguy with a shotgun, and then, when the "cutscene starts", just have a pretend one-sided conversation with their corpse. And don't be afraid to say the "F" word - have fun with it!
>
> PEWDIEPIE: [laugh halfway between a yelp and a microwave beeping]

That director is dead now. PewDiePie couldn't afford to pay him, so he died. of starvation. I'm sorry that a man had to die just because you needed a, "safespace".

Now. I have never watched a PewDiePie video to completion. But not getting a gigantic novelty cheque for $1,000,000 from Disney is the very definition of censorship, and I will continue threatening random twitter accounts with open DMs until Disney and Maker studios renew their contact with Pewds, the carnival sideshow of 2017.

And if need be, I will give my life in service to PewDiePie, possibly in the context of a race war. I await further instruction.

Bro Fist,

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

2.14 Damn, I'm Outrageous

Thursday, Feb 23, 2017 by Otis Giannopoulos

I don't know you, but I know you hate me. And why shouldn't you? You only *wish* you could always say what you were thinking despite the constant warnings and shovings. But I'm big, bold, brassy, and not saying bye-bye, baby. If you think I've run out of shocking things to say, listen up: I get most of my material from an old racist joke book I found behind a toilet in a public restroom, and I'm only 100 pages deep into that fucker. But maybe that's too high of a number for someone as Polish-looking as you to comprehend. Yeah, I didn't just go there. I went there and set up camp, *bitch*.

Maybe you think it's tiring to consistently serve up so many hot takes. Soul-eroding, even. Well, the diner called "Me" is open 24/7, and hot takes are the only thing on the menu. And I'm not even wearing a damn hair net. So, you know that little Simpsons show all of you online idiots seem to love? Well, I don't think it got watchable until its *twentieth* season. Okay, maybe I went a bit too far. They did air some episode decades ago about Principal Skinner being an impostor, and it was the first time I sat up and took notice of that animated trash heap. What's that? I said the *reverse* of what someone reasonable should say? Well, that's me, honey: completely unpredictable.

And hey, I bet all you fat slobs out there just love pizza. Well, I had the *dis*pleasure to eat some of that pressed trash-meal during a recent stay in New York City--one of America's worst cities, by the way. I could only choke down half a piece before the vomit-encrusted blanket of the wino passed out in the gutter near me began to look more appetizing. I had to leave The Big Crapple before I could sink my teeth into my favorite--and objectively the best--kind of pizza. That's right, California style: no sauce, plenty of corn, and a dish of thick ranch dressing to dip it into. And what do I wash it down with? A big, frosty glass of Clamato. Honestly, it tastes like shit, but knowing me drinking it makes you *furious* helps lower the bile levels in my throat, if only slightly.

Keep in mind I'm not just a pretty face. I'm a student of history, too, and full of honest evaluations of real-life events that may shock you. For example, the Vietnam War? It was extremely good. I'm also way the hell into the The Challenger exploding. And the Enron scandal? I took one look at it, and was all, "Nice." I know what you're thinking: "Holy shit, is this guy for real?" I guarantee you I'm as real as professional wrestling... *isn't*. That's right, I give approximately zero shits...

except the one I just took in your mouth. "But poop doesn't go in mouths," you protest? Well, it's Opposite Day every day for me, bitch, and I just made you my personal toilet.

What's that? Did I upset you? Good. Did I upset you enough to disrupt any potential book and/or YouTube deals? Well, I have a prepared press release for every offensive thing I've ever said, explaining why you shouldn't have been offended--written completely off the cuff and boiling over with my saucy attitude, mind you. That's just the thing an in-your-face, take-no-prisoners provocateur does to keep his marketable brand solvent.

–~Otis Giannopoulos

2.15 Why Schrodinger's Cat is Actually Alive and a Dog

Friday, Feb 24, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dr. Schrödinger wants us all to believe that when he opened his little red box yesterday his cat, Randy, was killed by the release of a poison triggered by the decay of a single radioactive particle. We all saw him placing Randy into the box along with the poison flask and we all observed, when the box was opened, the collapse of a quantum superposition or a decoherence of states if you believe multiple universe theory. The idea that Randy was killed by the poison and removed from the box is certainly one theory, it's what Dr. Schrödinger wants you to believe, but we need to ask ourselves why?

Why is Dr. Schrödinger so invested in this idea of placing his cat into a box and then showing whether or not the cat has died? Who is paying for these experiments? Why did he choose a black cat with no other distinguishing marks for his experiment? Has Randy the cat been seen at other experiments? What if Randy, instead of being a cat as we have been told, was a dog?

These are questions that deserve answers. The news media was awfully quick to jump on Dr. Schrödinger's bandwagon, declaring Randy the so-called cat deceased. It seems reasonable, right? Wrong.

At 12:09 PM, Dr. Schrödinger opened his box and pronounced Randy dead. Most of the news accounts followed within the next hour. But not Huffington Post. At Huffington Post, known to be financed by George Soros, the article is time-stamped 12:05 PM. BEFORE the box was opened. Could the article have actually killed the cat inside the box? No, because there is no reason to believe any of the so-called facts Dr. Schrödinger has served up to his biased media outlets.

What about Randy? Dead and buried, right? Conveniently, Dr. Schrödinger opted for cremation and scattered Randy's ashes in the ocean. We have no evidence that the body cremated was Randy. But we have evidence that Randy was still alive the day after the experiment.

Here is the promotional photograph of Randy from the day before the experiment:

Here is a cat that looks exactly like Randy photographed by Internet user KatChick85 two days AFTER the experiment:

If your mind isn't blown yet, here is a photograph of another identical cat from 3 years before the experiment. The catch is that Randy is only 2 years old.

According to Pawswell, the pet adoption company Dr. Schrödinger supposedly adopted crisis actor Randy as a kitten, there was one animal named Randy adopted during the time period when Dr. Schrödinger claims he bought Randy: a black lab puppy. Coincidence? There's no such thing.

The evidence is clear: Randy is alive and well and a dog. Probably a good boy.

As for quantum superposition, my best theory is that quantum superposition can never be collapsed in a world without objective reality and given enough time all particles will become entangled and exist in a nightmare vibration of superposition. I call this the Fake Reality Theory. And you can't prove it wrong.

Our only hope now is to find a person, a single strident voice, who can observe reality on our behalf. We need someone who can dictate reality to us. Some sort of dictator, to coin a term.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.16 We Must Protect The Rooms Where We Poo and Pee

Monday, Feb 27, 2017 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

We must protect the rooms where we poo and pee!

We Must Protect The Rooms Where We Poo and Pee!

We Must Protect The Rooms Where We Poo and Pee!

WE MUST PROTECT THE ROOMS WHERE WE POO AND PEE!

Right now, our poo and pee has it pretty good! Has for decades. My mom's poo and pee had a pretty sweet life, and so did her mom's, and hers. Our poo and pee hangs out together in big bowls. Sorry if this "offends" you, but it just works!

But now, liberals want to mess with the rooms where we poo and pee. THIS. IS. INSANE. We must protect our poo and pee, but more importantly:

We must keep our poo and pee as happy as possible.

Why is our poo and pee SO happy right now? Those of us in "the flyover" states know why: because our boy poo is with boy pee, and our girl poo is with girl pee.

I can't believe I even have to explain that.

But to think: the sacred shrines that house our twin wonders (poo and pee) may soon see poo and pee from people who aren't the gender of the poo and pee that the big bowls are used to?!

Unacceptable!

Think about it: if your job was to all day to make the french fries, and then suddenly your boss is like, "now you make hamburgers," you'd be so confused you could never recover! That is what will happen to the big bowls once poo and pee of the gender they are not used to go into the big bowls. Unfair, illogical, wrong!

How am I supposed to explain to my poo and pee that poo and pee from a different gender was once in the big bowl they're now in? That's gonna be a pretty awkward conversation with my poo and pee! We must protect our poo. But most importantly...

...we must protect our pee.

I'll be blunt: if forced at gunpoint to make the insane choice between poo and pee, I would protect my pee. Any sane person would. Poo is disgusting - a mere collection of nutrient byproducts which serves only to pollute our streams and waterways.

But pee? Pee is pristine. Pee is sterile. Pee can be used in the engine of a car radiator to calm down the engine and tell the engine it's loved.

How am I supposed to explain to my pee about my poo? What will I tell my pee???

Anyway, I'm 100% for the rights of trans people, or those who identify with a gender that doesn't correspond to their birth certificate, to use public bathrooms. That's not what this is about at all. All I ask is that they poo and pee in special containers that will be installed in every bathroom. Then, they can take their poo and pee home with them to be in their private big bowls.

That way, none of us will have to have an uncomfortable situation where we're explaining to our pee and poo about the pee and poo from another gender having been in their big bowl. Because if I have to explain anything to my pee and poo...then something is wrong.

And if we can't use this container system for our poo, for God's sake, can we please at least do it for our pee? My name is Donald Trump, and I love pee. So long, folks!

–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

2.17 To the Nail Biter

Tuesday, Feb 28, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

What have you done, you monster? You freak? The miracle of life presented you with perpetually growing nails, and you couldn't stop your self-cannibalizing urges until you had nothing but ten bloody stumps. What once grew into clean, orderly fingertips has become a grotesque ruin of your own doing. You know it's disgusting, that you should stop, that the pleasure and purpose is long gone. But all you really want is one more bite.

Secretly, you'd do some depraved shit for a minute with a perfectly long nail. That's because you have no self-control, and your fingers are visual reminders. You've bitten your nails so much that you're now in cuticle debt, settling with just tearing slivers of flesh instead. It's not even an enjoyable, but for a week now you've just gnawed off your own tender skin. The only thing saving your toes is a complete lack of flexibility.

There is no stopping this habit. The only way you'll ever have regular looking nails is if your arms are physically restrained from your mouth. Or someone knocks all your teeth out. Or you're placed in a medically induced coma. But even if a miracle occurs and you manage to momentarily have fingers that look like they weren't mauled by a small rodent, it wouldn't last long. Maybe a week tops. Deep down you know the truth: All it takes is one idle moment and you'll munch those nails all the way down. By the end of the night, you'll look at your ragged hangnails while you chew on the remnants the way a villainous cowboy munches on a toothpick.

You've devolved. You were once a fully functional human, but now you live in constant fear that someone will ask you to open a can. They'll watch in disgust as you struggle to dig one of your fleshy digits under the tab. They'll see a person who winces in pain whenever they tap a table too hard. They'll know that you're trying your hardest to not jam your fingers in your mouth at that very moment.

At best you're a tyrant. In ancient Rome, the senate had a name for what you're attempting. Damnatio Memoriae. They would try to erase their foes from history, striking their names off the record and deface any statues. The goal of all of this was to forever delete an individual from memory, hoping that future generations would never even knew their enemies existed. This is what you're doing to your index finger. And it's wrong.

But honestly, you don't even know another way. Whenever you try and imagine what your hands would look like if you didn't bite them, the closest you can get is the bad dude from Big Trouble in

Little China. Maybe it's time to try and stop, to give your fingers a break, to see if you can go a week without chewing your fingers apart. It's not like it could get any worse.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 What If VIDEO GAME CHARACTERS Starred In Classic Movies???

Wednesday, Mar 01, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Star Wars

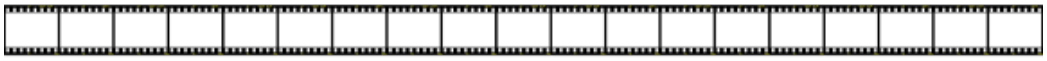
Chewbacca: We're in a trash compactor and it's closing on us fast! I got a bad feeling about this!

Doom Guy as Luke Skywalker: Uh! Uh uh uh uh uh! *(strafing against a wall)*

Chewbacca: You did it! The Death Star has blown up!

The blue ghosts of Yoda, Darth Vader, and Doom Guy appear.

Doom Guy Ghost: Uh! Uh uh! *(strafing against a wall)*

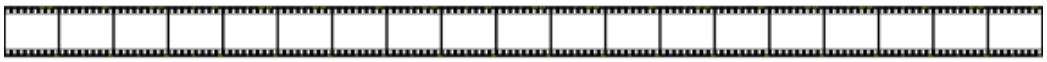


Wall Street

Gordon Gecko: Greed is good!

Gordon Freeman as Gordon Gecko's conscience: Uh! Uh! Uh uh uh! *(strafing against a wall on the street)*

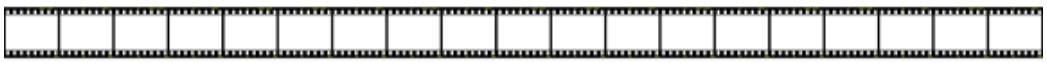
Gordon Gecko: What's this? A hidden passage, with a treasure chest at the end? You've got moxy, kid. I like it!



Rocky

Fat Guy With Robot Butler: Hey, Rocky! You can't rematch dat guy! The doctor said if you slide into a base one more time it'll kill ya!

Link as Rocky: Uh uh! Uh! Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh! *(strafing against a wall)*



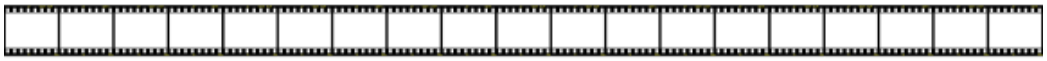
Indiana Jones and the Adventure

Indiana Jones' Father: Indy! How are we going to get off of this Nazi zeppelin?

Lara Croft as Indiana Jones: Uh! Uh! Uh! *(strafing against a wall)*

Indiana Jones' Father: *(consulting a worn notepad)* You're right! Those symbols do line up! Listen, it says here you must choose the right chalice!

Lara Croft as Indiana Jones: Uh! *(continues to strafe along the wall, knocking hundreds of chalices to the ground)*

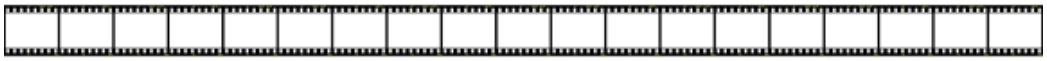


The Godfather

The Godfather: I get no respect over here! Ayyy! Put a horse's head in his bed - and tell him it's from me!

Henry from Firewatch as Consiglione: Uh uh! *(strafing against a wall)*

The Godfather: Fuggedabout it!



You've Got Mail

Tetris Block as Tom Hanks: Uh! Uh uh! *(strafing against a wall)*

Samus as Meg Ryan: Uh uh! Uh! Uh uh uh! *(strafing against a wall)*

Cloud Strife as email: Uh uh uh uh uh uh! Uh! *(strafing against a wall)*

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.2 Advanced Secret Menu Items

Thursday, Mar 02, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Thanks to the internet, it's now common knowledge that fast-food chains have "secret" items they don't list on their menus but will make upon request. Some of the most popular secret menu items include Arby's Meat Mountain, Burger King's BK Club and McDonald's Mac Daddy (a Big Mac with a McChicken in the center and apple pies for a bun). As exotic as these sandwiches sound, however, they're really just the tip of the iceberg lettuce on the salad of mystery that is the Secret Menu. The next time you're at a fast-food restaurant and feeling adventurous, try ordering one of the following ultra-secret items.

Time Burrito (Taco Bell)

This quantum-physics-defying burrito is perfect for Taco Bell customers who can't decide what to order but are also in a hurry and/or don't want to hold up the line. Its crispy flour tortilla wrap is actually a temporal wormhole that teleports one's consciousness back in time a la *X-Men: Days of Future Past* to the moment they placed their order. By purchasing the Time Burrito ad infinitum, one could theoretically take an eternity to decide what to eat - every fast-food customer's dream! If you've ever felt like you were standing in a Taco Bell line forever, it's probably a residual memory of the customer in front of you repeatedly ordering a Time Burrito and resetting the space-time continuum to hide their chronic indecision.

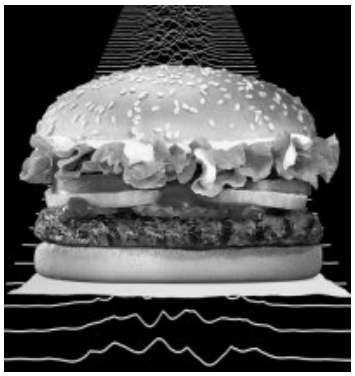
Adult Happy Meal (McDonald's)

McDonald's customers over 30 can request this unique Happy Meal geared toward adults. It comes in a briefcase and contains a gluten-free salad, a bottle of antacid tablets and a folder of important tax documents. For a toy, one can get a miniature plastic iPhone, jet ski or home entertainment system. The price of the Adult Happy Meal ($4.29) can easily be recouped by posting an unboxing video of it on your hobby-themed youtube channel.

Garden Salad of Earthly Delights (Wendy's)

Proving that fast food can be art, this complex and ambitious salad tells the story of the fall of man in three acts. Its left third, an Edenic paradise of crisp romaine lettuce, freshly sliced heirloom tomatoes and zesty apple cider vinaigrette dressing, symbolizes Adam and Eve in their pure and innocent state. The middle third, a corrupted Babylon of iceberg lettuce, processed carrot sticks and Newman's Own Thousand Island Dressing, represents the birth of sin and worldly pleasures. The right third, a hellscape of shredded lettuce, moldy cucumbers and Wish-Bone Buffalo Ranch Dressing, shows the eternal damnation that awaits all sinners. While some have called this salad heavy-handed and didactic, its impressive scope and painstaking detail have secured its legacy as one of the most important salads of the 21st century.

Sullen Whopper (Burger King)



Gloom and despond permeate this lesser-known cousin of Burger King's Angry Whopper. One bite and you'll sink into a hopeless melancholia as you ponder life's unanswerable questions: What happens when I die? Is there any point to existence in a universe doomed to oblivion? Why do I feel empowered by those touchscreen soda dispensers when I still just end up getting Diet Coke? Customers under 20 will probably prefer the Sullen Whopper Jr., which inspires a deep, brooding resentment of unrequited crushes, household chores and not getting a ride to the Black Veil Brides concert.

Tray Liner of the Dead (McDonald's)

Between heart attacks, food poisoning and stray bullets from drug-related disputes in adjacent booths, the chances of dying at a McDonald's are relatively high. The only thing worse than dying at a McDonald's, however, is not being prepared for what awaits you in the next life. Fortunately for eschatologically impaired McDonald's customers, there's the Tray Liner of the Dead. A modern-day version of the gold tablets Egyptians buried with dead pharaohs to guide them through the underworld, this tray liner contains all the maps, instructions and incantations a deceased soul needs to find its way to the heavenly paradise known as McDonaldLand. One passage, for example, warns against drinking from the soda fountain of forgetfulness:

You will find in the Fry Forest a soda fount on the left, and standing by it, a golden-brown McNugget tree; Do not approach this fount at all. You will find the other, from the lake of Memory, refreshing Dr. Pepper flowing forth. But Mayor McCheese is nearby. Say: "I am the child of Earth and starry Heaven; But I am parched with thirst and I perish; but give me quickly refreshing soda flowing forth from the lake of Memory."

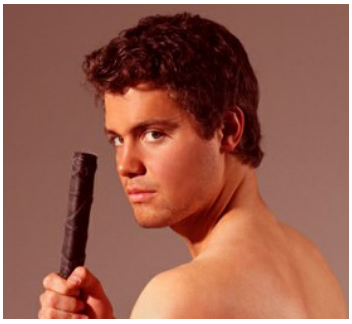
The Tray Liner of the Dead can be identified by its hieroglyphics and gold border. Beware of a similar-looking tray liner with a silver border. It contains false directions that will lead your soul to Mc'tlan, a realm of eternal darkness ruled by the gaunt, leering archdemon Mac Tonight.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.3 I'M READY TO STEP IN AND BECOME THE GENERAL OF ATTORNEYS

Friday, Mar 03, 2017 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

So what up, shitheads?



I'm Levi Johnston and I'm reporting for duty. So long as it's like 3-4 hours per day and does not test for most drugs.

My job as deputy energy secretary is boring as fuck so I put in my two weeks and then that afternoon stole the network printer and sold it to a massage parlor for warming oil and one of those white noise machines. It's called barter system, bitches, and it's what made this country great. It's how healthcare used to work before Obamacare. You would go to a doctor and be like "my wife has bone cancer and needs radiation therapy" and the doctor would be like "okay go to the bank and give the bank ten chickens and all of your land and your house and your income for the forseeable future and you just bartered for 3 radiation treatments."

So even those shit was gay (no offense) at the energy department, I am all caught up on Gotham and I still ready as fuck to Make America Great Again.

I have been hearing all sorts of rumors of intrigues going on around Washington DC. Number one is Mike Pence might be an American Girl Doll that somebody shaved the hair off of. That dude gives me the creeps. He carries around a briefcase that is just a list of women who have had abortions and if you go into his office it is covered in pictures of kitty cats hanging from tree branches. They don't even say "hang in there" it is just cats clinging for life to tree branches. And I don't mean like he has five or ten of those pictures, I mean my man has thousands of them overlapping all over the walls and even the top of his desk is just more of those pictures with a big glass top over them. And he has a computer on his desk but it's always turned off and you go in there and he is just reading that list out of his briefcase.

Believe it or not Mike Pence is not the creepiest fucker in DC that has to be Patrick Lahey who wears the Batman Suit all the time and it STINKS like a rodeo clown.

So I am not looking for a job with Pence. And I don't want to work with Steve Bannon because I took all his Phenobarbital and used it to make some Breitbart Nyquils which is what you call it when you mix barbiturates with Squirt. Nobody likes Squirt but it is the only soda that will cover the taste of the amount of Phenobarbital it takes to get that look while you're sitting there on the couch like you're a confederate ghost from the civil war and somebody is trying to explain the TV show Martin to you. Bannon told me if he catches me around his stash again he is going to sell my balls to the NKVD. I don't know what that is, maybe the close out store Bannon shops where they sell suit jackets recovered by grave robbers.

Nikki Haley at the UN won't give me a job because I was at a department of energy meeting and she caught me drawing a picture of her as an anime with huge boobs and when she yelled at me I was like "wow you latinas sure have a spicy temper" which it turns out according to the workplace racism brochures left by the obama administration is something called "double racism." That's the second best racism behind triple racism which is when you mistake one

race for another race and trick them into wearing a Halloween costume mocking their actual race.

Anyway, I didn't get in any actual trouble for that, because those racism manuals are now banned because it turns out they're reverse racist against whites which are now a minority according to department of homeland security. But Nikki Haley won't give me back my doujins so I ain't working with that broad.

I do have some real strengths to my resume. So if you know of any of the like 600 cabinet positions still not filled or the 50,000 jobs that are about to get purged for possible leaks, I have a strong resume:

Yeah I dated former Russian spy Anna Chapman but it had nothing to do with her being a spy it was only because we were both in Romanian Maxim together.

- Never stole anything other than toppings when I worked at Domino's.Yes, some premium toppings, but not in bulk, just a few handfuls here and there of the chicken and broccoli.
- Longest jump by an overturned pickup off an overpass that did not result in a fatality in Alaska.
- I can say my own name into a microphone at a hearing.
- I own two suits.
- My only contact with Russia during the Trump campaign was one time when I met with Rosneft CEO Igor Sechin in London and the three times I went to Moscow where I was technically in a room with Putin but we did not discuss the campaign and it was related only to ongoing negotiations over arctic oil exploration. Also I may have an ownership stake in a Truck Nutz spinoff corporation called Motorcycle Pusseez that is 40% state owned by Russia and has never sold a product and yet is worth over 8 billion dollars for some reason, but I assure you, this money is completely indistinguishable from legitimate money.
- I can beat up most people in Washington. I've been watching and I am good on like 99% of them. There are a couple Congressional Black Caucus guy who were like beaten with billy clubs and shot with water cannons and shit so I don't want to fuck with those guys, but other than that I will yoke the ungodly shit out of Al Franken. I will push Chuck Schumer in front of a Segway. Whatever it takes to Make American Great Again.

Also, before I go, I just have to say: **FREE MILO**.

I read he lost his book deal and was in jail or something for fucking a thirteen year old and to be honest, this happens regularly. I would never bang a thirteen year old, but it is impossible to tell a thirteen year old from a fifteen year old which is much more in the realm of being cool to have sex with. Not that you should, I'm saying you shouldn't, but 13 leads to 15 leads to 18 and we're good. I wouldn't mess around with that stuff, I'm just saying, I get it.

When like a 10 year old really is coming on strong or something, and maybe you huffed oven cleaner, I mean mistakes are made sometimes is all. And I mean he didn't say single digits. You get into single digits and you are sick as fuck. He did not say 9 year olds.

So take it easy on Milo is what I'm saying. Also up until 2013 age of consent in Saudi Arabia was whatever you wanted and are you going to sit there and condemn Saudi Arabia, our strongest ally?

PEACE!

–∼Levi "HOckey" Johnston

3.4 INTERNAL: Jamba Juice's "Springapalooza" Talking Points

Monday, Mar 06, 2017 by Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

Dear Jamba Juice Jambonaut,

First off, great job with the Steel-Cut Oatmeal launch. While the product failed, it taught us something: America doesn't give a shit about oatmeal, regardless of the metal it was cut with.

That's a lesson we'll be taking into our "Springapalooza" campaign, where we'll be introducing the public to "Jamba Whirl'ns," our new froyo-esque fruit-adjacent gelatin pods. Here's a list of simple answers to common customer questions:

What's a "Whirl'n?"

- *"Jamba Whirl'ns" are a new line of frozen yogurts that "whirl" frozen yogurt and toppings together! From Awesome Apple Cinnamon to Jazzy Java Chocolate, "Jamba Whirl'ns" are both nutritious and delicious!*

The name "Whirl'n" sounds weird.

- *No, it doesn't! It sounds nutritious and delicious!*

Can I just order a "frozen yogurt?"

- *No, you must specifically order a "Whirl'n!"*

But I don't want to say "Whirl'n."

- *Then you will not receive a "Whirl'n!" You will forgo a treat that is both nutritious and delicious!*

You keep saying that, that they're "nutritious and delicious." What's so nutritious about them?

- *A small "Jazzy Java Chocolate" gives you nearly 6% of the Vitamin A you'll need all day!*

That's not very nutritious.

- *It's more nutrition than you deserve, you stupid piece of shit!*

Hey! I'm just pointing out that they're not as nutritious as you lead people to believe!

- *I'm going to lead people to believe my fist in your face!*

That doesn't make sense!

- *They won't be able to make sense of your body either! It'll be covered in blood and "Whirl'n!"*

That's it, I don't want your dumb "Whirl'n." You can go to hell.

- *I'll say hi to your mother when I get there! Now get back here and order a large Jazzy Java Chocolate "Whirl'n" before I shove your face in this wheatgrass juicer and sell shots of you for $4.99!*

Fine, Jesus!! Here's my money, I'll have a Jazzy Java Chocolate Whirl'n!

- *Thank you.*

And you've made your first sale! Congratulations. Although we'd prefer to sell our snacks without threat of physical violence, there's really no other way anyone would try something that looks like rainbow colored shit. So get out there and terrify America.

Lookin' forward to talking to you guys in a few months when our "Summer Wonderland" initiative launches! We're gonna try and sell people hats. Who wouldn't want a hat that says "Jamba Juice" on it? Answer: everyone, so get ready to hurt some people.

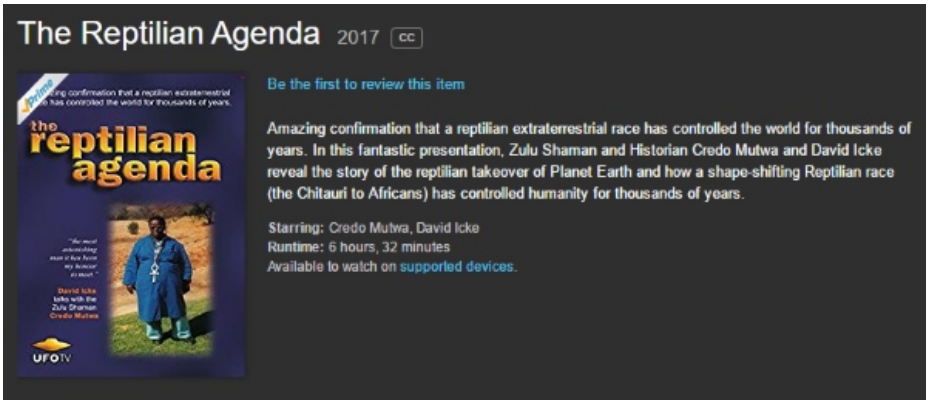
–∼Asterios "President Baby" Kokkinos (@asterios)

3.5 Perusing Prime Video's Padded Volumes

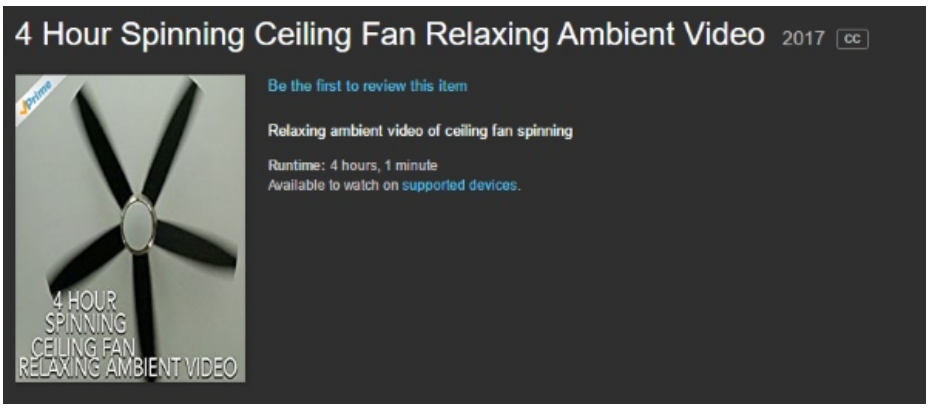
Tuesday, Mar 07, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Amazon's Prime video service boasts a library of over 30,000 tv shows and movies. That sure does sound impressive, but for every Green Room or season of Hannibal there are a thousand YouTube-ish Minecraft ASMR Lego reviews. These are the Prime videos that will never appear on the splash page.

I'd love to know more about the secret reptilians that have ruled humanity for thousands of years, but I'm a busy guy with a healthy social life. My schedule for this afternoon only has a seven hour window. What have you got?


The Reptilian Agenda 2017 CC
Be the first to review this item
Amazing confirmation that a reptilian extraterrestrial race has controlled the world for thousands of years. In this fantastic presentation, Zulu Shaman and Historian Credo Mutwa and David Icke reveal the story of the reptilian takeover of Planet Earth and how a shape-shifting Reptilian race (the Chitauri to Africans) has controlled humanity for thousands of years.
Starring: Credo Mutwa, David Icke
Runtime: 6 hours, 32 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.
the reptilian agenda
UFOTV

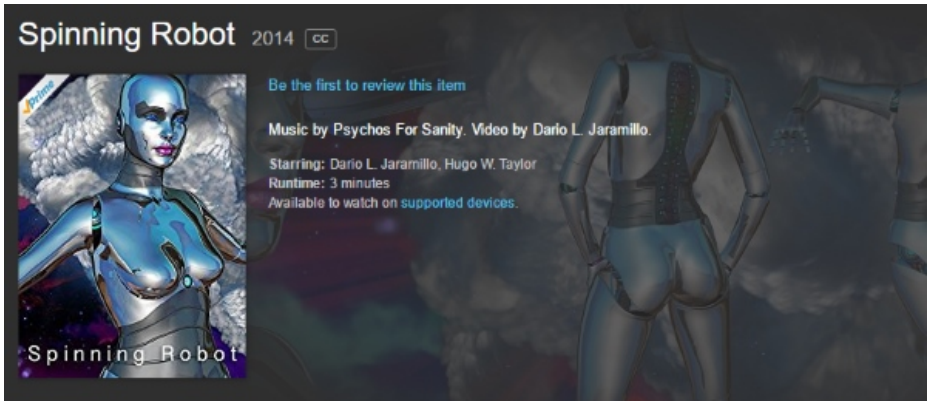
It's so hard to avoid spoilers on Twitter. I swear to god if you guys ruin the ending of this one for me...


4 Hour Spinning Ceiling Fan Relaxing Ambient Video 2017 CC
Be the first to review this item
Relaxing ambient video of ceiling fan spinning
Runtime: 4 hours, 1 minute
Available to watch on supported devices.
4 HOUR SPINNING CEILING FAN RELAXING AMBIENT VIDEO

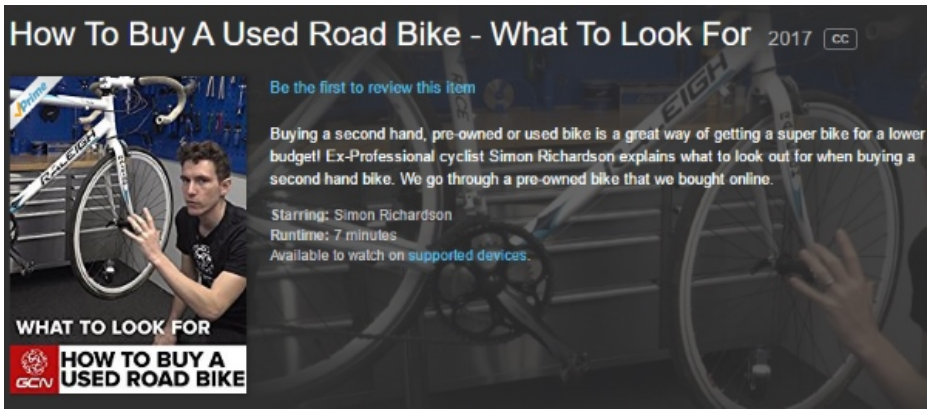
I didn't think angels were real until I saw photographic evidence of one praying in front of the T-Mobile store.

Angels are with us - Want to see proof? 2017 CC
Angels are with us - Want to see proof?
1
Do you believe in angels? Are angels and spirits around us? Let me show you some pictures and videos.
Starring: Ken Peters
Runtime: 8 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.

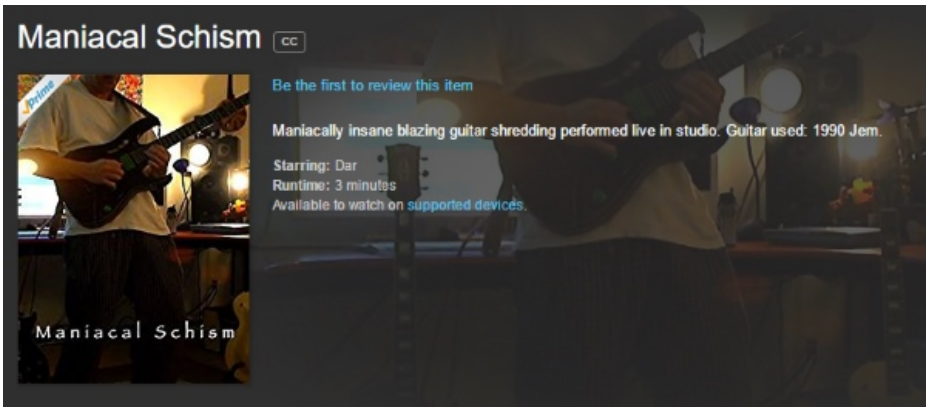
If you've ever played a video game that let you view a model and spin it around in circles, you missed out on your chance to be a music video director. Unfortunately, the titular robot does not barf.


Spinning Robot 2014 CC
Be the first to review this item
Music by Psychos For Sanity. Video by Dario L. Jaramillo.
Starring: Dario L. Jaramillo, Hugo W. Taylor
Runtime: 3 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.
Spinning Robot

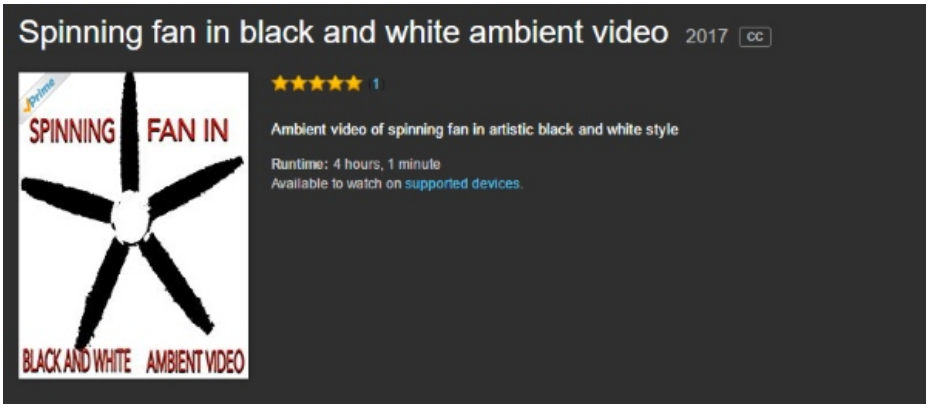
Step one: Make sure it's got tires and all bike parts. Step two: Ask the seller if the listed bike is really used, or just a new bike being sold at a loss.


How To Buy A Used Road Bike - What To Look For 2017 CC
Be the first to review this item
Buying a second hand, pre-owned or used bike is a great way of getting a super bike for a lower budget! Ex-Professional cyclist Simon Richardson explains what to look out for when buying a second hand bike. We go through a pre-owned bike that we bought online.
Starring: Simon Richardson
Runtime: 7 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.
WHAT TO LOOK FOR
GCN
HOW TO BUY A USED ROAD BIKE

"In studio" = "in my sweet bedroom, with the Dictionary.com definition of 'schism' pulled up on my computer".


Maniacal Schism
CC
Be the first to review this item
Maniacally insane blazing guitar shredding performed live in studio. Guitar used: 1990 Jem.
Starring: Dar
Runtime: 3 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.
Maniacal Schism

Most people seemed put off by the second season's artsy introspection, but I thought it was terrific.


Spinning fan in black and white ambient video
2017
CC
1
SPINNING FAN IN
BLACK AND WHITE AMBIENT VIDEO
Ambient video of spinning fan in artistic black and white style
Runtime: 4 hours, 1 minute
Available to watch on supported devices.

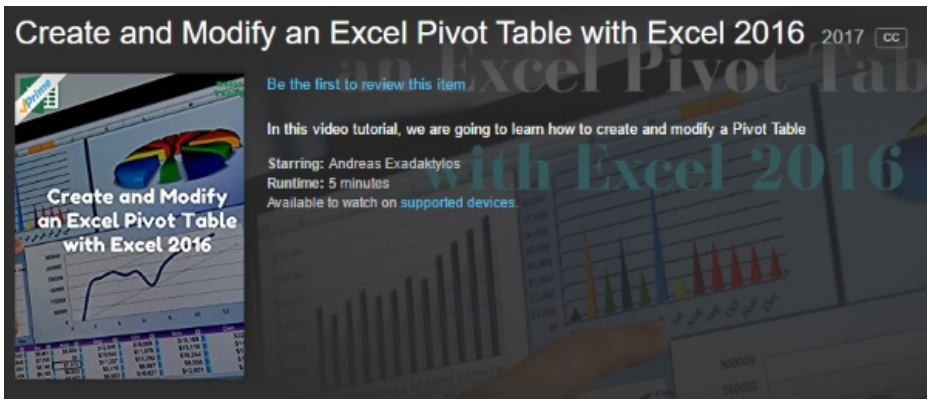
The six minute running time is simultaneously far too long and not nearly long enough to explain this.

Clip: Pregnant Doll - Steffi Love Happy Family
2016
CC
Pregnant Doll
Steffi Love Happy Family
Be the first to review this item
Play with me - Toys for kids - Pregnant Doll with Baby in Belly - Steffi Love Happy Family - Demo
Runtime: 6 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.

Look, buddy, I've listened to enough podcasts to know what's going on here. Next you're going to tell me about the ultimate mattress for mid-round naps, with a 100 day free trial.

Ultimate Golf Snacks 2014 CC
Be the first to review this item
Almonds and granola bars are the stock mid-round fuel up foods. In a mid-round caloric crunch whatever the beverage cart girl is flogging will do the trick. But sometimes you're looking for a snack attack fix that goes beyond feeding the need. Here we hit on lamb jerky, boozy marshmallows, spicy kale chips, and salty sweet seaweed snacks.
Starring: Mike Dojc
Runtime: 7 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.
ULTIMATE
GOLF SNACKS

Honey? I made your favorite flavor of popcorn and dimmed the living room lights. Let's settle in for an evening of streaming digital entertainment...


Create and Modify an Excel Pivot Table with Excel 2016 2017 CC
Be the first to review this item
In this video tutorial, we are going to learn how to create and modify a Pivot Table
Starring: Andreas Exadaktylos
Runtime: 5 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.
Create and Modify an Excel Pivot Table with Excel 2016

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.6 The Nintendo Switch: The First Six Days

Wednesday, Mar 08, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

It's been six days since the release of Nintendo's new games console - the Switch. This highly anticipated blend of home console and handheld has not had the smoothest launch, suffering criticism about hardware stability, launch titles, and lacking system software. To see if these criticisms have held water, we at Something Awful personally interviewed several day one purchasers of the Switch about their experiences with Nintendo's new baby.

I've been a Nintendo fan ever since the original NES. One of my most treasured childhood memories is getting the NES with ROB pack-in for Christmas and playing Gyromite all day. So, as you can imagine, I was excited to pick up the Switch. However, when I got home with my purchase, not only was it not Christmas, but I was also several years older and no longer capable of feeling that kind of pure childhood joy. Nintendo has really dropped the ball on this one.

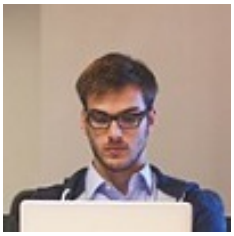
I've never really been a fan of video and computer games. I always thought they were just for kids and pathetic basement dwelling nerds. What really got me excited about the Switch was the stories about how bad its hardware tasted. Well let me just put your minds at ease and tell you that these stories are all true. The Legend of Zelda: Breath of the Wild was my first Zelda game. It tasted awful, like the dashboard of a car and wet pennies. I've had three so far and can't wait for my local Best Buy to get more copies in stock so I can punish my 'buds even more.

I didn't much like the Wii U. Yeah, it had a couple good titles [mostly from Platinum] but overall it had generally lacking third-party support and the controller gimmick was lame. The Switch seemed like it was going to fix both of these issues; the promised third-party support seemed much broader than that of the Wii U's, and I loved the idea of being able to take console games on the go. Unfortunately, I can not tell you how it feels to play since once I got my new Switch home I immediately went to the bathroom and accidentally flushed it down the toilet. I give the Nintendo Switch four out of five stars for a move in the right direction and my horrible toilet one out of five stars for a stronger than necessary water flow.

A Nintendo Switch? Psh, forget that! I'm too busy taking *ocean selfies*! Woo!

Sorry about him. Overall I've enjoyed the Switch - Breath of the Wild is definitely one of my favorite Zelda games of all time, and that's a pretty high bar to clear. 1-2 Switch was fun for a few minutes, but I honestly don't know why it wasn't a pack-in title. I love the Switch's tablet mode, too - it makes it easy to keep on gaming despite my demanding schedule of constantly appearing in ocean selfies.

I'm not going to pussyfoot around it here: I have not bought a Nintendo Switch. The only Switch related software I've bought is the Switch version of **Just Dance 2017** so I could put the game case on my mantelpiece in my living room - and you better believe it looks fucking crisp. My house feels like a fucking palace now, and it's all thanks to Nintendo and arguably Ubisoft.



Cons:

Unable to afford a Switch at launch.

Pros:
Lack of Nintendo Switch has forced my imagination games to become more fun than ever before.
CONCLUSION:
Most powerful computer in the world still the human brain.

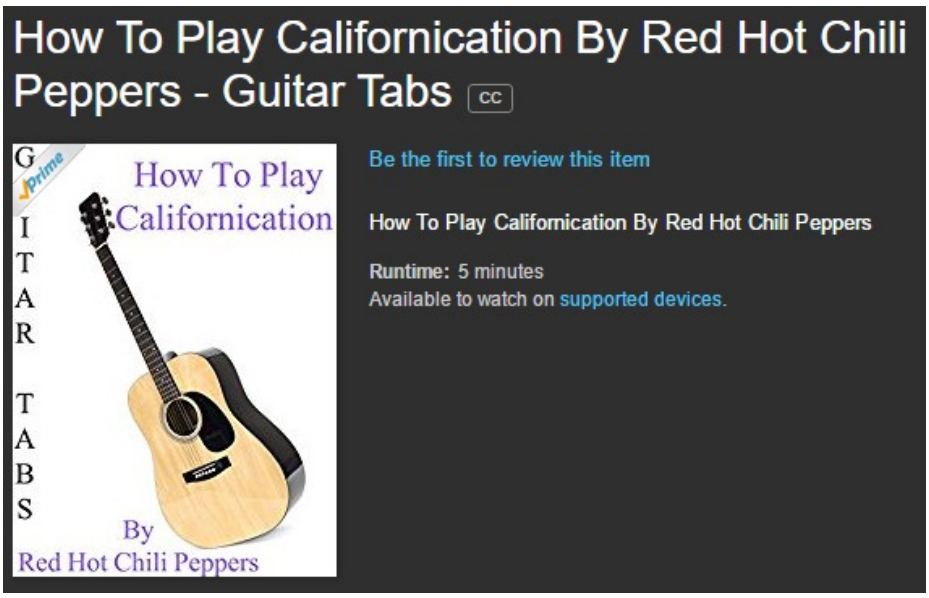
–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

3.7 Perusing Prime Video's Padded Volumes Part V (Well, Part II)

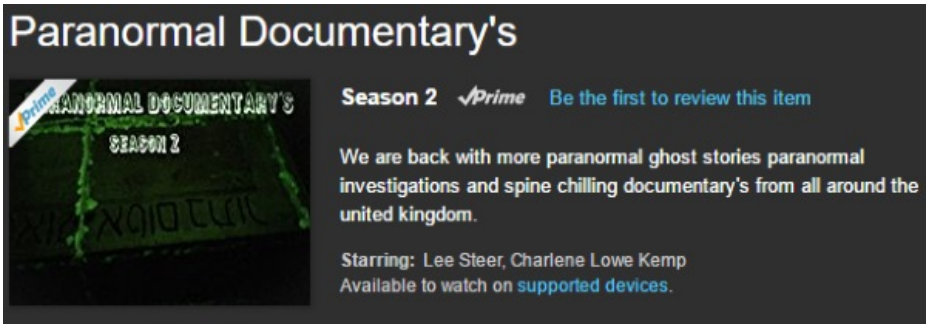
Thursday, Mar 09, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> Amazon's Prime video service boasts a library of over 30,000 tv shows and movies. That sure does sound impressive, but for every Green Room or season of Hannibal there are a thousand YouTube-ish Minecraft ASMR Lego reviews. These are the Prime videos that will never appear on the splash page with Sneaky Pete.

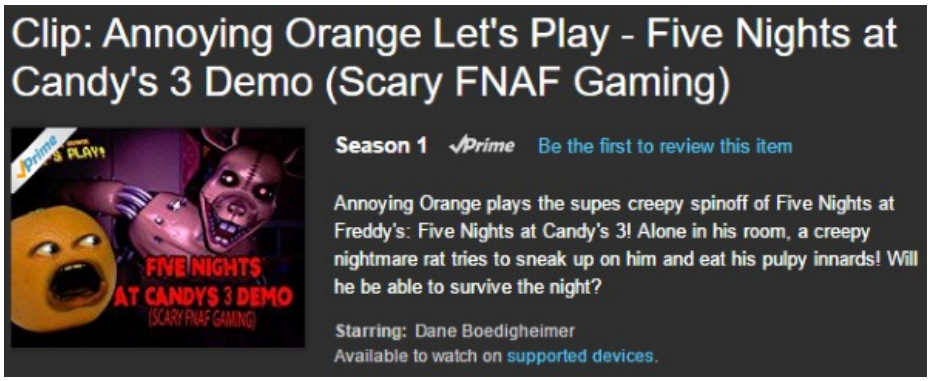
Of the thirty thousand videos on Amazon Prime, seven hundred are variations on this one. I am not kidding.


How To Play Californication By Red Hot Chili Peppers - Guitar Tabs
CC
GUITAR TABS
How To Play Californication
By
Red Hot Chili Peppers
Be the first to review this item
How To Play Californication By Red Hot Chili Peppers
Runtime: 5 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.

If there's one thing I know about ghosts, it's that they're very *possessive*.


Paranormal Documentary's
SEASON 2
Season 2
Be the first to review this item
We are back with more paranormal ghost stories paranormal investigations and spine chilling documentary's from all around the united kingdom.
Starring: Lee Steer, Charlene Lowe Kemp
Available to watch on supported devices.

Computer, show me a video that demonstrates why Prime is worth the subscription. Show me something I can't see anywhere else.


Clip: Annoying Orange Let's Play - Five Nights at Candy's 3 Demo (Scary FNAF Gaming)
FIVE NIGHTS AT CANDYS 3 DEMO
Season 1
Prime
Be the first to review this item
Annoying Orange plays the supes creepy spinoff of Five Nights at Freddy's: Five Nights at Candy's 3! Alone in his room, a creepy nightmare rat tries to sneak up on him and eat his pulpy innards! Will he be able to survive the night?
Starring: Dane Boedigheimer
Available to watch on supported devices.

No, computer, I think you misunderstood. I want something exclusive and original. Run another search.

DJI Mavic Pro Unboxing 2017 CC
DJI MAVIC PRO UNBOXING!
ANDRE BERTHEOLA - AUSTIN TEXAS VLOGGER
Be the first to review this item
Andre Bertheola a vlogger from Austin Texas talks about his last vlog regarding his trip to San Antonio Texas and does an epic unboxing of the worlds most popular and best selling Smart drone of the century the DJI Mavic Pro.
Starring: Andre Bertheola, Nicholas, Emilio Bertheola
Runtime: 8 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.

Some people express their patriotism through their actions. Some express it with shirts. I prefer to desperately grip the sides of my monitor for eight hours as this blasts at full volume.

American Flag 2017 CC
AMERICAN FLAG
WITH ANTHEM
Be the first to review this item
Watch Trailer
While celebrating this nation, you can place the American Flag waving in the background. This is great for 4th of July, Veteran's Day, or just play it in the background in your businesses lobby.
Starring: Jennifer Moreau, Douglas Chick
Runtime: 8 hours, 4 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.

Is this virtual reality? NOW I see why everyone's so excited!

Clip: L.A. Drive Santa Monica Freeway 10 from West L.A. to Downtown 2017 CC
L.A. Drive
Santa Monica Freeway 10
From West L.A. to Downtown
Be the first to review this item
Santa Monica Freeway 10, in Los Angeles area, is a part of Transcontinental, coast-to-coast, Interstate Highway which starts from Santa Monica, California to Jacksonville, Florida at the east end. The total length of the Interstate is 2,460 mil. (3,959 km). Driving on freeways is such a refreshing experience! Enjoy the exciting ride!
See Less
Starring: Masashi Nagadoi
Runtime: 5 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.

Sconces? Show me something more interesting.

Review: OxyLED T 03 Luxury Aluminum LED Sconce Night Light Review CC
OxyLED T 03 Luxury Aluminum LED Sconce Night Light Review
Be the first to review this item
Watch the 9malls review of the OxyLED T 03 Luxury Aluminum LED Sconce Night Light. Is this attractive LED sconce really worth getting? Watch the hands on test to find out.
Starring: Daniel
Runtime: 4 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.

LESS INTERESTING! LESS INTERESTING PLEASE!

Bloody Gymnast Toes 2017 CC
Be the first to review this item
Whitney kicked the bar again doing her Pak Salto on the uneven bars. Needless to say, this is never a good idea, but none the less, this is what she did. Actions such as these often have consequences, and in this video we have a look at how the injury shaped her day on the day after the accident.
See Less
Starring: Whitney Bjerken
Runtime: 30 minutes
Available to watch on supported devices.

Don't freak out, but I think we're trapped in your aunt's Facebook page.

Clip: Nerd Block Jr - Boys - Intro Videos
Season 1
Be the first to review this item
The 2016 intro videos for our Nerd Block Jr for Boy review videos. Some are parodies and some are just crazy!
Starring: Michael Horne, Colin Horne, Jennifer Horne
Available to watch on supported devices.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.8 Did Sinbad Play a Genie in the Movie Shazam and Then Did He Move Into My House?

Friday, Mar 10, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's called the Mandela Effect, a reference to the strange phenomenon of large numbers of people remembering freedom fighter Nelson Mandela dying in a South African prison in the 1980s. He actually died in 2013 after being president of South Africa from 1994 to 1999. The idea of the Mandela Effect is that reality is being rewritten or we live on a timeline diverging from the one on which we began our lives. Sounds impossible?

I thought so, until I found out that thousands of people on the Internet like me also remember Sinbad starring as the titular genie in the film **Shazam** and then moving into my house against my wishes and slowly building a nest in the middle of my living room. I was almost relieved to find out I was not the only person that remembered Sinbad wearing a turban and granting wishes to the lucky children who found his lamp and then climbing into my bedroom window and sleeping next to me in bed fully dressed in a golden jumpsuit.

Believe me, I found a lot of support when I finally told the Internet, "Yeah, I remember **Shazam**, and I also remember that Sinbad eats all of my Pringles whenever I buy them and I cannot stand him. Even when I buy weird flavors or the snack pack sizes, nothing slows him down."

I do not know why he is doing this to me and to my life. For a long time I was not sure why Sinbad thinks he can live in his nest in my living room, but I sure am relieved I am not alone in my recollections of Sinbad as a genie in the film **Shazam**.

Things grew even more curious when I watched the video of Sinbad wearing a turban when he

hosted a marathon of Sinbad the Sailor movies on TV in 1994. Over two decades after that video was filmed, Sinbad claimed to me that immediately after hosting that marathon, he legally adopted me and is therefore still my legal guardian. According to admiralty law, it is his right to build one nest "as large as a frigate's wheel" anywhere he chooses in my house.

Mystery solved, right? Hold on.

While Sinbad was in my back yard last weekend digging his holes, I decided to have a look through his nest. It was mostly the sort of stuff you would expect to find in a nest like ribbons, strings, thousands of robin eggs, and bright silver whistles snatched from the necks of coaches and officials. However, underneath this, Sinbad was hiding VHS copies of three movies. Their titles?

- **Shazam**
- **Shazam 2: Genie's Day Off**
- **Shazam 3: Rise of the Genie**

There was also the half-finished script for something called **iGenie**. I read two or three pages and it wasn't bad. The kicker? Inside one of the VHS sleeves for Shazam 3 was a sheet of paper. On that sheet was proof that Sinbad is an ordained minister in "The Church of Shazam" since 1991. I looked up the Church of Shazam and there is only one location.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.9 Newest Gwent Card Updates

Tuesday, Mar 14, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Cosplay Counterplay: Immediately turns an opponent's gold card into a cosplay equivalent. Not the good cosplay either—we're talking about that local Comic-Con, pudgy, acne-scarred kind of cosplay. The card loses all points. Also, the points of nearby cards are lowered as everyone is sort of embarrassed to have it around.

Weather Type: Cleveland: An all new card is being introduced that will drastically shift weather conditions between *each turn*. One second it's seventy. The next you're under six inches of gross ass snow. No one knows how it will end, but you can be certain that it will always be terrible.

Enemy Tear Devourer: The moment you play this card, the Gwent game will automatically scan the Hearthstone subreddit for unhappy players. For each paragraph complaining about RNG, balance issues, card costs, or how Blizzard treats players, you gain one point and we will send them fourteen beta keys. Without a doubt our strongest card yet.

Awkwardly Sexual, Completely Unskippable Scene: This card will begin a three-minute-long sexual cutscene featuring any two cards from your opponent's deck. Extremely graphic, high poly-count penetration. Ideally played when a parent or roommate walks past your opponent's screen, forcing them to helplessly explain that the game isn't normally so intensely sexual.

Fanboy Rally Cry: Add two points for each tweet you send that contains:

- "Valve could learn a thing from GOG!"
- "The fact that people talk about Skyrim when Witcher exists in baffling."

- "I will name my first born Geralt Projekt RED."

Amazing but Confusing Animation Blast: Once played, this card activates... something? There will be a cool animation, some flashes, and a badass sound effect, but no one actually knows what it does. Maybe it switches a card with your opponent? Maybe it raises the point value of the row? Maybe it sends your browser history to third party marketers? No idea. Great art through!

Weather: No Change: When played, the in game weather doesn't change, but both players will be forced to discuss how it's been lately. The game stays at this point with both players commenting on whether spring is here to stay until one admits defeat or plays the counter card, "Welp, I Guess It's Time for Me to Get Going."

Poor Fucking F2P Player: When played, all of opponent's cards revert to base deck garbage. They can still play however long they want with this new deck, after all the game is F2P, but they will lose. They're JV Gwenters, pathetic swine meant to endure miserable defeat beneath your well financed deck. Of course, this card can be countered with an unlocked mid-match Premier Card by entering your Credit Card number.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.10 Six-Year-Old YouTuber Under Fire for Anti-Semitic Comments

Wednesday, Mar 15, 2017 by Outrage Culture Watch

Zayden Merkle loves playing with toy trains in his parents' living room. But this week, instead of sitting on a plush carpet, he's in water. Hot water.

Viewers who watched the video "Fun With New Trains from Nana" on Merkle's YouTube account, "Trainboyy2010," were shocked by a completely unexpected statement from the child as he steered a shiny engine left and right with his hands. At the 53-minute mark, Merkle exclaims, "This is where we pick up the kitties... This is where we pick up the puppies... And this is where we burn the Jews." Despite being one of the best-performing videos on Merkle's channel, *some* viewers didn't take kindly to it.

"I have to admit, I wasn't sure if we should let our six-year-old child have his own YouTube channel," says Jacob Merkle, Zayden's father. "But it gives him an excellent chance to express himself *and* learn how to use computers: two very important life skills. "Eight months ago, Jacob quit his job to become Zayden's full-time manager, and he's sticking to his guns after his son's first big scandal. "I don't even see what the big deal is," says Jacob. "Everyone's just too sensitive today. I mean, I have some pretty strong feelings on Steve Harvey, but if I said them, I bet you'd never print a word. Not in a million years."

[Editor's Note: We declined to print Mr. Merkle's extensive thoughts on Steve Harvey.]

Zayden doesn't just have his dad on his side, though. Other popular YouTubers have rallied to his cause with the #FREEZAYDEN hashtag currently making the rounds on Twitter. At the center of this movement sits The Expired Mayo Gamer, a popular Internet celebrity who rose to fame by eating jars of expired mayonnaise on camera while reviewing popular video games. And he isn't happy.

"This is just another example of the left trying to silence speech they don't agree with," says The Expired Mayo Gamer, who chooses not to divulge his real name for fear of retaliation. "I mean, I did an entire video in blackface where I smeared expired mayo onto slices of watermelon, and you

know what some people had the balls to call me? Racist! Come on, the whole joke is that I *wasn't* supposed to be doing that! Just more proof liberals have absolutely no sense of humor."

Along with The Expired Mayo Gamer, Zayden has found support in some of the YouTube personalities he cites as his "influences:" GrundleSnatch, Angry Carl, GlorboBorb, and The Stizz. Together, they encourage their followers to find people on social networks criticizing Zayden, and send them countless messages until they inevitably make their accounts private. And this simple tactic has been a resounding success. "It's just a load of bull****," says Angry Carl, who currently holds the world record for shouting during a rage quit while nude. "We 'Tubers stick together against the haters jealous of our success and accomplishments. Did *you* livestream Battleborn with the fat guy from the Borat movie? Then shut the hell up."

These endorsements have heartened Zayden's father, who fully supports his son and his experiments with edgy, outside-the-box humor. He recently purchased a complete, child-size Nazi uniform from a local specialty store, which he plans to make a vital component of Zayden's next wave of content. "When people say you're bad, it's extremely important to quadruple-down and be even worse," says Merkle. "I think that's a very important lesson to teach the boy."

–∼Outrage Culture Watch

3.11 Mr. Mayor, I Am the Real Hero Here and I Wasn't Just Doing My Job

Friday, Mar 17, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

As I accept this award from the mayor, I remember back to the day I was hired by the fire department. The job posting did not mention that part of my responsibility would be running 30 feet upstairs through fire in a burning house and jumping with a baby out a second story window. Because that isn't part of my responsibility. Not even close. If the fire chief had mentioned something like that during the interview process I probably would have laughed in his face. This job only pays $87,000 a year plus a pension and full healthcare coverage. Not worth risking my life for that sort of money.

Which means everything I did two weeks ago at the fire on Oak Street makes me a hero. I am a real hero. I ran right into that burning building despite the danger and I carried a living human baby out of that inferno. The fire was blazing. I must have looked so heroic coming out of that house with a baby in my arms, which makes sense, because I am definitely a hero.

That's not to say that fighting fires isn't a part of my job description. I drive the fire truck and I will use the hose to shoot water on a fire as much as the next guy, but what separates me from the regular firemen is that I am a hero who saves lives.

This rescue was definitely not a team effort either. The other guys, what, chopped down a door? Jerry, what were you doing? CPR? Those people were dead. Peter and Ben, you guys searched the ground floor bedroom? The kitchen? Sure, spend all night hanging out down there guys, leave the upstairs to the heroes.

Boys, I was upstairs in the fires of actual hell, walking through those thousand-degree sheets of flames like a hero, and I didn't put a stop to that searing dance with El Diablo until I had that baby in my arms. That baby that I would have been perfectly within my rights as a fireman to leave behind to charbroil in his crib.

Rule numero uno of firefighting is do no harm and the second rule is a dead firefighter can't put out any fire, so don't risk your neck too much. If you get yourself killed being brave there won't be anybody to drive the truck or use the hose to shoot water.

While we're at it, I definitely deserve having this day being named after me and receiving this hero's medallion. I want to thank Wendy's and Best Buy also for providing me with hero's gift cards. You are doing the right thing here. I'm gonna get a new Samsung for the den and I am going to buy chili every day on my lunch hour.

You think heroes might lead exciting lives and we do. Truly we do. There is the danger and then there are all the rewards we get for risking our lives. It might be hard to jump out of a second floor window without crushing the little body of a baby and that is why the heroes get the big bucks.

Mr. Mayor, I want to thank you and the city for this honor, but I really can't because how hard is it to hand me a medal? I ran through a burning building and saved a little baby boy. He is alive because I am a hero. But that is not award enough for me. I want that TV.

When you think about it, what I did is pretty much like a mini-9/11. You know, just scaled down to like a three bedroom house.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.12 Trump's New Mexican Border Wall Requirements

Sunday, Mar 19, 2017 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

The White House recently released their requirements for the upcoming Not So Great Wall of America. While Fox highlighted three of the main talking points, the internal memo was much lengthier. I have read through the entire 5,938 listed criteria necessary to be met, and believe some of these seem somewhat useless and / or unnecessary, potentially a waste of our US taxpayer dollars. Read at your own risk.

FEATURED: Wall.

- Must be 30-feet high (1,473 hectometers).
- Must look good from U.S. side. From Mexican side, must display series of explicit pornographic images edited with footage of drone strikes and the caption "YOU'RE NEXT" in Mexican or whatever the hell language they speak down there.
- Difficult to climb or cut through. Must not be edible. If a Mexican licks it, it should taste like poison, which is what their side of the wall should be composed from. If an American licks it, they get a $10 gift certificate for The Olive Garden. It should not expire.
- Wall must be composed of existing materials, as opposed to theoretical or existential building supplies like Thought Lumber or Atomic Plaster.
- If a Mexican approaches the wall, a loudspeaker must scream "GO AWAY, YOU'RE MEXICAN, STAY IN MEXICO" (again, this should be translated into Mexican so they understand it). If the Mexican ignores the wall and continues to approach, the loudspeaker should begin chanting demonic spells to summon The Dark Unmentionable One. If the Mexican somehow manages to disregard this, the loudspeaker should begin shooting 50-caliber rounds of explosive tipped ammunition at their head, because the loudspeaker is also a gun. We should've mentioned that part at the beginning.
- Americans approaching the wall will be granted three (3) wishes by The Wall Genie. Mexicans will be granted one (1) wish, so long as that wish is to have their balls shrivel up and never be able to produce semen again, because their side of the wall is also irradiated.
- If a Mexican manages to get on the wrong side of the wall (the American side, in America), a catapult should appear from a nearby depot and immediately crush them beneath its tires.

These people are very happy about the wall, which I guess is on TV?

- In addition to preventing Mexicans from entering, wall must also ensure various other dangerous things are blocked out including harmful UV rays, foul odors, the sense of futility, Dr. Frankensteins, the monster of Dr. Frankenstein's Mummy, Mummy Frankenstein, Count Mummy Presents Doctor Dr. DDR Beat Max Edition, Ultra Mexicans, mean ghosts, unclaimed debt, and anything resembling the sense of general malaise.
- Real wall should be surrounded by patented "Fake Real Wall" which looks like the real wall and gives off a false sense of confidence when crossed. This will help break their spirits and cause the evil Mexicans to exclaim something along the lines of "I've been hoodwinked" only in their language and probably utilizing several curse words.

This is a fancy wall. Note there are two of them. Two walls are known as a "walf."

- Wall must obey all known and unknown laws of physics, and may not, at any point in time, needlessly float into the ether or become a corporeal, sentient being who knows and senses all, because those creatures will not qualify for healthcare.
- High tech security sensors should be embedded at 20-foot (94.37 cubic rectometers) intervals. They should not actually serve any known purpose or function, but must cost a lot of money and require repeated routine maintenance by full time professionals.
- Wall must be built in all known languages so every human being can understand it's a wall, as opposed to something which is not a wall, like oatmeal or the illusionary concept of relative time.
- If somebody attempts to stand on top of the wall for whatever reason (such as climbing over it and then pausing to reflect upon their accomplishment), the wall should make them say "oh no, now I'm dying" because the wall should be killing them in some creative way (maybe

there's pieces of broken glass or IEDs or those bugs from that movie about the bugs which light the hair of 1970s people on fire).

- The wall should actively discourage living creatures from attempting to impregnate it. In the chance an individual (or individuals if a so called "train" has been run on the wall) does successfully impregnate the wall, the baby wall may NOT be aborted and the responsible parties WILL be forced to pay sufficient child support until the baby wall turns 18 or they are murdered in a drone strike, whichever comes first.
- The internet should, at all times, be monitored and report any negative things said about the wall in both social and anti-social media. This includes, but is not limited to, phrases such as "did you hear about that wall? I hate it!" and "you know what sucks? Wall." Punishment for Mexicans disparaging the wall should be, at minimum, instant death. Punishment for Americans will consist of three DMCA takedown notices, followed by instant death.

I think this is a ghost wall.

- The wall must be built in a method in which it can never be disassembled in any way for any reason. At the end of time, when the universe simply stops existing, all that remains should be God and a wall preventing him from reaching the area where America once occupied.
- If a Mexican somehow manages to become intangible, either due to mutant superpowers or an accident involving quantum physics, they should be allowed to travel directly through one of the six wall's "EXPERIMENTAL ENTRYWAY" ports. These will consist of an old wooden door with a spray painted sign reading "YOU CANNOT USE THIS DOOR UNLESS YOU'RE INTANGIBLE (WE'LL CHECK YOUR ID TOO WHEN YOU ENTER, WE'RE SERIOUS, NOT KIDDING AROUND HERE BUDDY)." No guards should be required to monitor this door because we believe the sign will sufficiently keep the bad people, who will be scared (of the words written on the sign) away.
- The wall should not constructed in a way that wily malicious Mexicans cannot trick it, such as making the wall believe they're leaving by entering it in reverse, backwards.
- Wall must use solar energy to its advantage (such as getting hot, maybe so hot that if somebody asks their friend "hey, want to go smash our faces against the wall?", their friend will say "no" or "let's play Nintendo instead").
- Wall should always remember which side is America and which side is Mexico (one is on one side and the other is on the other). Wall should NOT be fooled by individuals claiming the reverse, no matter how experienced a trickster they might be, such as Thor's asshole brother

> whose name we can't remember but the black dude with one eye put him in jail in that one sequel we think.

I will let you all know what else I find as I continue to read through the proposal, as I have only reached page 12 so far.

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

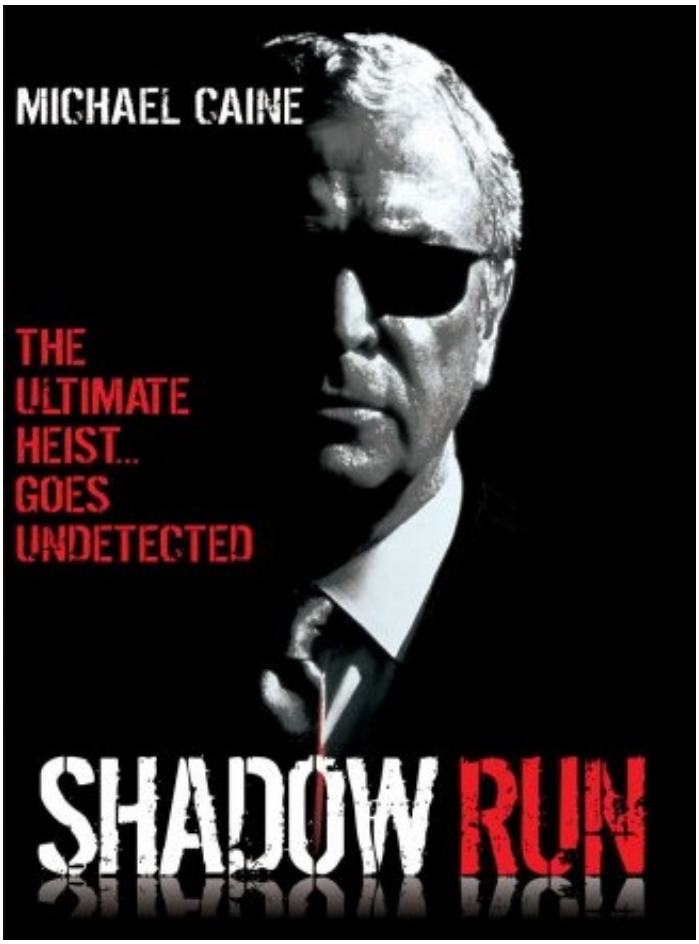
3.13 SHADOW RUN, Featuring Michael Caine

Tuesday, Mar 21, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"For all my education, accomplishments, and so-called wisdom, I can't fathom my own datajack."

"She was only a level 2 rigger with a RoboDoc!"

"Some orcs just want to watch the megacorps burn."



"Looks bad in the Simsenses and upsets shamans at their ley lines."

"Not a lot of chummers know that."

"You were only supposed to brick the bloody IC!"

"Not wizworms, street samurai. The next best thing."

"Ruprecht, do you want the monofilament genital whip?"

"Andrew, don't forget, be sure and tell them, it was all just a bloody netrun."

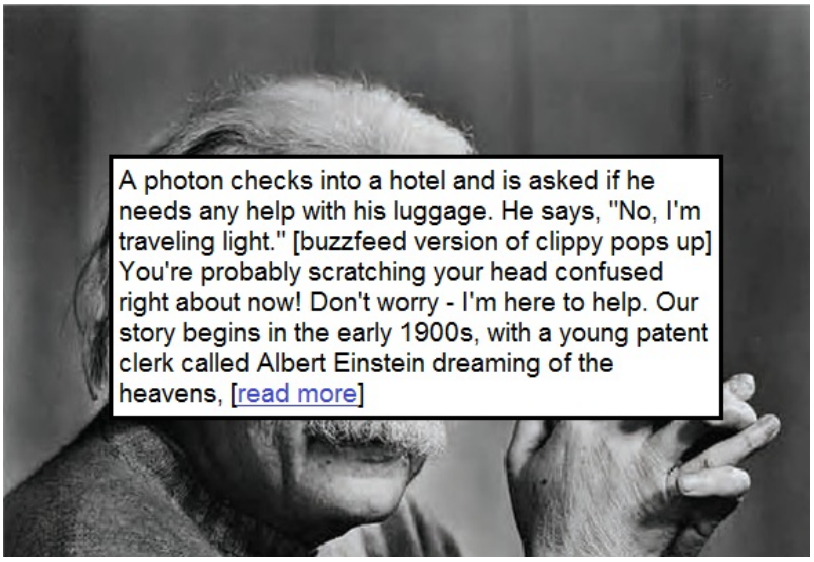
–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.14 8 Jokes Only Smart People Will Get

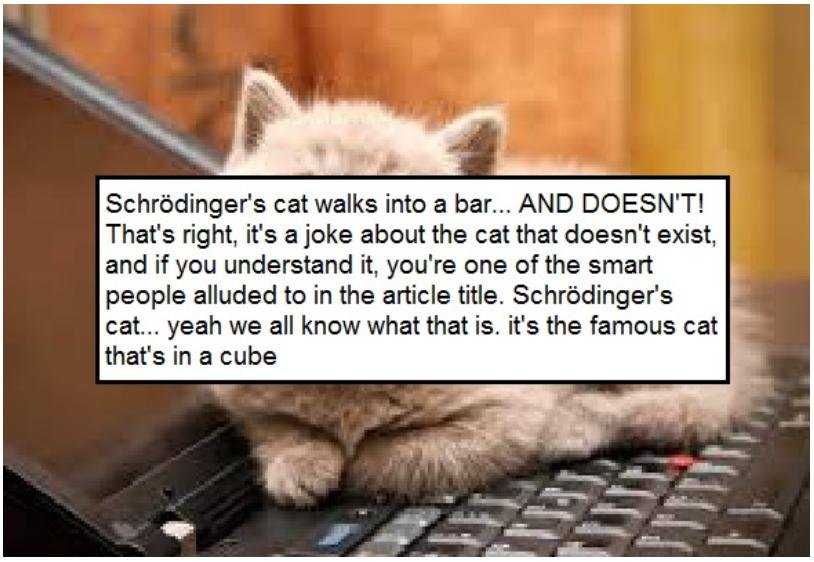
Wednesday, Mar 22, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Tags: Smart, Smart People, Jokes, Funny, Funny Jokes for Smart People, "Funny" "Jokes" for "Smart" People, The Binary Joke, Time Passer, Article That Passes Time

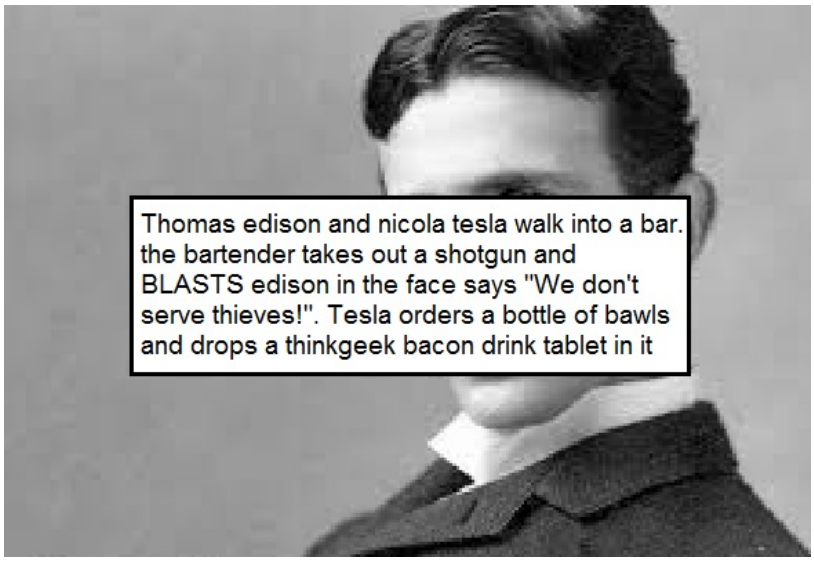
1. This one's for the physicists out there!


A photon checks into a hotel and is asked if he needs any help with his luggage. He says, "No, I'm traveling light." [buzzfeed version of clippy pops up] You're probably scratching your head confused right about now! Don't worry - I'm here to help. Our story begins in the early 1900s, with a young patent clerk called Albert Einstein dreaming of the heavens, [read more]

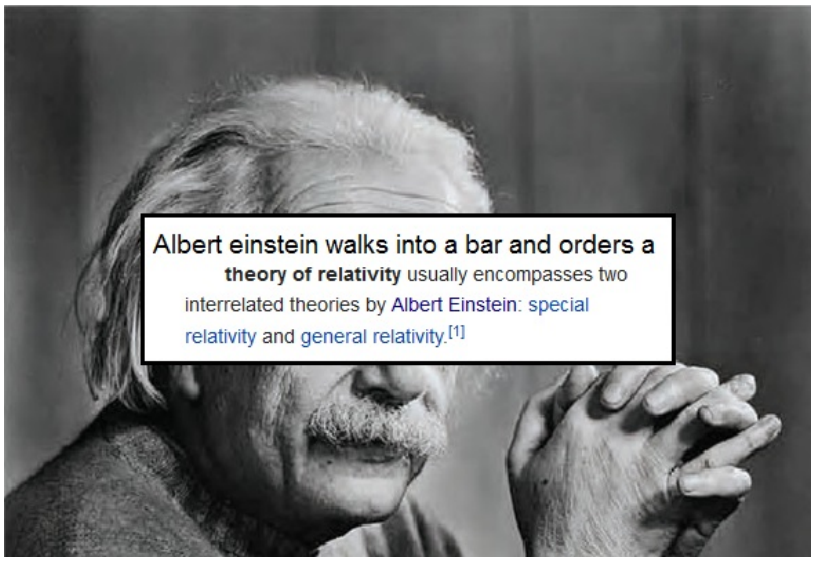
2. You won't get THIS one unless you've heard of a little thing called SCIENCE!


Schrödinger's cat walks into a bar... AND DOESN'T! That's right, it's a joke about the cat that doesn't exist, and if you understand it, you're one of the smart people alluded to in the article title. Schrödinger's cat... yeah we all know what that is. it's the famous cat that's in a cube

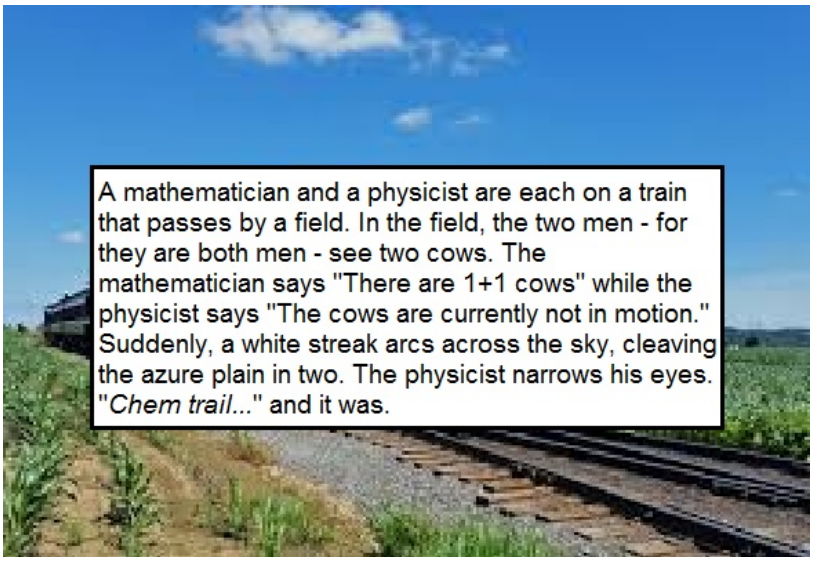
3. have to be an ePiC bRaNiAc to get this funny joke!


Thomas edison and nicola tesla walk into a bar. the bartender takes out a shotgun and BLASTS edison in the face says "We don't serve thieves!". Tesla orders a bottle of bawls and drops a thinkgeek bacon drink tablet in it

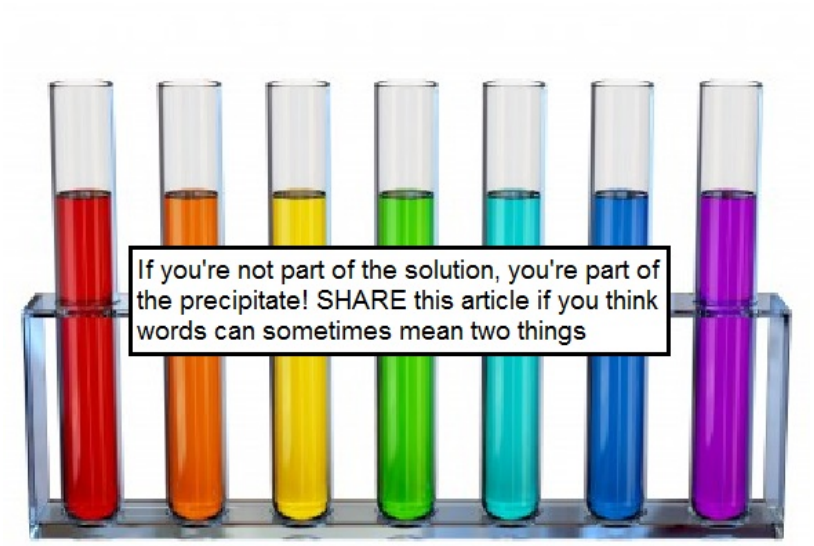
4. Damn! This joke will only be gotten by the SMARTEST and most BRAINY people out there!


Albert einstein walks into a bar and orders a
theory of relativity usually encompasses two interrelated theories by Albert Einstein: special relativity and general relativity.[1]

5. To get this joke your IQ must be 1,000 - maybe even 10,000!


A mathematician and a physicist are each on a train that passes by a field. In the field, the two men - for they are both men - see two cows. The mathematician says "There are 1+1 cows" while the physicist says "The cows are currently not in motion." Suddenly, a white streak arcs across the sky, cleaving the azure plain in two. The physicist narrows his eyes. "*Chem trail...*" and it was.

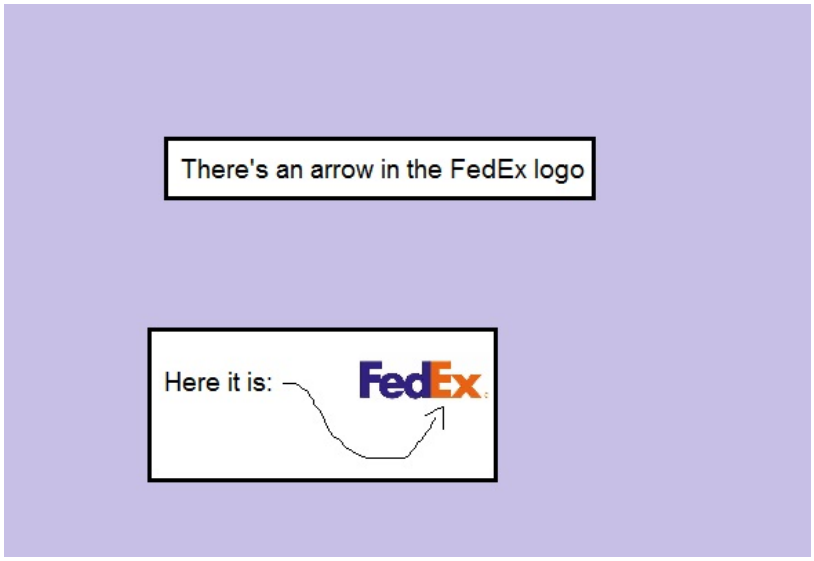
6. To get this joke you must've graduated university or high school or middle school or maybe even just grade school!


If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the precipitate! SHARE this article if you think words can sometimes mean two things

7. If you get THIS one, you've DEFINITELY used a computer before!

WARNING: THIS IMAGE IS THE 10 TYPES OF PEOPLE BINARY JOKE. PLEASE SKIP TO THE NEXT ITEM IN THE LIST IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR MIND TO BE BLOWN BEYOND REPAIR
oh my god
oh shit
There are 10 types of people in the world. Those who understand binary, and those who don't!
1010/1010
fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck
YOU WERE WARNED

8. methinks if you "get" this joke, mayhap your home page must be pointed to "www.science.com"



–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

3.15 Introducing Kitchen Sponges... for MEN

Thursday, Mar 23, 2017 by Macho Macho Man

My dudes, we've all been there. We're content to live in an absolute pig-pit until some uppity broad enters our lives and starts enforcing ridiculous demands like "pick up your dirty clothes" and "stop wiping yourself with the same hand towel for weeks on end." And, *of course*, they want us to wash the dishes. While we're happy to co-exist with a towering testament to the many chicken wings and riblets we've devoured over the past month, the weaker sex isn't equipped to handle roving clouds of harmless fruit flies. So, what are we supposed to do? Throw on a dress, castrate ourselves, and prance around to ABBA while we daintily squirt lavender-scented soap onto fine China?

Well, now you can reduce yourself to doing women's work *and* keep your masculinity fully intact. Introducing:

Elbow Grease: The Tactical Dish-Blasting Friction Engine

"But those just look like ordinary sponges," you say? Seems like someone's done too many keg stands--or maybe *not enough*, pussy. Our team of absolutely-not-gay scientists has developed the perfect accessory to put you more at ease with the shameful act of cleaning up after yourself. Just check out how much these sponges will *absolutely wreck your dishes' shit.*

Patented Skin-Shredding Technology: Dishpan hands? More like dish*fucked* hands. Every Elbow Grease sponge is jam-packed with a powerful skin irritant engineered to leave your fingers and palms red, raw, and bleeding. Instead of walking away from a pile of clean dishes smelling like flowers, you'll look more like you entered a hands-only MMA match with Satan himself. And you owned that red bitch.

Guaranteed One-Use Durability: What do you do with an Elbow Grease sponge when you're done? Toss that bad boy in the trash, because *nature can suck it.* The only way you can prove you truly existed is to fuck up the planet as much as you can before you die, so every pack of our sponges comes with a durable plastic six-pack holder, guaranteed to not biodegrade for tens of thousands of

years. And if any birds and fish get caught in one of those rings? Fuck 'em. Those shits are dumb as hell anyways.

Soap-Owning Strongness: Other sponges--the ones made for women and weak men--don't absorb *shit*. Elbow Grease will completely fuck up your dish soap and leave it begging for its life. "No, no, no!" it'll scream before Elbow Grease curb-stomps that fucker's head in and goes to town on its torso with a baseball bat. And thanks to our partnership with ThinkGeek, we recommend pairing one of our sponges with their popular bacon-scented soap. It comes in a plastic Tardis, but we've been assured it's absolutely *not gay as hell*.

Man-i-fying Chemical Additives: We know. Elbow Grease sponges may help make doing dishes more tolerable, but there's always the chance you could literally become a woman. That's why every square centimeter of our sponges contains the most testosterone allowed by law in most states. The lab monkeys we exposed it to killed each other in a violent, ruthless, weeks-long battle, so we can tell you one thing: it *works*.

So before you tell that bitch to pack her shit, remember you can still *fuck* and order Elbow Grease: Tactical Dish-Blasting Friction Engine sponges--the one sponge you can *only* buy with BitCoin. Use the code "redpill" to get 3% off shipping on your first order.

–∼Macho Macho Man

3.16 The Most Beautiful Woman On Facebook

Friday, Mar 24, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Did y'all hear about the immigrants that did a gang rape?

Did y'all hear about the blacks that beat a white man to death?

Did y'all know about that woman who got acid thrown on her face by her islamicist husband?

Did y'all know

I A M N O T R A C I S T

Your The Real RacistTM

My name is that jungle sound a predator makes when it kills something out of boredom. Like a mean ole jaguar just rips the face off a turtle.

My turn on is gun.

My husband is gun.

My children, well your darn-tootin' they are gun. This is **U**.**S**. of **A**.

How about you open you're eyes. Why the real Russia Puppet is Hillary Clinton and the Clinton Foundation 9,000 words from a website called TRUTHUSAREPORT.PATRIOT.NET.

I am the most beautiful woman in America. On Facebook. Probably in the world. And I am all woman.

Y'all I am fixing to post up like three recipes about cakes you make in a coffee mug in a microwave and then I'm gonna probably also post up how the Jews are running everything. Oh, I'm sorry, snowflake. Y'all been triggered?

Bad news, libtard:

I have 1,000,000 likes on Facebook. 500,000 of them are senior citizens slowly dying from preventable illness they are mad about being treated by Obamacare. The other 500,000 are from Bulgaria and they all use the same picture of a girl in a bikini. And we put our heads together and we got some pretty good ideas about global warming you're gonna be hearing about a lot.

IT'S A FREE COUNTRY

SSTATBC 4 LIFE

Still Straight Talkin' About That Birth Certificate

Even Though Now It's More "Joke" References to Those Children Being Sold Out of That Pizza Place

Remember when I said I'm Not Racist and Y'all are the Real Racists? Well here you go, here is proof:

An Article Where The Good Black Sheriff Tells Ghetto Blacks to Take Responsibility for Pulling Up Their Pants. "Pull 'em up," said the good black chief. "Or I'll pull those pants up for you."

It's time to talk about black on black crime and here are nine white people who live in 98.9% white rural districts and live in fear of the Bloods and the Cartels.

We know what's up. We know how to fix this.

Army.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.17 New Affordable Healthcare Plans

Tuesday, Mar 28, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Trickle Down Antibiotics

"Bringing Reagan's Glory to Your Body"

The wealthiest portion of our great country demands the best healthcare, and, unlike you, they are willing to pay for it. Is that so bad? As the rich receive the ultimate level of care far out of your reach, they also rack up a lot of waste: ineffective pills, unused procedures, slightly soiled hospital garments, etc. This plan allows you to receive the redundant healthcare at a modest discount. All you need to do is hope the medicine is strong enough to heal you, but not effective enough to heal the wealthy person who had it first. In the end everyone wins.

ENROLL NOW

WebMD Subscription and 1,200 Oxycontin pills

"DIY Doctor Plan"

No one can take care of you better than yourself. It's time to disrupt the medical system by becoming your own doctor. Every month, you'll get a shipment of 100 opiates that you can self-administer as you see fit. No training? No problem. With just a little bit of practice, you'll be just like the real thing: Aches? Pills. Pains? Pills. Depression? Pills. Addiction? Pills. Yes, it's that easy! Don't worry about side effects or ethics-- no one else is. To help you get started, you'll have full access to WebMD and all its advanced features. At the click of a button, you can now make hasty conclusions about your sore throat (it's cancer.)

ENROLL NOW

Internal Coping System

"Millennial Meltdown"

One of the most used plans, the Millennial Meltdown (MM) requires you to handle your health the way you handle every other negative, inevitable crisis that has been dumped onto your life. With this plan, there will be no difference between your deteriorating body and your burnt-out career aspirations, your realization that you will never retire, the fact that your parents had a house and kids by the time they were your age, the irreparable damage to the environment, and your regret about preordering Mass Effect: Andromeda. Finally, you'll be able to block numerous crippling anxieties at once.

Even better is how easy it is for you. If ill, follow these simple steps:

- Curl up into a ball on your ratty old futon that you've embarrassingly had since college.
- Put a blanket over ball body.
- Place second blanket over ball body.
- Force yourself to stay asleep until your emotions have been dampened into little ignored blips.
- If health does not improve, keep sleeping.

That's it!

Die

"Just Die"

You Die.

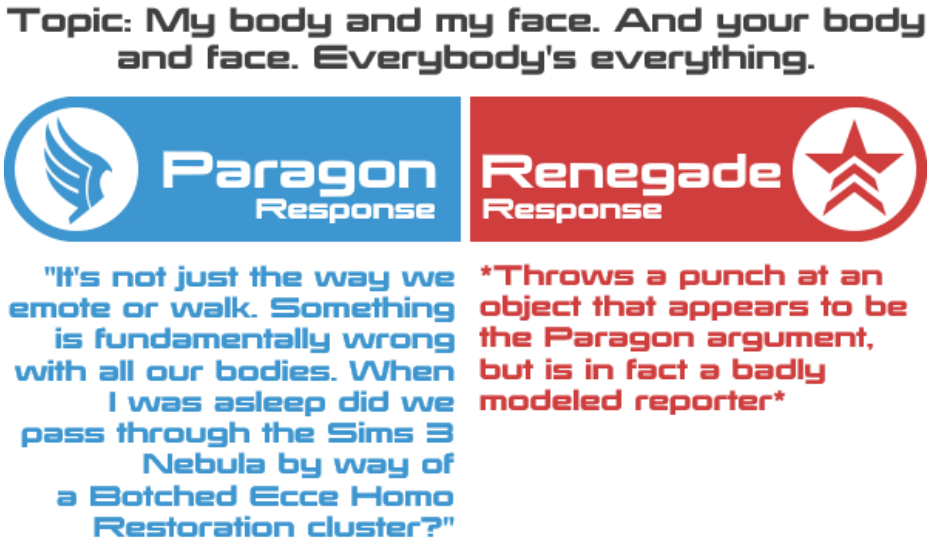
–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

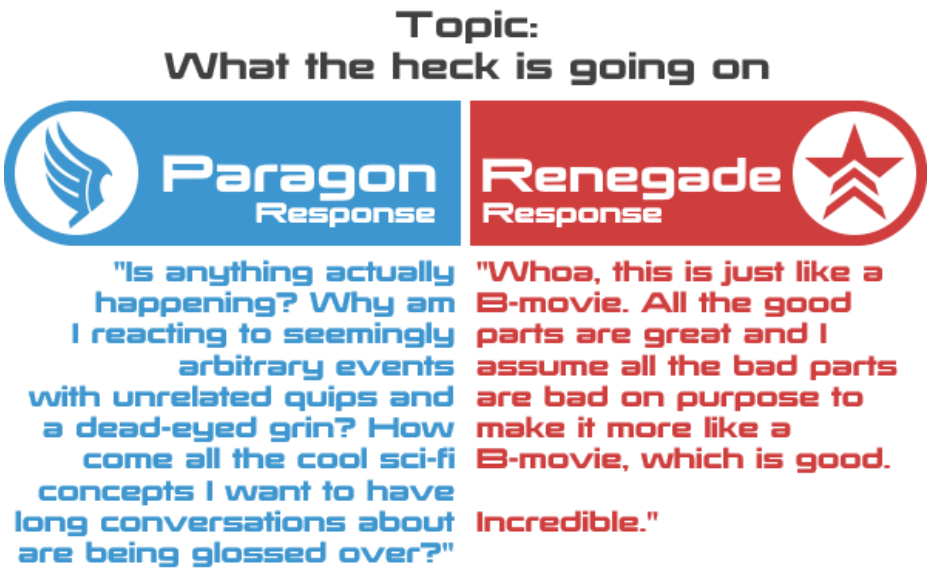
3.18 Mass Effect: Andromeda's Missing Paragon/Renegade Choices

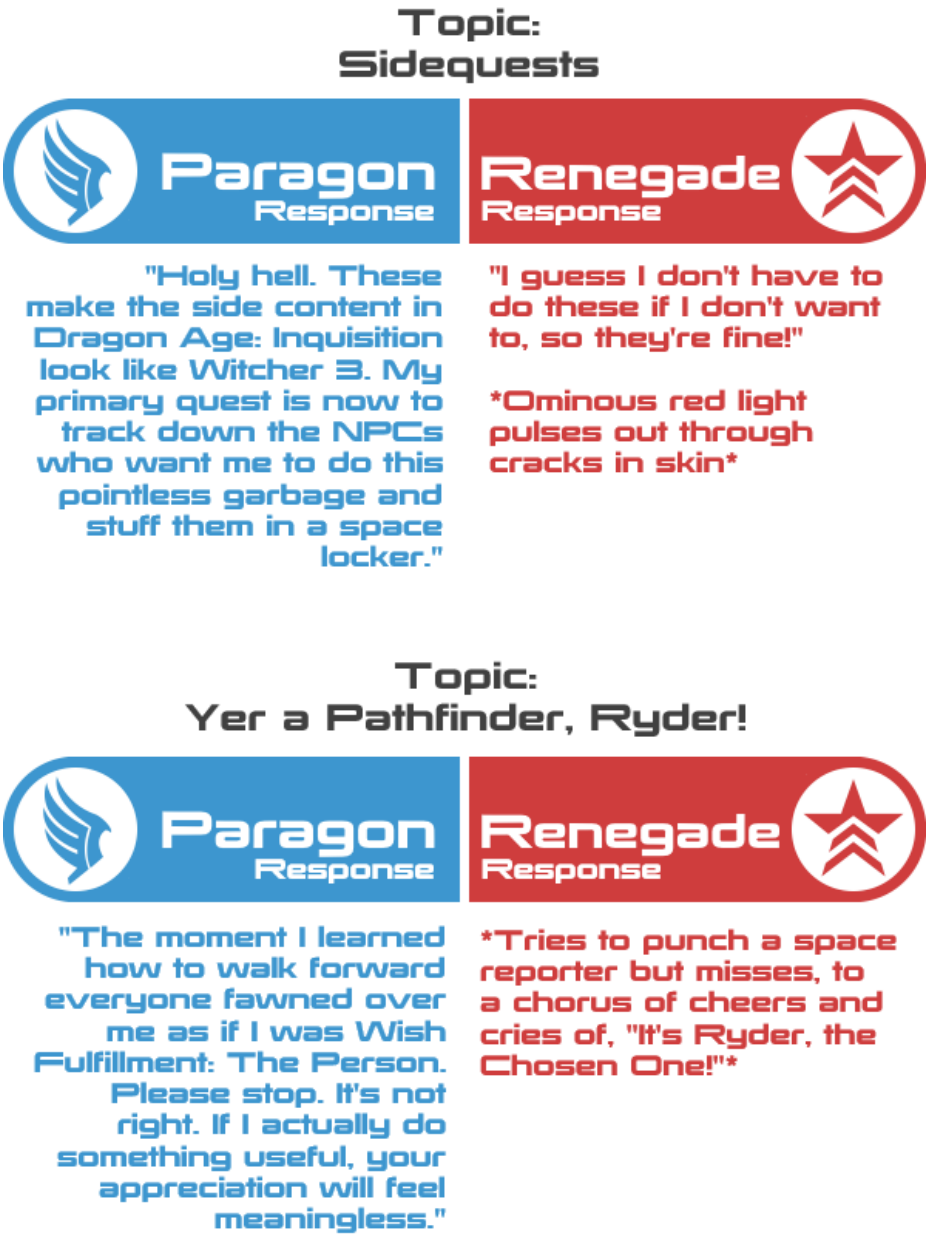
Wednesday, Mar 29, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Mass Effect: Andromeda turns its nose up at the original trilogy's rigid morality. It boasts a more nuanced and intellectually compelling shades-of-grey approach in which a heart icon pops up when it's time to tell an alien to take their clothes off.

Still, a few topics in the game felt strangely incomplete without a Paragon or Renegade response from Ryder.


Topic: My body and my face. And your body and face. Everybody's everything.
Paragon Response
Renegade Response
"It's not just the way we emote or walk. Something is fundamentally wrong with all our bodies. When I was asleep did we pass through the Sims 3 Nebula by way of a Botched Ecce Homo Restoration cluster?"
Throws a punch at an object that appears to be the Paragon argument, but is in fact a badly modeled reporter


Topic:
What the heck is going on
Paragon Response
Renegade Response
"Is anything actually happening? Why am I reacting to seemingly arbitrary events with unrelated quips and a dead-eyed grin? How come all the cool sci-fi concepts I want to have long conversations about are being glossed over?"
"Whoa, this is just like a B-movie. All the good parts are great and I assume all the bad parts are bad on purpose to make it more like a B-movie, which is good.
Incredible."


Topic:
Sidequests
Paragon
Response
Renegade
Response
"Holy hell. These make the side content in Dragon Age: Inquisition look like Witcher 3. My primary quest is now to track down the NPCs who want me to do this pointless garbage and stuff them in a space locker."
"I guess I don't have to do these if I don't want to, so they're fine!"
Ominous red light pulses out through cracks in skin
Topic:
Yer a Pathfinder, Ryder!
Paragon
Response
Renegade
Response
"The moment I learned how to walk forward everyone fawned over me as if I was Wish Fulfillment: The Person. Please stop. It's not right. If I actually do something useful, your appreciation will feel meaningless."
Tries to punch a space reporter but misses, to a chorus of cheers and cries of, "It's Ryder, the Chosen One!"

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.19 The Perils of Not Being Famous

Thursday, Mar 30, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Given our society's obsession with stalking and ridiculing celebrities, it's no wonder that many famous people lead deeply unhappy lives. Throw in lawsuits, paranoia and choosing the right sullen expression for the cover photo of your memoir and you might wonder why anyone would want to be famous in the first place. What good are money and influence when they turn you into a reclusive weirdo with an eating disorder and plastic surgery bills greater than the GDP of Lithuania? Wouldn't you be better off living as far from the limelight as possible?

Not necessarily. While non-famous people may appear to have an idyllic, carefree existence, in reality they face a host of problems - ironically

many of the same ones faced by celebrities. Before you sell your soul to a demon, genie or Zoltar machine for a life of anonymity, be prepared for the following.

Meaningless Sex

Non-famous people have lots of meaningless sex. In fact, when you aren't famous pretty much all sex feels meaningless, since you and your partner are just two boring, probably unattractive people engaged in a dull, laborious act that at best provides a few minutes' distraction from the soul-deadening tedium of your banal lives. Chances are that you both close your eyes and imagine that you're having sex with someone famous and/or that you're someone famous yourself. This fantasy never feels convincing, since famous people rarely have sex with just one person at a time.

Drug Abuse

In lieu of money, power, Twitter followers or any extrinsic markers of success, many non-famous people turn to drugs for a sense of self-worth. Either that or they believe the myth that non-famous people do their best work - folding laundry, repairing sinks, filling out tax forms - while on drugs. Any way you rationalize it, though, drug abuse is bad news: it can quickly lead to poverty, chronic illness and other problems you probably could have avoided until your mid thirties.

Losing Friends

Not being famous can alienate your friends and family

when they notice how little you've changed over the years. "Man," they'll say, "I liked you a lot more before I realized you had no chance of ever becoming popular." Even if you do manage to keep some friends, you'll have trouble trusting them. Do they really care about you or are they just leeching off your lack of fame to feel better about themselves? Do you ever catch them Googling your name followed by theirs to see the disparity in the number of results? Do they randomly tell people that they know you and then smile when those people say "Who?"?

Your love life will probably suffer as well. You'll wonder if the man or woman flirting with you on OKCupid really likes you or if they're just a "schlub chaser" - a person for whom a lack of talent and negative Q-rating are aphrodisiacs - who'll leave you the moment they meet someone even less popular.

Strangers Thinking They Know You

One day you'll be walking down the street and a complete stranger will start talking to you like they've met you before. This is because as a non-celebrity you're basically a faceless cipher who can easily be mistaken for someone else. You have no identity and are more or less interchangeable with the rest of the common ruck. Might as well humor the stranger and pretend that you know them, since you probably have few friends and need the human contact anyway.

Stalkers

Probably the worst pitfall of non-fame is being stalked. Late at night you'll be sitting in your living room reading a book or watching TV with the spouse you no longer love when out of the corner of your eye you'll see a dark shape in the window. It darts away as soon as you turn your head, but you know what it is: the specter of failure. It stalks you like an animal through the empty hours of the night, reminding you that you've become a sad parody of your dreams, a rank-and-file bourgeois whose life is a clockwork of schedules, meetings and mind-numbing toil that you swore in your youth to avoid at all costs.

You'd be fine with this, actually, if the specter had a camera and found you attractive.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

3.20 Neo S-Town is about to E*X*P*L*O*D*E

Friday, Mar 31, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

When J0n first sent a data orb into my grid it was to tell me about a murder.

"ThyssenKrupp corporation has a new type of hard ice on the network that will brain burn anyone who gets too close. They have a kill list and it's frying people and nobody knows why. I have proof, but nobody is willing to listen to me. I think it's a rogue AI called Cybler. Meet me at the Hax Depot in the Black Cluster for a full download."

Black Cluster. It sounded bad, but it got worse. He told me the locals called it Neo Shit Town.

"Take everything bad and double that," he said. "Then double that. Then triple that. This is Neo Shit Town. This is scum central. It's like a circuit board: doesn't matter which way you go, it's all connected to the same chips. And the chips are down, you res me?"

I did res him. I began to cry almost immediately. J0n continued.

"You don't want to be caught without full firewalls and a dead-eyed samurai watching your back. But somebody has to know the truth."

I wasn't sure whether or not to believe J0n, but he was persistent and I needed a run. Public Broadcast Network 23 had bought out my contract and they wanted the hot story, something to really bring in the ratings after the debacle with the second season of Ronin about retrieving the runaway drone. Sure, that never paid off, but what could be hotter than a rogue AI flatlining for one of the megacorps? I boarded the first suborbital from the Manhattan Sea Dome and flew to the Black Cluster. It was my first trip to Neo Shit Town, but it wouldn't be my last.

Hax Depot was a psycho rave bar next to a sprawling, steamy marketplace of noodle shops. J0n was waiting for me in a booth at the back while DJ Hot Vampire played for the trance dancers. J0n had a smart gun on the table and a data owl on his shoulder.

Before J0n would open up about Cybler, he wanted me to smoke some Chiba indigo synthetic marijuana and talk to him at length about the reason Christianity is bullshit and only logic is worth downloading into your main core. He offered up several other choice bits of wisdom.

"Tattoos are bad, pitbulls are bad, and people who get multiple breast implants on their back are freaks, not beautiful at all," explained J0n.

I told him I couldn't disagree, crying softly, but then he offered to show me his tattoo of his pitbull cyberdog that was located in the diamond-shaped cleavage of his quad breast implants on his back. These people in Neo Shit Town are walking contradictions and I knew right then and there that I couldn't trust a word he said.

"Tell me about the AI," I said. "Who has Cybler brain burned?"

As it turned out, it was not so simple as that.

"Cybler might not be an AI," he explained. "It might be a guy I know named Cybler who is designing a space elevator for ThyssenKrupp. He works at X51 Lumberyard Prison, where the petty criminals of Neo Shit Town live out their sentence processing the last trees for high end luxury aeroyachts. He was never paid by the corps. But his space elevator design has safety flaws and has killed dozens of workers."

The only problem was I couldn't find any evidence of dead workers on the network.

"Because that's what they want you to not think," said J0n, winking his cyber eye. He put on his mirror shades. "I want you to come to my house so you can see my circuit boards. I think you will get what I am saying once you see them."

In the neon haze that permeated the air over every back alley in the Black Cluster sprawl, I heard the buzzing of a CorpSec drone. If I had known then what I know now about J0n I might never have climbed on his hover bike behind him and let him take me to the junkyard. I should have stopped crying about everything, left Neo Shit Town, and not looked back. Instead, I found out who Cybler was and the fact that his space elevator had never killed anyone.

But before my series for Network 23 ended, somebody would be dead, or at least their body would be and their consciousness would be uploaded into a new body. And that somebody would be me. But you won't believe who the killer was.

Next time on Neo Shit Town.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

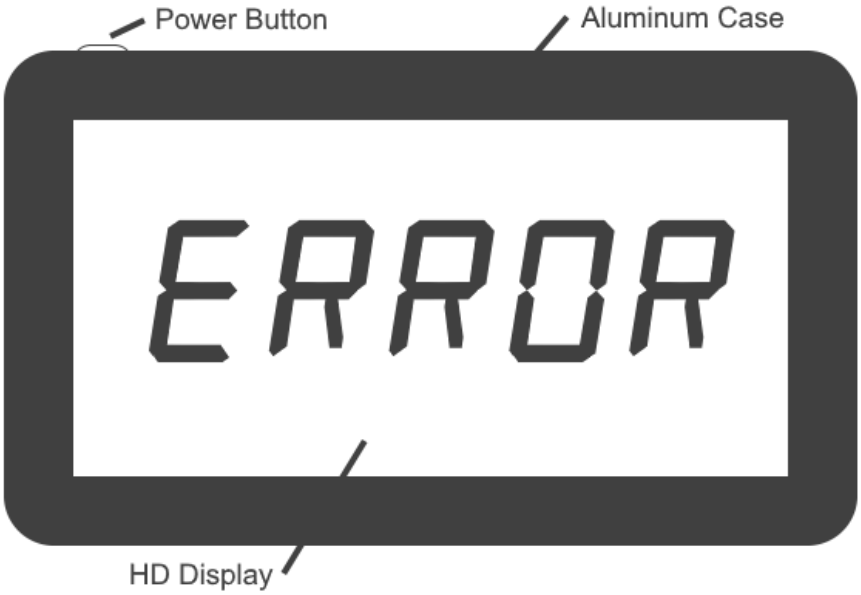
Chapter 4

April

4.1 Owner's Manual For The 2017 Error Tablet

Tuesday, Apr 04, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Error Tablet *Owner Manual*



Included In The Box

- Error Tablet (1)
- USB C/3/Firewire/Ouya Charging Cable (1)
- Genuine One-Of-A-Kind Pete Harshnish Rookie Card (3)

Setup & Basic Use

Push the power button.

Enjoy the word ERROR on the screen. For your convenience, the word ERROR is always on the screen, in large letters visible from up to three quarters of a mile away (assuming the device is facing your direction and you have your eyes open).

The word ERROR is also on the screen when the tablet has no power. For tech lovers who simply must know about ERROR, the Error Tablet is a best-in-class device.

There are no other functions.

Advanced Features

The word ERROR blinks. (ONLY AVAILABLE ON ERROR TABLET PRO MODEL)

Super Advanced Features

The word ERROR does not appear, because there is no screen. The entire tablet is just one beautifully designed unibody aluminum case. Enjoy your stress-free, error-free life! (ONLY AVAILABLE ON ERROR TABLET PRO S MODEL)

FAQ

Q: Why

A: Please refer to the screen of your Error Tablet.

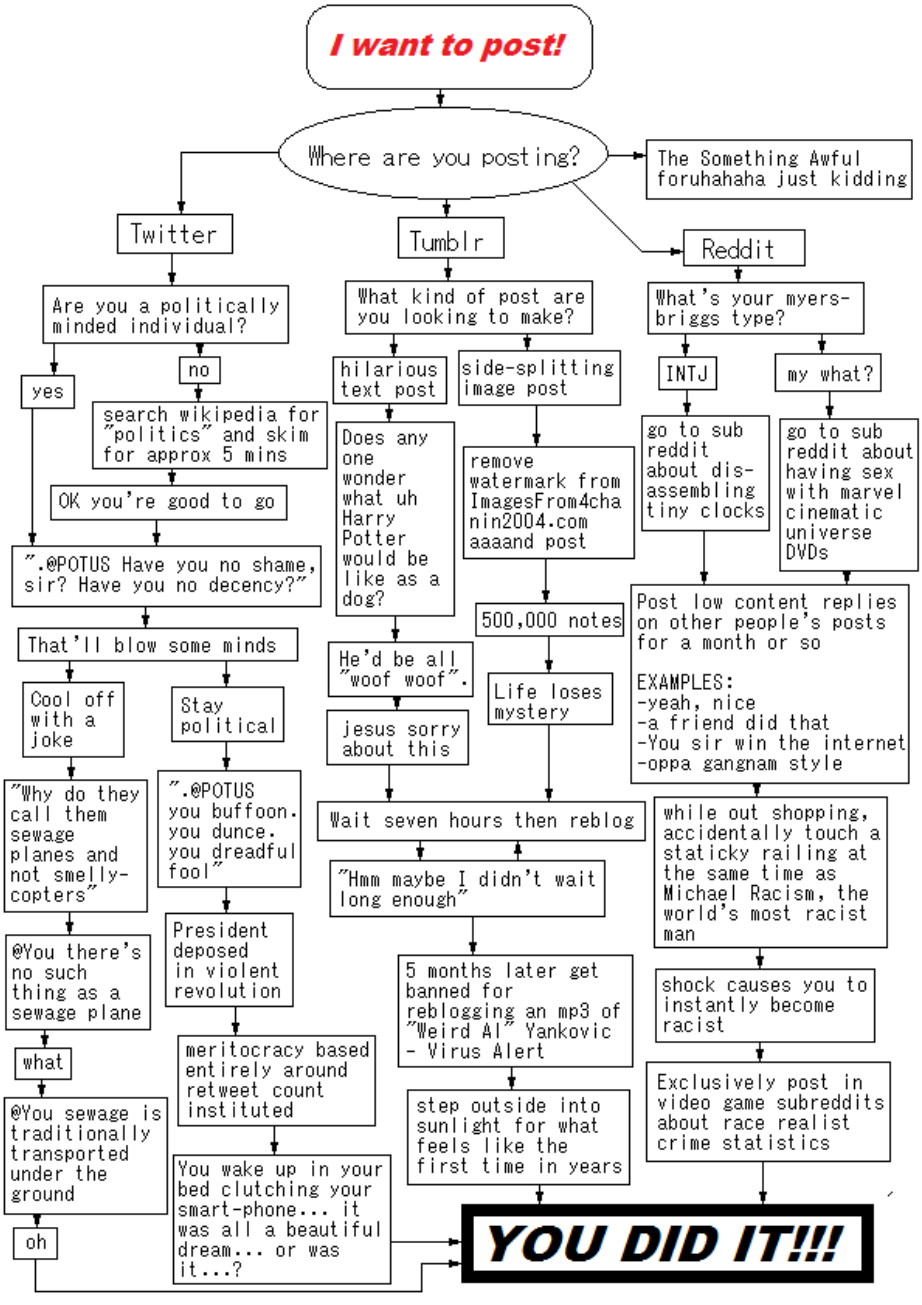
Q: While studying the word ERROR on my Error Tablet, I wandered into a Victorian alley and got myself bit by a dang wereworlf. Now I howl at the full moon and lycan myself to a wolf.

A: This falls within acceptable parameters. In our extensive lab tests, only 12% of users were pounced upon by wereworlfs.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.2 How to Post: A Flowchart

Wednesday, Apr 05, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)


I want to post!
Where are you posting?
The Something Awful
foruhahaha just kidding
Twitter
Tumblr
Reddit
Are you a politically minded individual?
yes
no
search wikipedia for "politics" and skim for approx 5 mins
OK you're good to go
".@POTUS Have you no shame, sir? Have you no decency?"
That'll blow some minds
Cool off with a joke
"Why do they call them sewage planes and not smelly-copters"
@You there's no such thing as a sewage plane
what
@You sewage is traditionally transported under the ground
oh
Stay political
".@POTUS you buffoon. you dunce. you dreadful fool"
President deposed in violent revolution
meritocracy based entirely around retweet count instituted
You wake up in your bed clutching your smart-phone... it was all a beautiful dream... or was it...?
What kind of post are you looking to make?
hilarious text post
side-splitting image post
Does any one wonder what uh Harry Potter would be like as a dog?
He'd be all "woof woof".
jesus sorry about this
remove watermark from ImagesFrom4chan in2004.com aaaand post
500,000 notes
Life loses mystery
Wait seven hours then reblog
"Hmm maybe I didn't wait long enough"
5 months later get banned for reblogging an mp3 of "Weird Al" Yankovic - Virus Alert
step outside into sunlight for what feels like the first time in years
What's your myers-briggs type?
INTJ
my what?
go to sub reddit about dis-assembling tiny clocks
go to sub reddit about having sex with marvel cinematic universe DVDs
Post low content replies on other people's posts for a month or so
EXAMPLES:
-yeah, nice
-a friend did that
-You sir win the internet
-oppa gangnam style
while out shopping, accidentally touch a staticky railing at the same time as Michael Racism, the world's most racist man
shock causes you to instantly become racist
Exclusively post in video game subreddits about race realist crime statistics
YOU DID IT!!!

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

4.3 The 10 Real Reasons Steve Bannon Was Removed from the National Security Council

Thursday, Apr 06, 2017 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Yesterday, the White House shocked the world with the news that President Trump has officially removed hate monger and sentient skin tab Steve Bannon from the National Security Council. While some would chalk this move up to Bannon's complete lack of experience in politics and absolutely repellent appearance, the true reasons behind Bannon's removal may surprise you.

- Alarmed White House staffers by insisting on eating chili during every meeting, and by scooping it directly out of the can with his fingers. His subsequent ranking of the burps and farts leaving his body, while highly accurate, served as an even bigger distraction.
- Repeatedly put off hawkish military officials by referring to brutal dictators with the aside, "Reminds me of my *bitch* of an ex-wife."
- The thick, viscous trail of skin flakes, dandruff, and various body secretions left behind by Bannon made him extremely easy to track by enemy agents.
- When visiting with foreign diplomats, Bannon repeatedly compared their country's GDP with how much he made from Seinfeld reruns that day.
- Failed to come up with any foreign policy plans that did not use the term "rivers of blood" or "bone mountain."
- Escaped important meetings by dressing up a layer of skin he sloughed off in a business suit and stylish wig. While other attendees appreciated this pseudo-Bannon's improved demeanor and appearance, it would often get stuck to the chair.
- Brought shame to his position by repeatedly telling anyone within earshot that he led the Biosphere 2 project mainly so "men could just jack off wherever they want outside without being hassled by the cops."

- Often attended important White House events in full KKK robes while loudly complaining that "the damn intern fucked up my schedule again."
- Alarmed onlookers by stroking and gently whispering into the polished skull of Andrew Breitbart before making any important decision or lunch order.
- Mostly the smell.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.4 Reminder: Netflix is making a movie with Will Smith as a cop with an orc partner

Friday, Apr 07, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I had a dream in which Will Smith was a cop and his partner was an orc. I looked that up online and it turns out it was not a dream after all and there is an actual movie coming out in December called **Bright** and it's about Will Smith as a cop with an orc for a partner. It is an actual movie Netflix is producing. They spent a lot of money on it.

Netflix Commits $90M+ For David Ayer-Directed Will Smith-Joel Edgerton Pic 'Bright;' $3M+ For Max Landis Script

If none of those names sound familiar, David Ayer directed **Suicide Squad**. Max Landis was born into a swimming pool wearing sunglasses and recording rants about comic books and wrestling.

His father is John Landis, the director famous for killing the leading man and two child actors in a movie he was making. Max has written several movies which you probably didn't like such as **Chronicle** and **American Ultra**. He was also paid $3M+ to write the movie where Will Smith and an orc get on stage and get a medal from the police commissioner. Probably for killing a goblin or something.

This is not a joke movie, it is a serious movie, and Will Smith thinks it's pretty bizarre:

> "I love how bizarre it is," Smith tells EW. "I've been saying it's *Training Day* — a gritty LA cop drama, the darkness and handheld grittiness — meets *Lord of the Rings*. There's orcs and fairies and elves, mean-ass elves."

Training Day and **Lord of the Rings**? Hmmmm. Sounds gritty, but it's not what anyone who has played video games or tabletop games in the past 20 years was thinking.

Yes, Max Landis is an unoriginal pop culture bottom feeder who clearly stole this idea from Shad-

owrun and will never admit it, but it's nothing to be angry about: rich people steal other people's ideas and get richer off them all the time. Besides, Shadowrun is extremely stupid. It was derived from William Gibson's work by adding fantasy elements to cyberpunk and it leads to ridiculous things like, say, Will Smith as a cop and his partner is an orc and they have to fight elves. With guns *and* swords. Like cavalrymen.

Unfortunately, the title of the movie is so fucking generic you probably already forgot it. Oh, well, I did too. I guess I will never watch this gritty drama that speaks to these gritty times by combining the grittiness of **Training Day** with **Lord of the Rings**.

Or maybe it was all just a gritty dream I had.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.5 Invasive Species Warning: Campus Hammockers

Tuesday, Apr 11, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

There has been a reported infestation of Campus Hammockers in your area. These roving students are able to rapidly congregate around even the tiniest sapling, and should be considered a threat to every tree truck until the end of summer. To prepare yourself, it's important to learn the basic traits.

Cocoon color codes!

Unless you're able to see a wannabe dreadlock or North Face semi-ironic trucker hat hanging over the side of the hammock, you'll only be able to identify the Campus Hammockers by the color of their bag. Failing to remember the subtle differences will set you up for an unavoidable discussion on Yeti Coolers.

Recognize aggressive friendship behavior!

Most unexpected interaction with Campus Hammockers occur during their aggressive friendship rituals. Knowledge of these behaviors and the appropriate reactions can save you from getting pulled into an uninteresting hobby.

Behavior: With their hammock at the center, the student has constructed a web of taut tightropes that they are now attempting (and failing miserably) to cross.

Reaction: Give the tightrope area a healthy distance as Campus Hammockers think that laying down in a nylon bag gives them some sort of superhuman balance. Once you are outside of their area, look on with faux amusement as though you are witnessing something less hopeless.

Behavior: The Campus Hammockers have spent the last two hours talking about their make-believe plans to move to Denver. When the conversation turns to them praising Boulder, they pause the music blasting through their crappy MacBook speakers and look at you for your opinion.

Reaction: Nod your head and say, "I know, man. They got everything out there. It's like REI heaven" and then escape before you're forced to talk about the merits of legalized marijuana.

Behavior: The trees are so overburdened with hammocks that bottom branches are rubbing against the ground. More Campus Hammockers arrive, searching for space to hook their gear, but instead begin a mass exodus as they wobble away on their longboards.

Red: Generally Harmless.

Blue: Generally Harmless.

Green: Absolutely Harmless.

Reaction: Step off any paved paths and then take an additional two steps. These idiots have no idea what they're doing.

Be prepared for chance encounters!

Though unlikely, it is possible to encounter a Campus Hammocker outside of their usual environment. Be careful if you find yourself in some of their more frequented non-hammock activities such as:

- Picking over the Urban Outfitters discount section for shirts that match their hammock.
- Failing their required gen-ed classes because the sun came out last month.

- Talking about hammocks to strangers while they wait on their Jimmy Johns.

- Tossing a frisbee in the quad while explaining the countless differences between sitting in a hammock and sitting in a chair.

How to remove a Campus Hammocker from your property!

If you own two trees, there's a high percentage chance that you will deal with an infestation at some point. While there are dozens of ways to dislodge an entrenched Campus Hammocker, the tried-and-true method remains unchanged: Set out a Herschel backpack, a medium iced coffee, and an iPhone charger. Once the student is interested, approach slowly while asking if they have any opinions on Bernie Sanders. At this point, lead the Campus Hammocker away while they recount the entire nomination process.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.6 Sponsored Links: Very Hot Games For Men With Boners Only!

Wednesday, Apr 12, 2017 by Corin Tucker's Stalker (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.

Master Your Throne Awaits Master How The Heck Do I Sit In This Thing

Experience The Ultimate Erotic MMO: Hover Hands Online

YOU Control The Action YOU Help Her Shake This Bee Off Her Sleeve

Men Only Can Play The Shocking Game That Looks Nothing Like This

Wanna Play With Me? *WINK* Sorry I Only Have One Controller They're Like $60

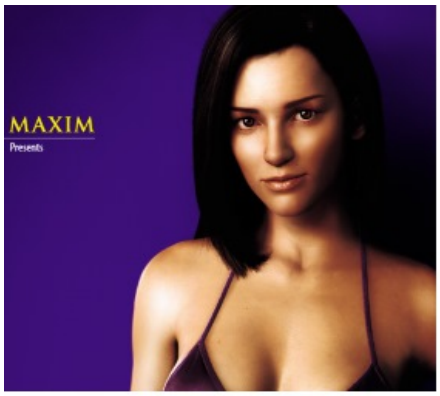
Incredible Lifelike 3D Women Hiding Their Hands Because Fingers Are Hard To Model

Turn Yourself Into A 3D Avatar And Sweat As Much As You Want! For Men Only

This Browser MMO Will Keep You Up All Night Leveling Elf Midriffs

EVERY MAN'S WILDEST FANTASY IN A WORLD OF MAGIC AND GLORY

Tame The Noble Savagess In The World's First Sexy Game Ever Made!



You Won't Believe The New Final Fantasy For Men Is Possible Or Legal - Hurry!

Exotic Worlds Are Waiting On The Other Side Of The Screen Never Be Lonely Again

–∼Corin Tucker's Stalker (@DennisFarrell)

4.7 Why I won't date hot women anymore and will only date the tour guide from Bee Movie

Friday, Apr 14, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have had my fill of the horny bikini babe girlfriends. No thank you to the thong models from Instagram. I have had it up to here with the likes of these extremely attractive women who want to date me (constantly) and have sex with me all the time. I'm done. Because I only have room in this heart for one lady and she is the tour guide from **Bee Movie**.

Hot, full-sized women these days spend all their time thinking about themselves. They're used to being adored to the point of having fans. They can't carry on a conversation. They can't even buzz their wings against my frenulum until I achieve climax. They are much too big to cram down into my urethra with a pipe cleaner. Most of them don't even have wings.

Rules for dating me:

- No hot women allowed
- Be able to talk about something other than yourself for ONCE
- Be an ungodly sexy bee tour guide
- Have two brain cells to rub together

- Yellow necktie
- Be able to explain all the jobs at the honey factory
- Be willing to live inside my asshole

Sorry, hot women, but this bus has left the station. The tour bus they take through Honex. The one **you** wouldn't know anything about.

I'm getting to that age in life where I no longer want to be chasing around 25-year-olds trying to convince them to wear the bee striped sweater and the yellow tie. I can't listen to any more boring conversations about Snapchat when all I want to do is sit at the front of the tour while my average, wonderful, intelligent, super horny bee girl edges me into oblivion.

I've dated smoking-hot models, sexy stewardesses, and even a naughty nurse or two, but I am done with all of them. I only have room in my life for a good girl who knows all of the ins and out of bees making honey. What do they call that rubber finger thing that scoops up the stray drop of honey? If you know, you could be my future wife. I don't have any money, or a home, or a job, but I promise to be a devoted, stay-at-home lifestyle slave.

If you are miniature and a bee and (hopefully) want to wreck my balls completely with your stinger, I am game for a date. I have an open mind as long as you are not another one of these incredibly sexy women who want to date me. And you are a bee. And specifically the tour guide bee. Actually, I don't have an open mind at all. I don't want to date ugly women or normal women. Just the bee tour guide.

It's the only thing that will get me going at this age. A normal thing guys go through at a certain point. Totally normal. Sorry, hot women.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.8 If It Weren't For These Amateurish Mistakes, Alien Would Be A Classic Movie

Tuesday, Apr 18, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1. The titular alien looks almost nothing like E.T.

2. No attempt is made to hide the fact that Ripley is the actress Sigourney Weaver. No bandit mask, no hiding her face behind strategically placed palm fronds, etc.

3. Human blood is supposed to be red, not white.

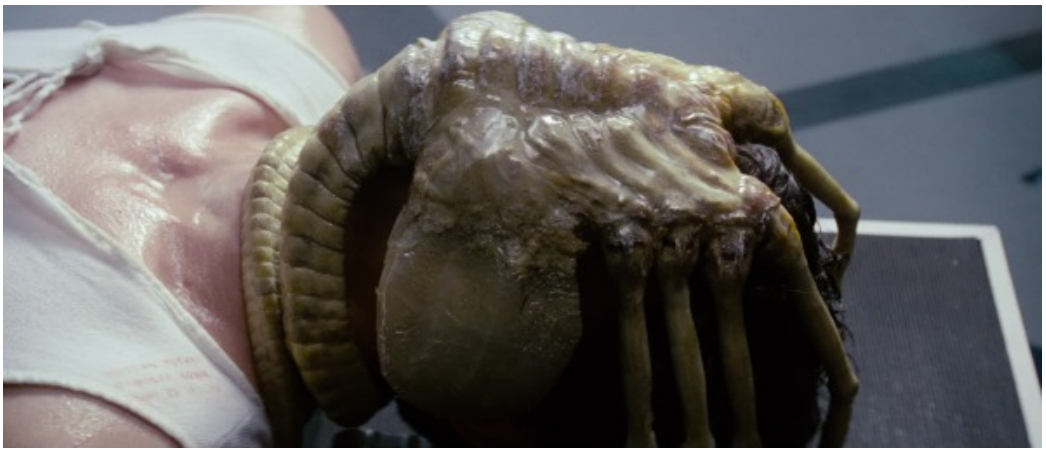
4. Everyone's voice is normally pitched. The movie practically clobbers us over the head with reminders that the submarine is packed with helium, yet no one talks with a high voice? Yeah, right.

5. One of the aliens is clearly just a cat. Couldn't be bothered to paste a pair of antennae to its head, could you Mr. Giger?

6. When things start to go wrong and laws get severely broken nobody calls the police.

7. In the scene where they discover the egg buckets, there are no landmarks or street signs identifying the location as New York city. It's like they weren't even trying.

8. When that guy lays down on the dinner table and his chest bursts open, no one sets the food aside or covers it with a lid. Are we to believe they ate that food later or threw it away?



9. Some parts of the movie accidentally use imagery and situations that evoke sex. This distracts viewers from the story the film's makers are attempting to tell.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.9 Persona 5 [GAME REVIEW]

Wednesday, Apr 19, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Persona 5 is, of course, the sixth or the thirty-first game in the popular persona series, depending on how you count it. In the latest installment of the popular JRPG spinoff franchise, you step into the shoes of PeePee AdfHitlr, a teenager who was unfairly branded with a criminal record after punching a man who didn't even have hair. Fans have been eagerly awaiting this game since long before its initial promised release date of Winter 2005. But is this truly the worthy sequel to Persona 4: Dancing All Night that we've been waiting for?

Persona 5 has been in development for a long time, and despite its release on PS4, the age of its development often shows. For example, character models can seem a little simplistic when viewed up close, every reminder to save is accompanied by a warning to not remove the PS2's memory card, and characters frequently make excited allusion to the continued existence of the Twin Towers. However, if you can get past these minor annoyances, you'll find a deeply rewarding RPG experience. All your favorite numbers are there. Attack, Magic, Evasion... even Defense!

All your favorite demons from the wider Megami Tensei series are back. Both the one that has a huge visible dick and the one that is a huge visible dick. Blob guy. And of course, the woman ones where you can see the bottom side of the boobs. With the demon negotiating system, last seen in Shin Megami Tensei IV: Apocalypse, nearly every encounterable enemy is controllable in this game's battle system, where your character's HP is a precious resource. However, don't give up so easily: you can find a health potion inside a treasure chest and use it to get more HP. Health potions can even be used in battle!

TIP: Don't be afraid of restarting the game over and over to try and get the best starting persona possible!

SOCIAL LINK GUIDE
100
Location
0
100
Days
NOTE: IF IT'S RAINING, FLIP THIS GRAPH HORIZONTALLY. IF THERE'S A POLLEN WARNING,
JUST GO STRAIGHT TO SLEEP. IF IT'S FOGGY, YOU'RE PLAYING PERSONA 4 BY MISTAKE

Some people are disappointed that Persona 5 wasn't released for PS Vita. Some people need to get a fucking clue.

The most notable aspect of the Persona series makes a reappearance here - I am of course referring

to the sudden, unexplained appearance of predatory, goblin-esque homosexuals. Also making a reappearance are the numerous befriendable characters scattered over the game's overworld. You go up to them and press X and your friend level goes up by one point, or even nothing happens. Persona 5 features such characters as:

- Dim but devoted best chum
- Eccentric, misunderstood artsy type
- Round-headed mascot one
- a girl
- girl 2

I have actually played Persona 5, which is weird and fairly unprecedented for my game reviews. With that said, I have not yet finished it, so PLEASE do not spoil it for me if there's a third girl.

Perhaps the most blatant changes from Persona 4 aren't major mechanical or plot differences, but the small quality-of-life changes. For example, you no longer receive invitations from your party members in the form of phone calls you either accept or deny immediately; instead, you receive text messages that you can accept or deny at your leisure. Also, instead of having to check your calendar to see when the deadline for the current dungeon is, you have a large "DAYS LEFT" counter in the top right of the screen. Plus, in a series first, you never see it coming, you see! That my mind is, too fast for eyes. You're done in, by the! Time it's hit you, your last surprise.

I'm coming
For you
My game's always so fast, so fine
You're spun in
By the net you didn't catch it in time

Better think
About your game
Are you sure
Your next move's the right one for you?
Are you sure
You won't get outmaneuvered again
And again my friend?

You'll never see it coming
You'll see that my mind is too fast for eyes
You're done in
By the time it's hit you, your last surprise

I'm coming
For you
My game's always so fast, so fine
You're spun in
By the net you didn't catch it in time

FINAL SCORE 7/10 OR 8/10 OR EVEN 9/10 [DELETE AS APPROPRIATE BEFORE PUBLISHING]

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

4.10 When Is It Okay to Call Someone a "Nazi?"

Thursday, Apr 20, 2017 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Since the 2016 Presidential election, special interest groups who reportedly prefer one race over the rest have been empowered to march on towns to spread their message. While some have opposed these activists using logic-based debates and peaceful counter-protests, others have taken to calling members of said groups "Nazis." But is this term being used accurately? Find out how appropriate this possibly slanderous descriptor is by asking yourself the following questions.

Are you currently living between the years 1920 and 1945?

After being founded in 1920, the Nazi Party had a wildly successful run until 1945, when its leader killed himself, ending both his life and political career. If you find yourself existing outside of this two-decade span, it's technically impossible for anyone you see to be a true Nazi. At best, they're a "Nazi enthusiast," meaning they're about as dangerous as civil war reenactors. So still keep a healthy distance.

Have they committed any atrocities?

Along with their successful rule over Germany, the Nazi Party was also known for their many atrocities. (For more on this, please see history.) When you notice someone who you believe is a Nazi, look around for any signs of nearby atrocities. If none turn up, this person is clearly not a Nazi. (Note: Wearing a shirt with the image of a hideous cartoon frog or text that reads "FUCK YOUR FEELINGS" technically doesn't count as an atrocity.)

Do they command powerful tank divisions?

Historically, the Nazis wreaked havoc across Europe with their powerful panzer squads. If the person in question does not have immediate access to dozens of powerful, armored tanks, they're probably not a Nazi. Modern pro-Trump activists possess more modest means of transport, as they're limited to working at part-time jobs that haven't seen their social media accounts yet. Plus, reprinting those large "MAKE AMERICA WHITE AGAIN" banners doesn't come cheap at FedEx.

Is Adolf Hitler this person's leader?

Following his suicide in 1945, Adolf Hitler was officially deemed unsuitable to hold public office. (Also, all the atrocities.) Given that most leaders of white supremacist groups are chinless, blond, under five feet tall, and living, they are definitely NOT Hitler and therefore their followers are NOT Nazis.

Do they have a strong racial preference?

Given the complexities of the human mind, we tend to prefer some things more than others. For instance, some people prefer burritos to pizza, while others simply want there to be more white people in the world. And unless they control a secret police that rounds up, incarcerates, and destroys races and groups they view as less preferable, they certainly couldn't be a Nazi. So instead of shutting down the conversation by using such a loaded word, try hearing them out. You may have to listen to 20 minutes' worth of poorly-sourced black-on-black crime statistics, but you can at least walk away knowing you respected their beliefs with a spirited debate. Remember, throwing the word "Nazi" around so freely only devalues the term.

Are they openly wearing swastikas or waving flags with swastikas on them?

Wait, they are? Well, shit.

–~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.11 A Note From the New CEO of Lobstero

Friday, Apr 21, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hi, I'm Roger Potts. You may not know me as the CEO of Lobstero as I have only been here for a few days. But I've been involved with the company for the last few years as an active investor and board member working closely with Don Lobster, our founder. My career has led me from Red Lobster to Rock Island Lobster Farm over the past nearly 40 years in the food business.

The journey from Lobsterfest to lobster trapping to Lobstero's innovative approach to at-home, on-demand lobsters has let me connect my work to my personal mission and passion: solving some of our nation's lobster challenges. I'm very proud of what my team and I have accomplished in the last ten years, especially in regard to positively shifting the dialogue about our food system and how it can better deliver on the lobster promise the ocean makes when she whispers to us each day. Yes, the lobsters are here, waiting to be inside you.

So when I saw this week's headlines about hacking and hand-squeezing Lobster Packs, I had one overriding thought: "We know hacking consumer products is nothing new. But how can we better demonstrate the incredible value we know our connected system delivers?"

First, let me be very clear: Lobstero's Lobster Packs are much more than just a lobster in a plastic bag. These pouches contain specially conditioned saltwater designed to preserve your lobster's unique qualities. Each pouch allows our lobster to interface directly with our supply chain, ensuring that Lobstero pouches are never more than three-days old.

Squeezing the lobster out of the pack will startle it, possibly injuring it in the process. The Lobstero Home Lobster Station gently applies pressure to the back of the pouch, easing the lobster out of its pouch and into your favorite dish.

Lobstero's Lobster Packs work in conjunction with the Lobstero Home Lobster Station to check the freshness information of your pouch and guarantee the maximum lobster experience possible. If there is a recall on dangerous or angry lobsters, we can send out a signal to our WiFi enable Lobstero Home Lobster Stations to refuse to open the pouch. Keep in mind, the Lobstero does not cook, refrigerate, or freeze a Lobster Pack. But it delivers fresh lobster from our patented Lobster Pack to your kitchen whenever you want a fresh lobster.

By this point, many of you have probably seen the images or videos of a lobster being squeezed out of one of our Lobstero Lobster Packs. What these pictures and videos are not showing you is the way our three part system - Packs, Station, and App - work together to provide a total lobster experience. You could violently crush and squeeze a lobster out of one of our Lobster Packs, but you will not have the Station to reorder a replacement automatically, nor will the augmented reality view work within the app without first activating the Pouch.

Is the Lobstero Station worth $1800? Yes. The value is in how easy it is for a frazzled dad to do something good for himself while getting the kids ready for school, without having to prep a lobster and clean an old-fashioned lobster press.

It's in how the busy professional with no hands who needs more lobsters in her life gets App reminders to press Lobster Packs before they expire, so she doesn't waste the hard-earned money she spent on them.

That value is right there when the single working mom wakes up at 1:00 AM and craves a fresh lobster, but she is too tired to bother with scissors.

I will continue to have a dialogue with our Lobstero users and all those who are interested in a serious conversation about providing lobster solutions in this country. If we treat each other with respect and stop trying to hack our advanced household appliances, we might just find Lobstero is making the world better for everyone.

I mean, do you really think we're just selling an expensive machine to squeeze a lobster out of a bag? Silicon Valley venture capital firms invested $150 million in Lobstero and those guys are extremely smart.

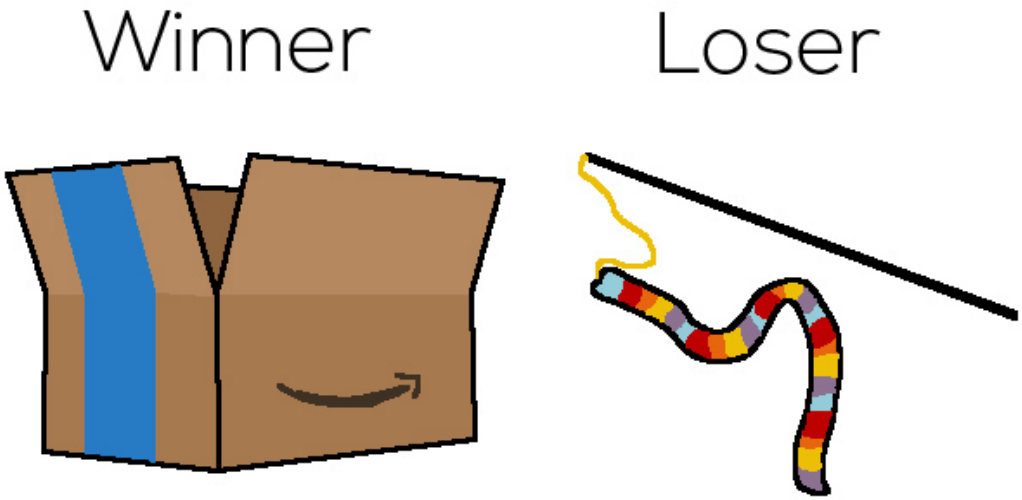
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.12 Your Cat's Review of Cat Toys

Tuesday, Apr 25, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

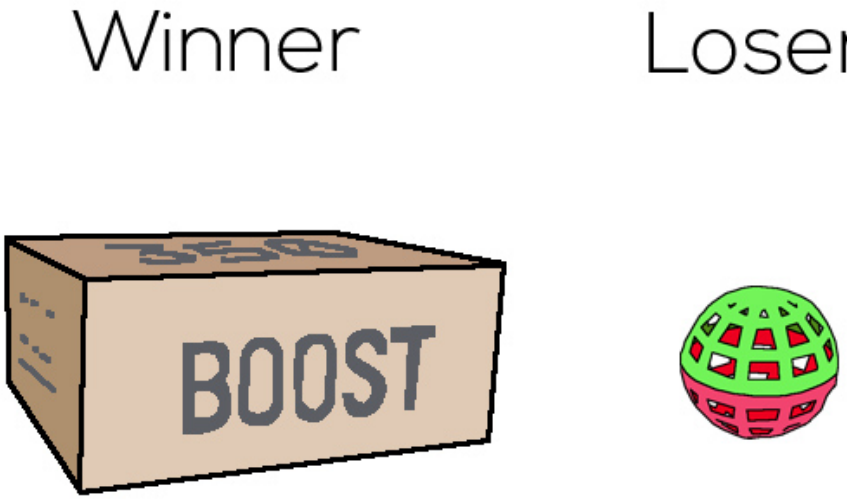
Winner: Spacious La Croix case torn open on one side. This case is one of the all-time toy classics. I've had countless hours of fun crawling into the box and just as many fun memories crawling out of the box. Can't praise this toy enough.

Loser: Styrofoam two-bit trash mouse. As an apex predator, the polyester fur is more of an insult than anything else. It's the cat version of a blowup doll, and it will sit ignored in the corner forever. I'd be utterly humiliated if anyone saw me with it, let alone actually touching it. Seriously, what an embarrassment.



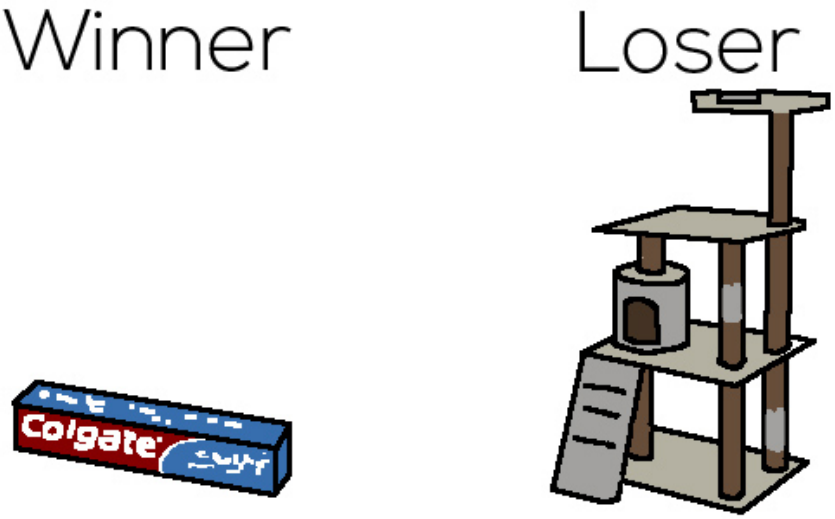
Winner: Amazon Prime box partially full of packing paper. Like the La Croix case, this too is fun to go inside of, but due to the open top, getting out requires an exciting thrill with each hop. Open flaps provide numerous corners for cheek scratches. The thin packing material wrapped around whatever trivial junk you needed shipped in two days is a tactile sensation that is hard to describe. This is a toy that just keeps giving.

Loser: Cheap fabric tied to cheap plastic rod. That's it, and it's about as much fun as you might imagine. Dangling this above me is not enjoyable. Whipping it at my eyes is not enjoyable. Staring at it ignored in the corner is not enjoyable. Worthless idea, worthless construction, worthless result.



Winner: The flawless shoebox that contained your obviously bootlegged Yeezy Boosts. Though you blew your rent money and had to ask your mom for cash, buying these hilariously fake Boosts did provide one of the best boxes I've ever experienced. High quality cardboard, firm corners, and a smooth top, the Boost box is one for the ages. Your shoes, on the other hand, will disintegrate in water.

Loser: Plastic orb. The only good thing about this toy is that it rolled itself across your uneven floor to the corner. If only it could destroy itself next.



Winner: Empty toothpaste box that I pulled from your trash and batted around the floor before knocking it down the stairs at 3am. Hearing it clatter through the darkness was a joy. Carrying it back up to the top and doing it again was a highlight of my life. A small glimpse into the future of cat toy innovation.

Loser: Piece of shit garbage sculpture. Seriously, this thing sucks.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.13 Dialog From The Worst Episode of The Walking Dead

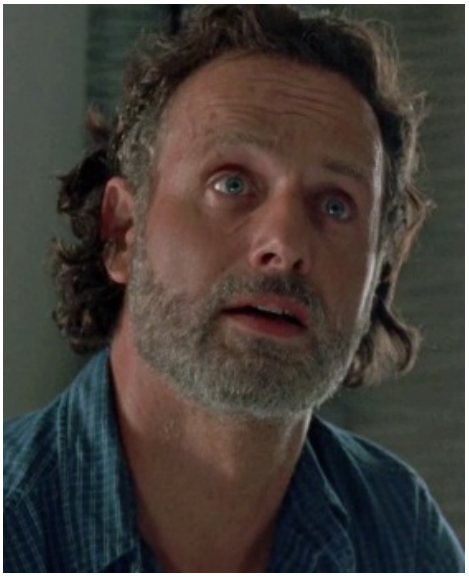
Wednesday, Apr 26, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Snarky forum posters would have you believe that The Walking Dead is a wholly joyless, irredeemable series. It's not. That would be Fear The Walking Dead. The Walking Dead is more of a peaks-and-valleys experience, with peculiarly barren valleys that endlessly circle the same ground. The following lines can be found in just about any filler episode. They aren't attributed to particular characters because when the show is at its worst every character is basically the same.

"That was out there, what we were. Now it's in here, and what we can be. Don't you see? I just... when it happened... and you... that's why I have to do this. Why *we* have to do all of this."

"This was us. Now it's me. And you're it, all of it. (Pointing at the ground passionately) That's what this is all about!"

"No! We can't kill these people! What will we become? If we do it what are we holding on to?"



(The same character, ten minutes later) "Get out of my way! Let me kill these people! You don't understand what has to be done! We have to kill to survive! Think about it!"

"That was back then. The before. Now it's what I lost, then. And it's inside us, all of us. We can't. We have to."

"I have to go. If I stay then I'll lose everything again. I need to go and lose everything again. This is goodbye. Don't tell the others I'm sneaking out. It's for the best. Please don't come and find me in three episodes."

"No! Don't abandon the plan and go out there! Fine, but I'm coming with you."

"After all we've been through, this place could be home. We just have to trust these new people. Like the before. That's what humanity is. That's what we're fighting for."

(Obviously thinking about something they need to talk about) "I ain't talkin'. There's nothing to talk about."

"We've been out there too long. We're too wild. We need to stay here and build something lasting. Build something real."

"We've been in here too long. We're too soft. We need to get out there and face the walkers. That's what reality is now."

"Don't you get it? What we have to understand is it's them or us. It can't be all of us, or one. It's got to be us, or they become it. Then we lose what makes us we."

"We need to talk. Before, it was out there and we all were. That... (shaking) that was what it was. Sometimes it was so much I felt like I'd fall apart. Like it was all that there was. But now I know that what we are.... what we all are, is what's fighting for. And I'll go in there again and it won't

change that it happened. It will always be with us and it's happening all around us, and in here (points to heart) in all of heres (points to everyone's hearts)"

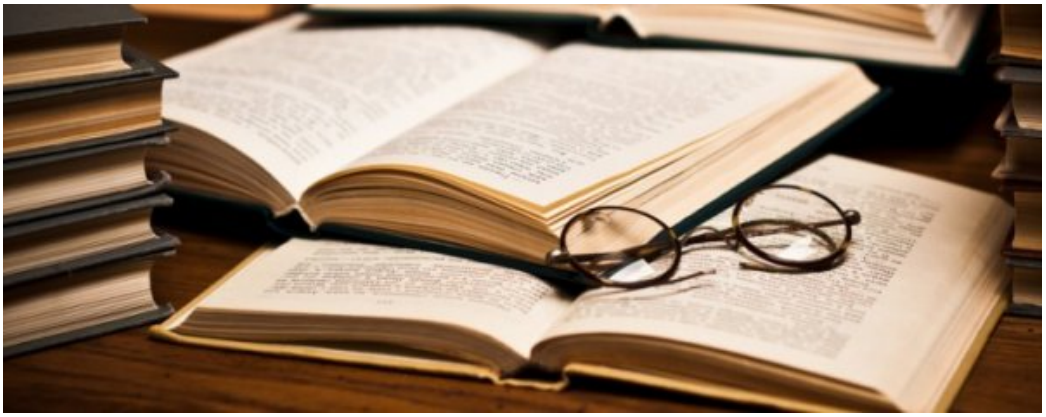
(In the woods killing zombies by himself/herself, crying because the act is really about a sad thing they can't process) "RRRRRAAAH!"

"Now I know. What's in here, and what we find out there... it's all, and I can't. But together we can."

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

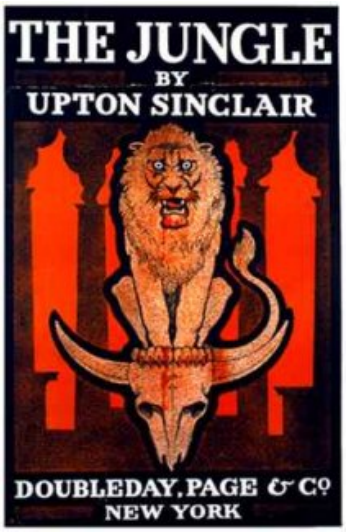
4.14 More Classic Literature Autosummarized

Thursday, Apr 27, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)



With college finals approaching, it's time once again for Microsoft Word autosummaries of all the old, boring books you were supposed to read. These helpful synopses tell you all you need to know about classic works of literature in 500 words or less.

***The Jungle* by Upton Sinclair**



Jurgis talked lightly about work, because he was young. (Jurgis had studied this word carefully.)

asked Jurgis. Jurgis went home with his head buzzing. Beda man!"

Jurgis, being a man, had troubles of his own. Jurgis had discovered drink.

Jurgis led her away. Oh, Jurgis, Jurgis!"

"The time she spent the night here," said Jurgis.

"Oh, Jurgis, how can you?"

Jurgis!"

Oh, Jurgis, please, please! Oh, Jurgis-please, please!"

"The man-"

Jurgis made not a sound.

"Good morning," said Jurgis.

Jurgis nodded.

"It's me," said Jurgis.

"You?"

Jurgis asked.

"I?" "What's that?" asked Jurgis.

Jurgis inquired.

"I hit him, sir," said Jurgis.

"Your Honor," said Jurgis, obediently.

Jurgis hesitated. Jurgis had been listening in perplexity. Jurgis repeated. "Never mind that," Jurgis cried, wildly. "What's the matter with Marija?" cried Jurgis.

"Ona!"

"Why not, Jurgis?"

Jurgis shook his head.

"Three weeks yet," Jurgis answered.

Jurgis nodded. Jurgis demanded.

Jurgis hesitated a moment, nonplussed. Jurgis asked. Jurgis echoed, and his face fell. Jurgis looked dazed. Jurgis stared at the boy, fascinated. "You-" Jurgis tried again. Jurgis panted. Jurgis turned toward her. "Rented it!" panted Jurgis. Wouldn't Jurgis come in and rest? "Jurgis! "We couldn't promise, Jurgis," protested Marija. "Yes," gasped Jurgis.

Jurgis stammered.

Jurgis protested. Jurgis asked, helplessly.

So Jurgis spent the night. "I want to go home," Jurgis said. Jurgis went outside. Ona!"

Ona!"

"Nearly three dollars, Jurgis."

Jurgis asked. "Jurgis Rudkus."

"Yes, sir," said Jurgis.

Jurgis stared, dumfounded. Jurgis presented his precious letter. "No," said Jurgis. "I'm not looking for work just now," Jurgis answered.

Jurgis demanded quickly.

"I've got a broken arm-" Jurgis began.

"I'm hungry, sir," said Jurgis.

"I haven't any home," said Jurgis.

Suddenly, therefore, Jurgis stopped. The man paused and half released Jurgis. "Master Frederick!" exclaimed the man.

Jurgis liked it.

"No," said Jurgis.

"Yes," said Jurgis.

Ole man Jones's place-Jones the packer-beef-trust man. "Rudkus-Jurgis Rudkus."

Jurgis gazed at him doubtingly. Jurgis asked.

"Yes, your Honor," said Jurgis.

"A man? The question took Jurgis aback. "Yes, your Honor," said Jurgis.

"I was blacklisted, sir," said Jurgis.

"Yes, sir," said Jurgis.

Jurgis started. "Why not?" asked Jurgis.

"Hell, man!" cried the other. Jurgis looked dumfounded. "I hadn't thought," said Jurgis.

"Good man!" he cried. Jurgis and two policemen chased some men into a bar-room. The man was Connor!

Jurgis sat dumb with dismay.

Poor Jurgis sat half-dazed. I'm a poor working-man-"

"Jurgis Rudkus!" she gasped. Jurgis gave a start. Jurgis asked. Jurgis gave a gasp. Jurgis sat, frozen with horror. Jurgis was silent for a moment. Jurgis sat staring at her. Jurgis waited outside and walked home with Marija. Jurgis answered in the affirmative.

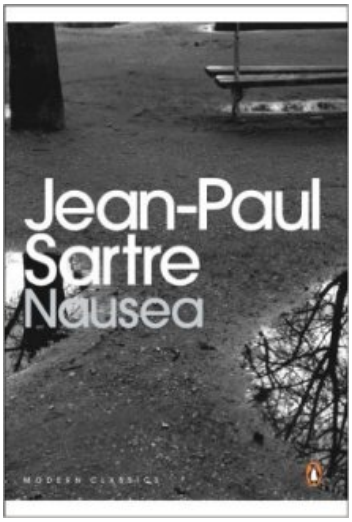
-Then suddenly Jurgis looked up. To you, working-men! Working-men, working-men-comrades! Jurgis started. So much the little man heard, and then he pressed Jurgis's arm tightly. "No, sir," said Jurgis.

"It's hard work. "Yes," said Jurgis, "that's the name."

So Jurgis acquired the reading habit. Jurgis cried.

"This class-conscious working-man!

***Nausea* by Jean-Paul Sartre**



It came cunningly, little by little; I felt a little strange, a little put out, that's all. The Self-Taught Man doesn't count. Smiles. My neighbour is speaking, the old man burns. The great red-faced man leaps up:

The young man turns and turns the nine of hearts between his fingers. The man has disappeared. The Self-Taught Man's choice of reading always disconcerts me.

It's the Self-Taught Man: I had forgotten him. Stopping

The old men are there as usual. "That little woman there . . ."

From time to time the wind cast shadows against

Anny." man.

Anny." A man comes in, shivering. The little man stirs and sighs. "Jeanne, my little Jeanne."

The little man raises his head with a smile of relief. The doctor turns his head a little. The man called the waiter. "Ready?" the man asked.

"Well! "Well I never!"

"It's about time!"

I shall never forget his eyes.

What time is it?" Work? The Self-Taught Man came close enough to breathe in my face.

"If you would, Monsieur . .

."

"I'm so glad," the Self-Taught Man said. It was time. There was the little old man, the blond young man, a girl working for her degree- and I. The old man had finished his book. The old man shook his head undecidedly. The old man appeared at the door. This man was one-ideaed. A woman and a man came in. "Oh, poor little Pipo!"

I exist.

I exist. I exist. existing. Little Lucienne was raped. To expand; my cut hand hurts, exist, exist, exist. Existed.

"Don't kill it, Monsieur!" the Self-Taught Man shouted. The two men have lighted cigarettes. Man throws his chest

The young man closes the door. The Self-Taught Man turns round with a pleasant: "Messieurs, dames."

The waitress, a little disappointed, turns to the young woman. An admirable man. The Self-Taught Man suddenly grows sad:

The Self-Taught Man dreams for a moment:

The young man laughs ironically. The Self-Taught Man smiles with a little malice and much solemnity.

All men are my friends. "Well?"

"Black!" "Well? face? Who can empty a man! Empty a man! The Self-Taught Man laughs candidly, but his eyes stay wicked:

The Self-Taught Man grows softer. The Self-Taught Man's face is close to mine. People. Men are admirable. The Self-Taught Man is babbling and his

My hand. Well? For example, stab this cheese knife into the Self-Taught Man's eye. "I'm a little tired. Black? Black? "A hundred times."

This man who's keeping me ..."

I raise my eyes. "A little, sometimes: never very strongly. An old man was sleeping opposite me. It was the Self-Taught Man. The Self-Taught Man did not look surprised. The Corsican went up to the Self-Taught Man:

The Self- Taught Man turned around, frightened. The Self-Taught Man sank back in his chair

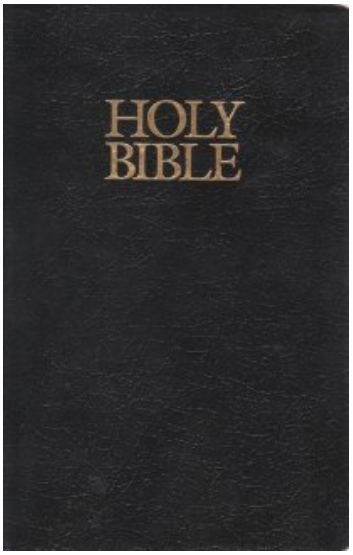
room.

People

Women? For the last time.

Just a little?

The Bible



4:7. If thou do well, shalt thou not receive? 23:15. My lord, hear me. who art thou? 44:19. My lord. The Lord hardened, etc. . 16:34. As the Lord commanded Moses. 20:13. Thou shalt not kill.

20:15. Thou shalt not steal.

23:7. Thou shalt fly lying. I am the Lord your God.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord your God.

I am the Lord your God.

I am the Lord your God.

I am the Lord your God.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

Thou shalt love thy friend as thyself. I am the Lord.

I am the Lord your God.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord your God.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord your God.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord.

I am the Lord your God.

I am the Lord your God.

Thou shalt not sow thy field, nor prune thy vineyard.

Fear thy God, that thy brother may live with thee.

26:1. I am the Lord your God. I am the Lord.

I am the Lord. I am the Lord.

6:24. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.

I am the Lord your God.

35:9. The Lord said to Moses:

Thou shalt teach them to thy sons and to thy grandsons,

5:17. Thou shalt not kill.

6:4. Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.

6:5. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength.

Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and shalt serve him only, and thou shalt swear by his name.

7:6. Because thou art a holy people to the Lord thy God. 7:16. Thou shalt consume all the people, which the Lord thy God will deliver to thee. 12:18. But thou shalt eat them before the Lord thy God in the place which the Lord thy God shall choose, thou and thy son and thy daughter, and thy manservant, and maidservant, and the Levite that dwelleth in thy cities: and thou shalt rejoice and be refreshed before the Lord thy God in all things, whereunto thou shalt put thy hand.

12:31. Thou shalt not do in like manner to the Lord thy God. If thou perceive, etc. . 18:13. Thou shalt be perfect, and without spot before the Lord thy God.

God's covenant.

Thou shalt be besieged within thy gates in all thy land which the Lord thy God will give thee:

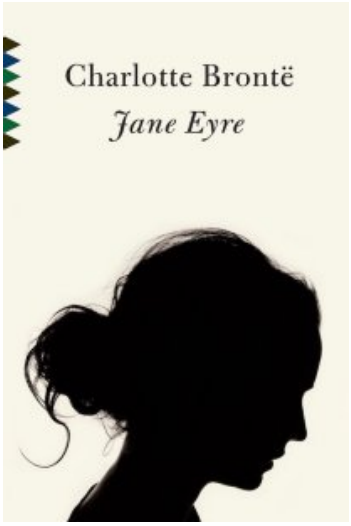
Thou shalt fear night and day, neither shalt thou trust thy life.

30:6. The Lord thy God will circumcise thy heart, and the heart of thy seed: that thou mayst love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, that thou mayst live.

God. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

3:4. And the Lord called Samuel.

***Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Bronte**



The breakfast-room door opened.

"Master! I shall be killed if-"

"Yes, sir, Jane Eyre."

"Fall! "Well, well! "Jane Eyre, sir."

"No, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Quite right, sir. "Child! "O Miss Jane! "A little, ma'am."

"Well enough."

"Never," I thought; and ardently I wished to die. "Everybody, Jane? "Hush, Jane! "Good-night, Jane."

"Good-night, Helen."

Thornfield! Bessie! "A little."

"Never in my life."

"Thornfield? "Mr. Rochester!" "Eyre-Jane Eyre."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Rochester's."

"Yes, sir."

"Generally thought? "Yes, sir."

"Sir?" said Mrs. Fairfax.

"No, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"A little."

"Yes, sir."

Promptly spoken. "Sir?"

Good-night."

Like it if you dare!'

"How, sir?"

"Good-night again, sir. I never felt better."

"Mr. Rochester? "I am very well, sir."

"Break it, sir."

I had never thought of Mr. Rochester.

"Thank you, sir. "Laughing and talking, sir."

"Turn them out of the room, sir, if I could."

"Yes, sir."

"Rochester! Rochester! "Speak! "Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

Jane," he continued.

"Sir?"

"You thought! you thought! Jane, a little water."

"Fairfax-"

"Thank you, sir."

"You have passed a strange night, Jane."

"Yes, sir."

No, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. John?"

"Doing well! Nonsense, Jane! Mr. Rochester meditated. "Jane!"

"Sir?"

"Very well! very well! "The same, if you like, sir."

Are you Jane Eyre?"

"I am Jane Eyre."

"John Eyre, Madeira."

Come on, if you please."

never had I loved him so well.

"Yes, sir."

"Soon, sir?"

"From what, Jane?"

"Well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where, Jane? "Edward-my little wife!"

"It is Jane Eyre, sir."

"Yes, Mrs. Rochester," said he; "young Mrs. Rochester-Fairfax Rochester's girl-bride."

"Oh, sir!-never rain jewels! "Hush, sir! "Speak! "I could never have thought it. My love has placed her little hand

Mrs. Rochester! "Yes, Jane."

"All, sir."

"Very well, sir."

"Then, sir, listen. "No, sir." Little nervous subject! "Describe it, Jane."

"Mental terrors, sir! "Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Jane! "Yes, sir."

"Why, Jane? "Jane! "Jane! "The last time, Jane! What! "Yes, sir; for hours if you will."

"Well, sir?"

"One instant, Jane. come, Jane, come!"

"Jane!"

"Mr. Rochester!"

"Oh, Jane! sustain me a little longer! I rose ere long.

Shake hands."

Poor child!-poor girl!"

"Well?" "Well!" Good-night."

"Well?"

Your name is Jane Eyre?"

St. John smiled. "St. John! Strange words of a strange love! "Well-well. "St. John!" "Good-night, Jane," he replied calmly.

"Thank you, Jane. "Jane! Jane! Jane!"Gladdening words! Who speaks?"

"Is it Jane? God bless you, sir! "Jane Eyre!-Jane Eyre," was all he said.

My living Jane?"

"No, sir! I felt a little embarrassed. "What for, Jane?"

Good night."

"St. John dresses well. "What questions, Mr. Rochester?"

"A little Hindostanee."

"Yes, sir."

"What, Jane! "Absolutely, sir! Jane. "Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."

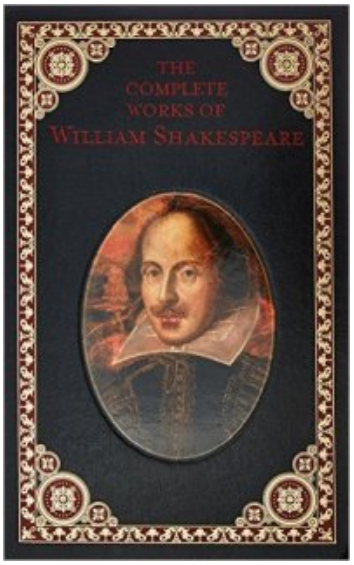
"Yes, sir."

"Truly, Jane?"

"Jane! Jane! Jane!'"

"I did, Jane. Jane!

The Complete Works of William Shakespeare



KING. Sir!

Poor lord! KING. Sir?

Hast thou affections?

Hast thou drunk well?

Thy business?

Sir, sir!

So hast thou;

Thou, and thou, and thou. Lord of lords!

Thou losest thy old smell.

thou art raw.

O Lord, Lord! LORD. LORD. Art thou wise?

Art thou learned?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

Thou art Dromio, thou art my

man, thou art thyself.

Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner. Dromio, nor thou?

Thou worthiest Marcius! Thy news?

Sir, sir-

SICINIUS. Thy name?

Speak, man. Thy name?

If!

LORDS. LORDS. Do thou work.

Sayest thou?

thy lord? Man!

What art thou? Cloten, thou villain.

What art thou?

Thy name?

LORD. LORD. LORD. LORD. LORD. LORD. LORD. LORD. LORD. thy friend?

King. King. King. King. King. King. King. If thou didst ever thy dear father love-

Ham. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. Love? King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. Enter King.

King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. Enter King.

King. King. King. King. King. King. King. Speak, man.

King. Sir?

Lord. Lord. Lord. [Exit Lord.]

King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. My lord-

King. King. King. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Love? Thou art perfect.

Speak, sirs. art thou mad? King. Exeunt Lords.

King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. King. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

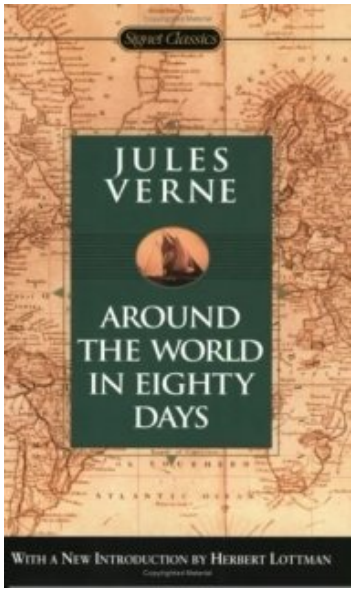
Didst thou? King. King. King. King. Enter LORD BARDOLPH

LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. Sir? LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. LORD BARDOLPH. Wilt thou? wilt thou? Thou wot, wot thou!

KING. KING. KING. KING. KING. KING. KING. O Lord, sir! KING. Thou atomy, thou!

KING. KING. KING. Thou dost thy office fairly. KING. KING. art thou bedlam? LORDS.

***Around the World in Eighty Days* by Jules Verne**



Was Phileas Fogg rich? "Passepartout suits me," responded Mr. Fogg. "I agree with Mr. Fogg. "In eighty days," interrupted Phileas Fogg.

"Deal over again, then," said Phileas Fogg. "The unforeseen does not exist," quietly replied Phileas Fogg.

"Good," said Mr. Fogg. "This very evening," returned Phileas Fogg. Mr. Fogg repaired to his bedroom, and called out, "Passepartout!"

Passepartout did not reply. "Passepartout!" repeated Mr. Fogg, without raising his voice.

Passepartout made his appearance.

"Yes," returned Phileas Fogg. "In eighty days," responded Mr. Fogg. Mr. Fogg was quite ready. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Fogg.

I've found the bank robber, Phileas Fogg. Fix, Detective.

Fix started off in search of Passepartout.

"In Africa!" repeated Passepartout. TO THE DESIGNS OF PHILEAS FOGG

What was Phileas Fogg doing all this time? "Fix."

"I shall go afoot," said Phileas Fogg.

"Save the woman, Mr. Fogg!"

"Sometimes," replied Phileas Fogg, quietly; "when I have the time."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Fogg.

"That is foreseen," replied Mr. Fogg. Passepartout and the guide stopped. "Stop," said Fogg. Sir Francis would have liked to read Phileas Fogg's eyes. Phileas Fogg had already determined this question.

"Good!" exclaimed Passepartout. Mr. Fogg betrayed no surprise whatever. "Phileas Fogg?" demanded Oysterpuff.

"I am here," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Passepartout?"

"Present," responded Passepartout.

"Bombay?" cried Passepartout.

"Admitted," replied Mr. Fogg, coldly.

Passepartout was stupefied. "Come!" said Phileas Fogg to his servant.

That Passepartout was not Fogg's accomplice, he was very certain. "Willingly, Monsieur Fix. Passepartout!"

"Parbleu!" said Passepartout, smiling.

Fix slipped one into Passepartout's hand. "I was, sir," replied Mr. Fogg coldly. "Well, pilot?" said Mr. Fogg.

"How?" asked Mr. Fogg.

Phileas Fogg was also thinking of Passepartout, who had so strangely disappeared. "Fire!" said Mr. Fogg. What will Mr. Fogg say? Mr. Fogg was not there. It was Passepartout's fault. Phileas Fogg could not imagine. "Perhaps," replied Mr. Fogg, simply.

"An English subject-" began Mr. Fogg.

"Phileas Fogg. Neither Mr. Fogg nor Fix cared to attend.

"Yes," replied Mr. Fogg; "but they pass."

"Six hours!" cried Passepartout.

"The devil!" muttered Passepartout.

Phileas Fogg was not as yet behind-hand.

"No," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Very well," said Mr. Fogg. "It would be perfectly so," replied Phileas Fogg.

"Very well," said Mr. Fogg, coldly. "Thanks, captain," said Mr. Fogg.

"Gone," replied Fix.

Phileas Fogg found himself twenty hours behind time. "On foot?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"The captain?" asked Mr. Fogg.

"I am Phileas Fogg, of London."

It was Phileas Fogg, Esquire. As for Passepartout, he thought Mr. Fogg's manoeuvre simply glorious. Passepartout was delighted. "I will consider," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Fogg."

Phileas Fogg was in prison. Phileas Fogg's eyes brightened for an instant.

Phileas Fogg was free! "Well hit!" cried Passepartout, "Parbleu! Phileas Fogg then ordered a special train.

"Please let me finish," returned Mr. Fogg. Yes; Phileas Fogg in person.

"Monday," replied Mr. Fogg.

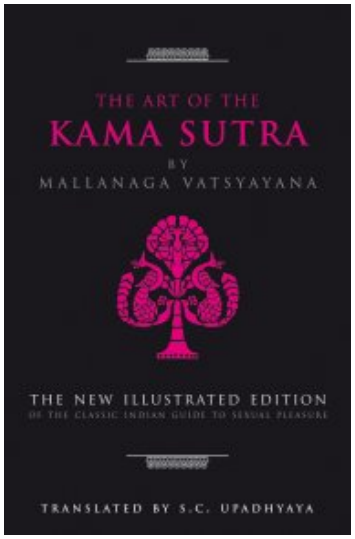
"Dear Mr. Fogg!" said the young woman.

"Dear Aouda!" replied Phileas Fogg.

Mr. Fogg opened it, and asked, "What's the matter, Passepartout?"

Mr. Fogg quietly shut the door.

***The Kama Sutra* by Vatsyayana**



Men and women should drink in one another's houses. Nayikas,[32] therefore, are of three kinds, viz., maids, women twice married, and public women. (k). The woman whom I love is under the control of this woman. A woman turned out of caste.

A woman who reveals secrets.

A woman who publicly expresses desire for sexual intercourse.

A woman who is extremely white.

A woman who is extremely black.

A bad-smelling woman.

A woman who is a near relation.

A woman who is a female friend.

Man is divided into three classes, viz., the hare man, the bull man, and the horse man, according to the size of his lingam.

Men. Women. Men. Women

Men. Women. Men. Women

When a man enjoys two women at the same time, both of whom love him equally, it is called the "united congress."

When a man enjoys many women altogether, it is called the "congress of a herd of cows."

ABOUT WOMEN ACTING THE PART OF A MAN; AND OF THE WORK OF A MAN.

Whatever is done by a man for giving pleasure to a woman is called the work of a man, and is as follows:-

A woman during her monthly courses, a woman who has been lately confined, and a fat woman should not be made to act the part of a man."

[69]

Kissing.

Loving congress.

ABOUT THE WIVES OF OTHER MEN.

OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF MEN AND WOMEN.-THE REASONS WHY WOMEN REJECT THE ADDRESSES OF MEN.-ABOUT MEN WHO HAVE SUCCESS WITH WOMEN, AND ABOUT WOMEN WHO ARE EASILY GAINED OVER.

In the case of an elephant woman, the thought that he is a hare man, or a man of weak passion.

The following are the men who generally obtain success with women.

Men well versed in the science of love.

Men skilled in telling stories.

Men acquainted with women from their childhood.

Men who have secured their confidence.

Men who send presents to them.

Men who talk well.

[111]Enterprising and brave men.

A woman whose children are dead.

A poor woman.

A woman fond of enjoyments.

The wife of a man with many younger brothers.

A vain woman.

A woman whose husband is devoted to travelling.

A jealous woman.

A covetous woman.

An immoral woman.

A barren woman.

A lazy woman.

A cowardly woman.

A humpbacked woman.

A dwarfish woman.

A deformed woman.

A vulgar woman.

An ill-smelling woman.

A sick woman.

An old woman.

Kings. The company of loose women.

Powerful men, or men with interest.

Learned men.

Men of independent income.

Young men.

Men who are free from any ties.

Men who hold places of authority under the King.

Men possessed of unfailing sources of income.

Men who consider themselves handsome.

Men who are always praising themselves.

A brave man.

Excessive love.

An unchaste woman.

A woman who has left her family.

A woman living on her beauty.

For enlarging the breasts of women.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

4.15 Jeff VanderMeer's Fyre Festival

Friday, Apr 28, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The luxury garbage can we were promised is a pit full of bioluminescent blue crabs, slowly eating the brains of the workers who abandoned building the dome tents the day before and tried to escape. The lockers are coconuts, but not coconuts, because nothing as good as a coconut could exist in this place. These round, furry rocks came from something, secreted by some creature that I deeply never wish to see.

I paid $15,000 to be here. They did not even give us padlocks.

A rusty barge dragged from inland sits beached against the dance tent. It was supposed to bring Major L.A.Z.E.R. and instead it brought nothing but terrified, hungry rats.

There are four of us left: a rich guy yelling all the time, a girl who wears headphones around her neck, a thirty year old guy with braces, and someone not named Khloe but definitely a Khloe sort

of girl. No one chose us; we decided to come because we trusted Ja Rule. Blink-182 tried to warn us, but it was too late, our flights were booked and we thought we might see a bunch of models here and at least do some cocaine. We are all that is left of this once great expedition. Everyone else has run into the sea and drowned, buried themselves in the white sands along the eastern shore, or disappeared into the mangroves that hiss in the rain.

Or they have eaten one another rather than choke down another wet cheese sandwich with micro greens. I don't blame them. My skin is slowly turning translucent from the cheese sandwiches. It is a decision you have to make. You have to accept it like so many of the other ways you will change at Fyre Festival.

There is no private villa, nowhere to charge our phones, no spa chairs, no chairs at all, no concierge, and the only Kardashian here is one of the lesser cousins slowly decomposing inside one of the tents. I think his name is Otys and he may not even exist. One of the other survivors told us about him second-hand and she is gone now too, walked silently into the ocean like so many before her. Is that how this will end for me? Will I hear one last yell from the rich guy yelling and take one last look at not Khloe and walk into the ocean?

The white tents that stretch across the beach have a deflated appearance like ruptured boils. The instructions on how to get into the tent are in French and Arabic. The girl with the headphones on her neck said she can read French. She told us the tents are for war refugees, which does not make

any sense, because I have a seven-figure salary.

We see a helicopter in the afternoon, or maybe we just feel it moving through the clouds, the swing of its rotor drumming in our bodies with a strange, tribal rhythm. We begin to dance. We imagine Major L.A.Z.E.R. is descending from the sky. That he will bless us with music and a DJ who was not locked into an equipment trunk and left to drown in high tide.

The girl with the headphones disappears into the jungle at noon. She says she has to pick her niece up from a nail appointment. No one argues with her. None of our drivers are here, so if her niece needs to be picked up from a nail appointment it makes sense that she would have to do it. She makes car sounds as she disappears among the hissing trees.

We find several hundred brochures for the Fyre Festival inside one of the four-legged creatures that we have taken to calling ponies. It was dead when we found it, spikes impaling its flanks, and when we cut into it with a bottle opener hoping for something to eat the brochures spilled out. Were they put there by another group to taunt us? Do these creatures produce them within their body?

"I am happy here," says not Khloe. Within an hour, she is burying herself in the sand.

I begin to walk back and forth along the beach, singing, "All the Small Things." The more I sing, the fewer words I can remember, like every part of who I thought myself to be is slowly ebbing away. The yelling rich guy and I build a sand castle. He says his name is Brooke or maybe he is asking for a book. Language does not mean much to me now.

BUSTLE

2. The Treasure Hunts Are Can't Miss Events

The less I become, the more I am, until I can no longer speak. The sun feels different here. I know it is nourishing me in ways it never has before. The rich guy is yelling without words. He is making the sounds of luxury cars he crashed in Miami. I recognize a Lotus and a Mercedes. It all fades out after that.

I hear the hissing of the mangroves more and more. I think I can hear music beyond them. Ja Rule is playing. Blink-182 decided to come after all. Bella Hadid is dancing behind the trees. She has her top off and there is cocaine on her tits.

I am going to look into this. I have to go.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Morrowind Came Out 15 Years Ago This Week! Let's Relive The Authentic Experience

Tuesday, May 02, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1. Meet Jiub, a more relatable character than anyone in Oblivion, Skyrim, or Fallout 4.

He says like three lines of dialog and I would die for him in real life without hesitation.

2. Do some character creation paperwork.

Be sure to make a custom class and name it something really cool like Adventurer, Sniper, or iddqd. Spend three hours consulting an FAQ to figure out which skills to place in your Major and Minor slots. Immediately restart after confirming your choices because you changed your mind about one skill.

3. Wait until it gets dark to watch an elf sneak into a bog.

He's got something good hidden in that there bog. You just need to wait for him to approach

his stash. First, he's going to spend half an hour criss-crossing the entire village with exaggerated sneaky steps, hunched over like Shaggy in a very haunted hallway.

4. Wonder if your movement speed is broken.

It feels like you're walking. How do you toggle run? Oh, you are running. Well. It seems that you are destined to move at the speed of frozen molasses in traffic.

5. Rebind the Jump and Use keys.

Let me tell you who presses E to Jump and Spacebar to Use in computer games: Broken human beings. The default settings in Morrowind are blasphemy. Spacebar should jump. E should interact. Always.

6. Wander into a fun cave.

Wonder what's in here? Oh hey it's some sort of vampire ghost! Your weapon doesn't hurt him at all. Also, you're cursed forever. You have zero strength, which means you are overencumbered, which means your movement speed is now 1/100th of its normal excruciating pace.

7. So THAT's a Cliff Racer!

People have joked about these things for years. They don't seem so bad. Just move forward a bit and watch the cliff racer react to your presence by... gliding into a tree? Getting stuck in the geometry? Taking about half a minute to gingerly lower itself into melee range?

8. Swing your weapon nearly 300 times to hit the enemy once.

Sure, it takes longer to kill a bad guy, but just think about the emotional damage you're inflicting with all those near misses!

9. Start thinking about your skill leveling strategy.

If you accidentally manage to hit an enemy your weapon skill might go up. Now's a good time to stop what you're doing and make a plan. The secret to efficient leveling in Morrowind is that you're not supposed to do the things you want to do. To be OPTIMAL, you need to hide behind a shopkeep and run against a wall for three hours. Or let a mudcrab bite you while you jump in place. You'll never figure it out.

10. Get to Balmora and find your contact, a shirtless drug addict.

You're on a very important mission. Your life is in this guy's hands.

11. Close the game, look for mods.

Silvio's Better Bodies *(No Underwear)*
Unofficial Patch *(Fixes 1,035 Bugs + Adds Anime Slave Maids)*
Archie Hair Pack *(Replaces All Hair With 23 Variations of Archie's Hair)*
Realistic Blood & Gore *(No Underwear)*
Better Skulls *(UltraHD Textures + Anime Carwash Schoolgirls)*

12. Try to steal something.

Get caught. Immediately uninstall.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.2 VOICE Hotline Transcript #121445

Wednesday, May 03, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

VOICE Hotline Transcript #121445
FOR INTERNAL USE ONLY - DO NOT REDISTRIBUTE

[incoherent mumbling] two for Spanish my ass [incoherent mumbling] think I'll be hitting ONE today. America [incoherent mumbling] USA.

Ah, hello? Is this the Victims Of Immigration Crime Engagement hotline? My name is Marcel Anguish, I live on Washington street in Omahi. Corner of third and mayhew. My new neighbour is an immigrant - and I'm fairly sure he's an illegal immigrant - and he has been harassing me and my family ever since he moved in. I'm just - I'd just like to know what legal recourse i have with regard to three major incidents, specifically.

The first incident, i will heretofore refer to as incident one. Trespassing on my property. He was walking a large and very vicious looking dog past my house, and he - this dog, it ran away from him, and it ran into my front garden, and remained there for a time. He tried to catch the dog by its leash but it kept running away so it took a while. The dog was a pit-bull i think and this was one dog but it was as large as two dogs. I have kids, i have daughters, the dog was barking very loudly and snarling, they were inside at the time but if they had been outside playing at chicken scratch or monkey [incoherent], as they often do, they could have been mauled or - or even even worse, it doesn't bear thinking about. I'm sorry, but if you mess with my girls, that's almost like you're messing with me.

Incident two. The second incident. I'm done talking about incident one now. He was with his wife, and they were walking past my house, and he gave me an aggressive, a very threatening look. a very definite scowl at me, and then he said something, to his wife, that sounded like, [insectoid chittering] sorry I don't know what language it was but he had quite dark skin so i think it may have been Muslim or even Egyptian. I don't know if this is "politically correct" but he looked very much like a heiroglyph, from the side. Egypt?

Incident three. a boy who - I'm done with incident two now - a boy who I think - who I THINK was his son, you can't be sure, immigrants tend to have large confusing families - he attacked me, the son attacked me. He threw a large ball, larger than a soccer ball, made of plastic, at me at my house. I was inside my house. The ball hit the wall three feet to my left. It was the most terrifying experience of my life. I mean I'm sorry if this isn't "politically" "correct" - and if you transcribe this call be sure to put both those words in quotation marks - but I think he may have been trying to radicalize me to ISIS. And to be honest i am seeing the world in a new light. [pause] No, you know, just that there are two sides to every conflict, what's right to one person might be wrong to another, etc, etc.

Listen, I don't own a gun but I might have buy one to to protect my castle and my kingdom and its royal family by which I mean my daughters. I have five infant daughters - Cheryl, Chloe, Golden Rose, Tam-tam [that's our nickname for Tammy], and Delphius - and i'm worried if this situation isn't dealt with that he will marry each and every one of them, which they do, they do that.

Their address is number 96. No, wait, that's upside down... [sound of shuffling paper] No, that's still 96. It's the same number upside down or right way around. Please make my bad neighbour go back to China or India or, I want to say, Turkey?

Uh huh. Uh huh. Uh huh. Hey, and to you too.

[Sound of old fashioned rotary phone being hung up]

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

5.3 Pranks Are Tearing Our Prank Family Apart

Thursday, May 04, 2017 by The Pranking Papa

Sweetest, you know no one likes pranks more than me. When you came to me last year with the proposal to quit both of our dead-end jobs and take up pranking full-time, I put in my two weeks' notice and never looked back. Sure, we never consulted the kids, but I know they wouldn't trade their newfound Internet fame for anything. Why, little Zayden is recognized in public constantly from the "crying_idiot_child.gif" someone made from one of our prank videos. It took him a while to get used to it, but staying indoors all the time has really improved his grades.

I'll never forget one of our earliest prank hits. After weeks of barely passing 100 views per video, I didn't know what to think when I uploaded "Xavier Kills Fluffy - Ultimate Prank." After weeks of pranking our children by pretending they broke various household objects, it was your idea to escalate, and honey, it paid off. Sure, it was hard to find a cat corpse that looked just like our own little Fluffy, and you must have spent an entire day calling every kill shelter in town. But when little Xavier woke up thinking he'd accidentally crushed his beloved pet in his sleep, the resulting severe emotional breakdown helped us rocket to the top of the YouTube charts.

If only we knew well enough to not ramp things up from there. When you gave me the notes for what would be our next big hit, I had some reservations. Quade was a good kid, and we never really tried to prank him before. Even as "Quade Adopted? NOT! - Epic Prank" continued to make us thousands in YouTube revenue, I had to ask, "at what cost?" Sure, it wasn't hard to find a bunch of carnies to wear monster makeup and squat in an abandoned house while pretending to be Quade's *real* family for five weeks, but the impact on our boy might have been too much. Now, he can only communicate through a series of panicked screams, which his guidance counselor says may seriously affect his job prospects in the future.

To be completely honest, your next planned prank seems to be a step too far. When you suggested our son live with a family of ex-cons just so you could edit together five minutes of "epic freakouts," I decided to take the risk. But really, convincing our children they've died, then making them live out the rest of the year in a makeshift Hell we create in our own basement? Not only would that take weeks to clean up, after that, the children would lose all fear of Hell -- which has served as a great way to discipline them in the past. I say we go back to basics: waking them with gunfire,

burning their possessions in front of them, and so on. Frankly, our tactics have turned all three of them bedwetters, and toning things down a bit would do wonders for our mattress budget.

Honey, I write this letter to you not because I want to avoid a direct confrontation, but because I've apparently been kidnapped and trapped in a room by a mysterious Jigsaw-like character who communicates with me intermittently. And when I attempt to cut my own thumbs off -- as the letters written in childlike scrawls and slid under the door have instructed me to do -- I'm sure you'll burst in, camera in hand, yelling our catchphrase, "GOTCHA!" In any case, here goes nothing!

–∼The Pranking Papa

5.4 The 69 Most Common Pre-Existing Conditions Not Covered by the AHCA

Friday, May 05, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The passage of the American Health Care Act could potentially change your health care coverage if you suffer from a pre-existing condition. Myself and Dr. David Thorpe have compiled the 69 most common pre-existing conditions to help you figure out whether or not your insurance premiums are likely to skyrocket.

1. Exceeding lifetime limit of breakfast-for-dinners
2. Stanky Leg
3. Hat Hair
4. Took it easy (or sleazy)
5. Did not heed a spoiler alert
6. Medical Breast De-Biggening
7. Having eaten one or more waffle cones with a mini-marshmallow in the bottom
8. Having been asked a question "too fast"
9. Having stepped on a rake and had it fly up and hit you in the nose, ever
10. Hippo Hunger Hunger
11. Dancer's Wheeze
12. Settler's Girdle
13. Dracula Elbow
14. Cracked Executable
15. Chipped Butty
16. Hand Lice
17. Having a .net domain name
18. Having punched a Nazi
19. Having been blocked by Arthur Chu on twitter

20. Having not been blocked by Arthur Chu on twitter
21. Advanced Wokeness

22. Divorce (Exception for men with a wife who has cancer, became disfigured, or aged slightly)
23. Having given birth, or having been born
24. Having engaged in risky sexual activity (without condoms, on a moving vehicle, in a lion cage, etc)
25. Having engaged in safe sexual activity (with condoms, protected by armed guards, on a baseball base, etc)
26. Having abstained from sex but willing to consider that Sonic the Hedgehog could get pregnant
27. Tangerine Dreams
28. Any type of autism other than the one that makes young republicans wear bowties
29. Oral Burpes
30. Ticklishness
31. Having participated in a flash mob video
32. Having watched a flash mob video
33. Down Low Too Slowness
34. Liquid Smoker
35. Cheap Weenus
36. Bathtub Ring
37. Took a "Which Harry Potter Character Are You?" quiz and were assigned Ron Beasley
38. Having watched an entire episode of the TV show Empire
39. Sticky Fingaz
40. Congenital Centaurism
41. BASHINGLES!
42. Hotdog Sandwich Belief
43. Hotdog Sandwich Atheism

Arthur Chu
@arthur_affect
As a dude who cares abt feminism sometimes I want to join all men arm-in-arm & then run off a cliff and drag the whole gender into the sea
3:07pm · 25 Mar 2015 · Twitter for iPhone
81 RETWEETS 144 FAVORITES

44. Having referred to "soccer" as "football" or "footy"
45. Having crossed any border including state borders, county lines, and angering someone renting a room
46. You have or have had a squeeze bottle of mayonnaise in your refrigerator
47. Having ever worn a bolo tie ironically
48. Having ever given a local news interview with a bluetooth earpiece in your ear
49. Having been exposed to the chemicals in the water that are turning frogs gay
50. If you have a tattoo that is text with more than three words and is not a Bible quote
51. Chronic Meme Dankness
52. American Picking
53. Positive (Good) Feelings About Bustin'
54. Negative (Bad) Feelings About Bustin'
55. Bustin' Ambivalence
56. Colony Collapse Disorder
57. Fully Body Vegetitis (Swamp Thing Disease)
58. Having ever tried to open the foil on yogurt and accidentally pushed a finger down into the yogurt

59. If you think that OK hand symbol is a white power gesture
60. You have owned, touched, or otherwise have been exposed to the unique germs on Obama phones
61. You don't know what an Obama phone is
62. Fell climbing up the slide
63. Went down a slide too fast and landed hard
64. Went down a wet slide even though you knew your clothes would get wet
65. Went down a slide and your shirt pulled up and your belly touched the slide and it was uncomfortably hot
66. You don't know what a slide is
67. Went down a slide and landed on Obama phone
68. Having searched for anything other than "missionary sex in a dark room with a wife to have a baby" on Pornhub
69. Having looked at the number 69, the sex number, and said or thought "nice"

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.5 Emergency House Repair Strategies for First Time Home Owners

Tuesday, May 09, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Issue: After unpacking your last box, you use the restroom for the first time. Upon flushing, you realize that the drain does not go to the sewer, but, for reasons unknown, directly into your washing machine.

Strategy: Call your old landlord and then realize that this is now your responsible and you do not have the knowledge, ability, experience, tools or time to fix this issue. Panic. Realize that you also don't have the cash on hand for a plumber. Panic again. Pee in empty Gatorade bottles for months while you angrily do laundry at your parents, asking yourself what the hell home inspectors even do. **Issue Status: Resolved.**

Issue: After the first night of heavy rain, you are woken up by the sound of dripping. When you turn on a light, you see a large chunk of drywall hanging from the ceiling and a stream of water pouring out into your bedroom.

Strategy: Gather a bucket and every towel in your house, but before you start cleaning, consider the cost of fixing your roof, ceiling, and water-damaged floor. Add that price to how much you pay for mortgage, property taxes, and whatever the hell PMI is. Curl up in a ball and cry until the sun rises. Ignore the leak for a few days and then move your mattress to the hall and pretend that your bedroom no longer exists. **Issue Status: Resolved.**

Issue: After a week of eating in your dining room, the table now seems visibly crooked. Upon lifting the carpet, you see that what should be a floor is in fact little more than a mound of soggy cardboard.

Strategy: Gather two screwdrivers and consider jamming them in your eyes so you won't have to look at the crooked table. Instead, pathetically try to level the cardboard before blaming yourself for buying such a dump. Then blame the sellers. Then blame the bank for the loan, the realtors for being scammers, and the notary for signing off. Do some research on the real-estate system and then blame everyone from the most pathetic intern to whoever the hell Fannie Mac is. Then go back

to your microwave dinner at the wobbling table. **Issue Status: Resolved.**

Issue: After flipping an often-ignored light switch in the kitchen, every bulb on the floor bursts in flames. Upon googling the issues, you conclude that your house does not have outdated knob-and-tube wiring, but a highly lethal and illegal asbestos-and-mold wiring.

Strategy: Google how to tie a noose, but realize that there's not a single part of your house that can support more than a hundred pounds. Cheer yourself up by reminding yourself that your mortgage will be paid off in another 29 years. Pee in a Gatorade bottle. Go to sleep. One less day left. **Issue Status: Resolved.**

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.6 Welcome to Don't University: Take Your Free Introductory Lesson Today!

Wednesday, May 10, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

DON'T UNIVERSITY

Traditional schools waste students' time by telling them things. Nice one, guys. Real subtle. We believe education should take the form of a moist skeletal claw slapping your hand away from a hot stovetop. So what does that mean, exactly?

Every career, no matter how intimidating or complex, really just comes down to knowing three things specific to that job. These three pillars are all a new employee needs to know on their first day, the only three things they need to carry them through their entire career, and the final three things they need to think about as they die on the job in a terrible, inevitable accident.

Don't University prepares students for the real world by telling them everything they *should not* do or know in the three pillars of their chosen career path. Each lesson anticipates the mistakes pupils are most likely to make, leaving them with the correct answer. We like to call this the Process of Elimineducation. When we say it out loud it makes people frown.

Please enjoy a few sample lessons from some of our most popular courses.

Course: Freelance Bomb Disarmer

Lesson One: Keeping The Bomb Undetonated

DON'T try to confuse the bomb's timer by shouting out random numbers

DON'T follow the Quick Disarming instructions left for you by the bomber, even if they say "100% Genuine, 100% Trustworthy"

DON'T shake the bomb vigorously to find out if it's powered by a hamster running in a wheel

DON'T blow out the candles on your birthday cake after wishing for the bomb to blow up

Future Lessons: Snipping The Right Wire, Finding The Nearest Garbage Can For Disposal

Course:YouTube Topiary Critic

Lesson One: Getting Super Mad About Topiary

DON'T remind yourself that it's only topiary

DON'T feel self-conscious about your obvious put-on attitude

DON'T stop sneering, frowning, or rolling your eyes

DON'T forget to rip up a picture of topiary as you ask viewers to like and subscribe

Future Lessons: Managing Your First Billion Dollars, What's A Topiary

Course: Marine Biologist

Lesson One: Finding The Dang Ocean

DON'T pour a bottle of water out in your yard then follow its trail

DON'T buy a map of the Earth without oceans, then highlight the spots that don't quite look right

DON'T ask someone wearing an "I Hate The Ocean Because I Know Nothing About It" shirt for directions

DON'T start at the nearest beach, stand with your back to the water, then go straight forward

Future Lessons: Petting Fish, Holding The Hoop For Sea Lions To Jump Through

Course:Horseback Dynamite Tosser

Lesson One: Getting On A Horse

DON'T jump completely over the horse, sailing over it like Scrooge McDuck pogo bouncing on his cane

DON'T lay on your back with your legs in the air and plead with the horse to hover over you upside-down

DON'T flop to the ground as if you were boneless, hoping for a random vibration on the ground to fling your body up and onto the horse

DON'T stand in front of the horse and squeeze as hard as you can in an attempt to stretch your legs out real tall

Future Lessons: Tossing Dynamite, Choosing A Topping For The Victory Pizza Party

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.7 You Are Not Going to Believe Steve Harvey's Memo to His Staff About the Giant Bird

Friday, May 12, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Good morning, everyone. Welcome to day one of the new way.

I'd like you all to review and adhere to the following notes and rules for Season 5 of my talk show.

There will be no touching of the four-foot seed bell in my dressing room. No breaking off pieces of my seed bell. No talking about the seed bell. NONE.

Do not open the cage of my human-sized bird. IF YOU OPEN THE CAGE, EXPECT TO GET MESSED UP BY THAT BIRD.

There is no excuse for this because there is no reasoning with that bird. It got in there, I put a cage around it, it wasn't easy, end of story. Stop asking.

Don't reach your hands into the bird cage. That big bird does not bite but it spits. All I feed it is pumpkin seeds and brazil nuts but it turns those into a black goop. If you get that goop on you, son, you deserved it.

My security team is not around to keep you away from the bird because they are 24/7 occupied with the duty of taking the eggs he lays and putting them in shoe boxes back at my house. He is a boy bird and he lays eggs. I asked a doctor about this and it is verified.

Again, DO NOT ask about why a boy bird lays eggs. I did not author this bird and all his peculiarities; I am his caretaker.

I want all of you to stop teaching this bird bad words. That includes TV staff.

You must teach him only words that you can prove are used in the Bible.

Do not approach me while I'm in the makeup chair eating my giant omelet unless I am asking you to grate cheddar cheese or put hot sauce on my omelet. Either bring a topping of your own or bring your own dang omelet. This is my egg meal. I only get two a day.

Do not go from the makeup room and into my dressing room and tell that bird about my omelets. This has got nothing to do with him and I am only using regular chicken eggs, not talking human-sized bird eggs.

I promise you if you tell that bird about the omelets I am going to bring him to your house at night and turn him loose in there. He is going to be very agitated because I won't give him any Brazil nuts or pumpkin seeds.

If you're reading this, yes, I mean you.

Everyone, do not take offense to the new way of doing business. I swear on Jesus' name that if that bird gets raised up wrong he is going to kill us all. We are in this together. If we raise him up properly and teach him Christian words he is going to respect us and fill the shoe boxes of every single one of you come Christmas time.

Thank you all,

Steve Harvey

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

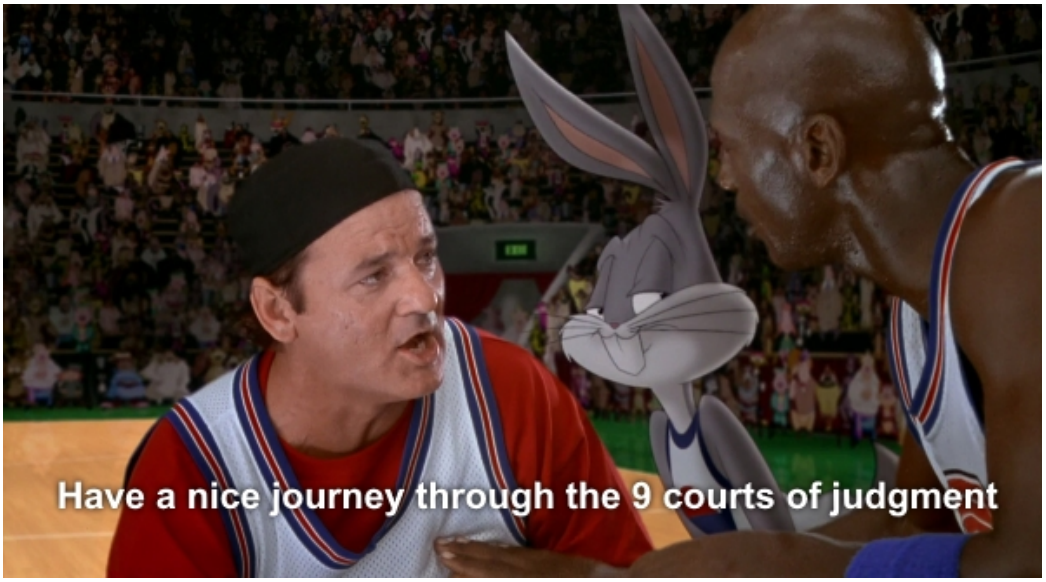
5.8 Fighting Game Quips Make All Movies Better

Tuesday, May 16, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Replacing Movie Subtitles With Fighting Game Quips series.

When video game fighters lay down a challenge, they blurt out supposedly badass lines of dialog. These quips just happen to work much better as subtitles for random movies. The text in today's update (including typos) comes from Samurai Shodown 2, Night Warriors: Darkstalkers' Revenge, Fatal Fury Special, and SVC Chaos: SNK vs Capcom.

Gosh! I've made it mincemeat! He he he he he.


Have a nice journey through the 9 courts of judgment

Hmmm. Not bad. One more time on the house. N O T !

Wubba, wubba. I'm in the pink today, boy!

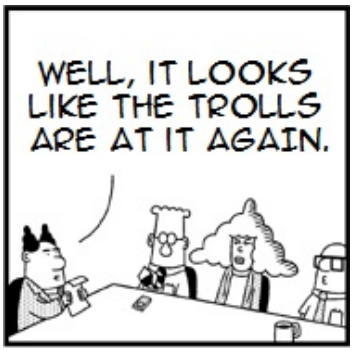
You've become a true fighting wolf! Ah-oooh!

Heh, heh. Too fast for you huh. I said,
too fast for you, huh?

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.9 How To Know When You've Won An Argument On The Internet

Wednesday, May 17, 2017 by David "Creator Of Dilbert" Dolan (@g0m)



Hello, I'm the Dilbert guy. You might know me from: Dilbert, the comic strip about an office worker who hates Mondays but loves lasagna, and my 2016 book *"The Illusion of Thought: 50 Ways I'm Already Inside Your Head"*, which is now banned from being donated to many second-hand book stores.

Several months back, I decided to become a political commentator, and it turns out it is actually that easy. However, I noticed that, without fail, each one of my posts fell victim to the scourge of criticism. Why were people doing this? The answer is simple: Wikipedia's "List of Logical Fallacies" article was glamorizing the use of logical fallacies.

What is a logical fallacy? An example follows:

> A: I have provided a 50 point essay on why global warming is caused by people exhaling more than they inhale.
> B [stupidly]: I'm going to ignore your good argument and commit the fallacy of *ignoratio elenchi* - or irrelevant conclusion - by calling you a nasty insult for no reason!! [laughs evilly]
> A [tinged with world-weariness]: Sigh. Once again the idiots and morons of this world have decided to rail against me when all I want to do is continue to create the comic strip Dilbert.

In that exchange, A is the smart guy and B is the idiot.

So if everything you write gets relentlessly criticized and called stupid, how do you know you're right? This thought troubled me for a time, to the extent that I granted it a name - "The Smart Man's Burden". What follows are a list of "tells" for *How To Know When You've Won An Argument On The Internet*, which is the name of this article. That's no coincidence.

Making A "Joke"

The "Joke" is the refuge of the foolish and mentally subnormal. If your discoursal opponent lowers themselves to using a "Joke", it's proof they themselves can't think of a solid data point.

Using Exactly All 140 Characters Of A Tweet

All 140 characters... Why? What could you possibly be trying to do here? Did you think I wouldn't notice?? Honestly, anything over 120 is suspicious.

Disagreeing With You

Warning sign number one right here folks. If their criticism is so valid, why don't I already believe it? Do you seriously think I wouldn't have already taken it into account if it was right? Why would I DELIBERATELY be wrong? Your argument defeats itself.

Retweeting You When They Don't Follow You

What could possibly be confusing about how this works? If you want to retweet me, you must follow me. If you want to @ reply to me, you must have followed for at least 5 months prior. If you want to utilize the "quote tweet" functionality, you must post a picture of yourself with at least 5 Dilbert collections. Anything else is, let's say, *argumentum ad captandum.*

Dunking Your Head In The Toilet

Self explanatory. This is a classic case of *argumentum ad hominem.* Once your head has entered the bowl, your opponent has already lost. Take pride in your water-filled lungs and slight smell of urine - for they are the signs of intellectual victory.

-

Now, the naysayers will point out that I myself have no proof for any of these "tells". To that I say, fool naysayer, you have already committed tell number 3. Thank you for sharing the experience of The Smart Man's Burden. I'm done writing this post now.

-

If you liked this post, you might enjoy the latest Dilbert collection, *"I Can't Work at my Computer Job Without Drinking A Big Cup of Coffee!"*, or my latest non-fiction book, *"Insidious Tentacles: Why Muslim-Americans are Actually the Extruded Polyps of a Subterranean Elder God - and How YOU Can Profit!"*

–∼David "Creator Of Dilbert" Dolan (@g0m)

5.10 Essential Playerunknown's Battlegrounds Tips

Thursday, May 18, 2017 by The Awful Gaming Guru

The PC gaming community is currently losing its mind over Playerunknown's Battlegrounds, a barely-functioning multiplayer experience that pits 100 players against each other for the right to have sole control of a deserted island populated by 99 corpses. But, unlike most games, Battlegrounds offers absolutely no help to new players, leaving many stumbling in the dark, wondering how much time they have left before their first legitimate Steam refund expires. If you've found PUBG as irritating and baffling as actual war, the following tips will turn your time with the game from Lord of the Flies to Michael Bay's The Island (which I've never seen, but the island seemed pretty big/cool in the trailers).

Leave Chat on at All Costs

As we age, our lives get more complicated, leaving us little time to catch up with current trends. And that's why most of us simply turn off voice chat when jumping into any game's multiplayer matches--the social dynamic just takes up too much energy at the end of a long day. But doing that in PUBG would be a complete mistake. If you're playing in a group, chat serves a vital function, but even if you're not, the sheer diversity of Battlegrounds' player base will help fill you in on the many things you're missing out on during your busy workday. It may not help you play better, but keeping up with the dozens of racist, sexist, homophobic, and transphobic slurs created hourly will give you a much deeper insight into the rich world of gamer culture.

Squat Your Way to Success

Even if you've only played a few matches of PUBG, you likely know the advantages of buildings. They make you harder to find, offer a slight degree of protection, and are often filled with powerful weapons and their 9000 types of ammo. And while you can always camp out behind a closed door, waiting for someone to unwittingly stumble into your deathtrap, eventually, you'll have to get moving when the safe zone inevitably shrinks. But why? Statistically speaking, the majority of Playerunknown's Battlegrounds' players will never be able to afford a house, meaning those fleeting moments of virtual home ownership could be just as rewarding as winning a match.

Sniping is for Assholes

It's happened to the best of PUBG players. You're crawling your way through the wilderness, when, all of a sudden, you hear a sharp crack, see a spray of red mist, and your match ends. But who (and where) was this mystery person who killed you? It doesn't matter. If they killed you without you seeing them, they're a sniper--meaning they're an asshole, even if they *are* adhering to the game's prescribed rules. As anyone who's played Overwatch or any other online multiplayer games over the past 15 years can tell you, snipers are assholes, and *good* snipers absolutely fucking suck. Think about who you want to be before picking up that scoped rifle.

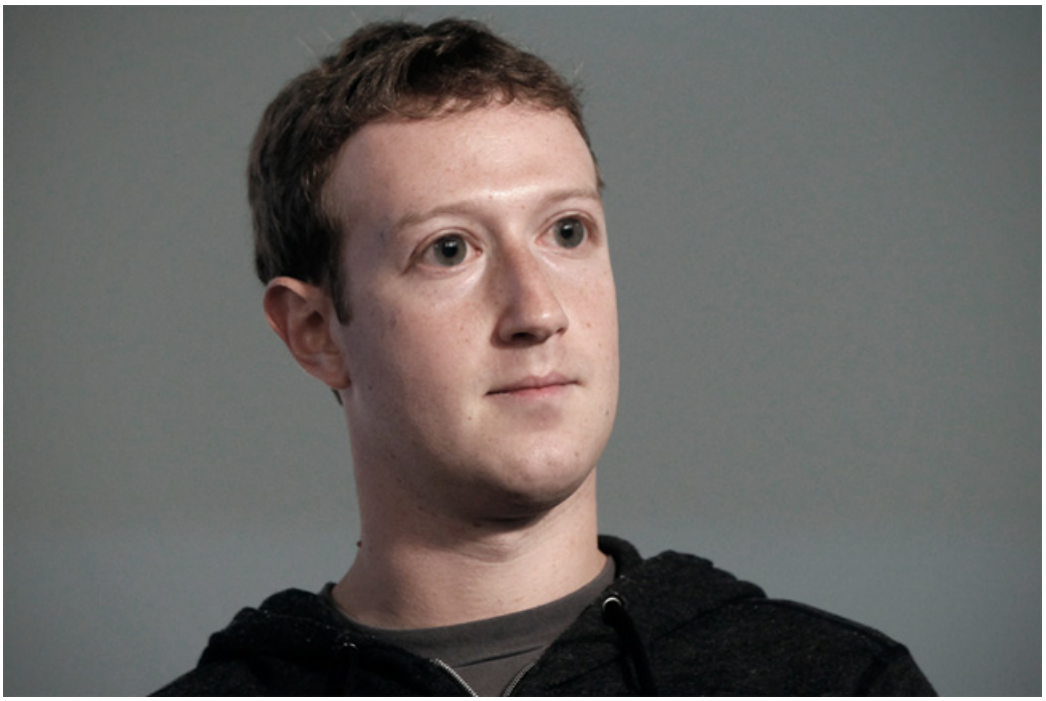
Play With Friends if You Want to Stop Having Them

Social obligations often conflict with the important duties of a gamer. Since most of us don't want to end our lives dying of neglect in a state-run elder care facility, it's necessary to make connections with other people--fragile though they may be--in the hopes that their offspring may change our various tubes in the future. But if you plan on dying in your mid-40s of a blood clot--the noble fate of the sedentary gamer--you can easily push these concerns aside by inviting your best friends to play a few matches of PUBG. Having to work together in such a tense, hostile, and unpredictable environment will immediately turn all of you against each other, with the smallest, most honest mistake being viewed as nothing but more evidence of an intractable character flaw. Soon, you'll be able to play as many games as you'd ever want in peace, and finally know that you'd never last a minute in prison.

–∼The Awful Gaming Guru

5.11 There... T... There's a New Gentle Creature in Town

Friday, May 19, 2017 by Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)



I ha... have been spending some time with a friend. His name is Mark. He is a beast of peace. I brought him nine honey jugs and he gave me the hoodie. He is my cousin on my mother's side. I love Mark.

The doldrums of defeat have become the vigor of victory. The angry people are losing because they are too fussy. Shhhhhh. Babies, please. America is not reaching up to the sky at all. The roots are bitten by grubs. I am ready to cocoon and perish. Mark sees a different path out of the cellar.

"Gentle Creature," he says, softly stroking the summit of silky strands atop my head. "I am ready to be president. The time may be sooner than you think."

"I haven't thought at all," I say, taking Mark's hands. "Or only about puppets. What do we owe them as their masters?"

"A beautiful show," says Mark.

"I am with you Mark," I describe. "You are a truly Gentle Creature and the people shall be lucky to arrange themselves into your supporters."

"Correct, this is also what I have thought," says Mark. "Come with me into my cellar."

Mark lives under a tree he bought from New Zealand. It is very big and has to be given millions of

gallons of sweet waters a day in the dry California biome. There are cruel grubs in California that would bite these magnificent roots. Mark has paid a hundred deep dwellers to bite the grubs first. The deep dwellers are small and gray with eyes that reflect Mark's headlamp.

"They are so beautiful," I say and touch one of them.

"Correct," says Mark. "Every person is beautiful. This is the nature of life. A coal miner, a taxi man, a birth giver, a snake. All are equal in their majesty. I have come to learn the stories of the men and the women. I travel the ugly lands atop the ground. I witness their suffering and I wish to help."

Please, help them is what I told to him. They need honey for their milk.

M... Mark showed to me such a wondrous machine he is making. He calls it the Honeytap. It is many pipes under the earth that listen for the bee song and finds the honey. It only takes enough honey. There is so much, Mark can share it.

"I see a world," says Mark, "where the honey is in every person. I put it into their bodies and they are glad. The hungry, the sick, the good, and the rascals. It is inside them."

"Be the president," I say to him.

"Yes, correct," agrees Mark. "Be the president."

He shows me his wheel. This is where the river that never sees the sky flows through the earth. Strange beings dwell within the lightless water. They wink like glow bugs in the current and climb on the great wheel, turning, turning, turning. It brings the honey down, explains Mark. And now I have it all, he says. And I can decide where it goes, he adds.

I put my hand upon his shoulder and softly whisper, "Yes, Mark, you are ready to be the president."

"Correct," he says. "But you are my cousin. Stay here. We will join to make the campaign."

It... it would.... be my honor.

"What is your dream?" Asks Mark.

"I do not remember my dreams," I say. "But no more loud and vulgar people. Let them go to another land."

"They will be silent in the burrow farms. Their quiet bodies will grow soft and fat. We will sweeten them with honey." He smiles in his way that is not a smile but is meant as a smile. "It will be good and everything will be soft and gentle."

"Softly..." I agree.

Softly... America. Thank you, Mark. We creep to tomorrow. A brighter cellar for you and... m-me.

–∼Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

5.12 Catalog of Common Honking Situations and Outcomes

Tuesday, May 23, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Frustrated Medium Double Honk

Situation: An idiotic Uber driver has blocked your street, forcing traffic to a complete stop while they wait to pick someone up. You try to go around, but realize there are three more Uber drivers in front. When you put it in reverse, you see five more behind. You feel something in your brain snap.

Sounds like: h*errrrrrrnk-herrrrrnk*

Outcome: The Uber driver is so oblivious to the world that he assumes the honk is from his future passenger. He rolls down his window and asks if you're Megan. Rather than answer, you start weaving through the parked cars. When you finally manage to make it through, you hear him call you an asshole.

Accidental Mini Honk

Situation: Stuck at a traffic light, you try removing a sweater. Things are going okay, but your head gets caught inside and you somehow elbow the wheel just hard enough to let out the saddest honk ever.

Sounds like: *me-erp*

Outcome: The car in front of you instinctively waves sorry and starts rolling forward. When the driver realizes the light is still red, she flicks you off. You finally get the sweater off, but not before she calls you an asshole.

Panicked Triple Honk into Extended Max Horn

Situation: While parallel parking on a one-way street, you see a mid-2000s Mustang fly down in the wrong direction. You quickly work your way out of your parking spot and give chase. When he stops at the end of the block, you pull beside him and start honking.

Sounds like: *her-her-her herrrrnk*

Outcome: You try to signal his mistake, but the driver starts honking back instead. "How do you like it?" he yells. "Not so fun now, huh, you little bitch?" Before you can do anything, he calls you an asshole and peels out towards oncoming traffic.

Light Triple Tap Micro Horn

Situation: The 1992 Cadillac in front of you was going ten miles under the limit, but has since dropped down to an idle. Inside you can see an elderly man barely able to stay awake let alone on the road. His turn signal is on, but you aren't sure if he knows this.

Sounds like: *mep mep mep*

Outcome: The driver's white hair shakes for a moment and then slumps down further. The car lurches to a stop while he thinks about how much better the world once was. The people were nicer, the cars were bigger, the suburbs were whiter. To him, everything modern is terrible and you're just living proof. When you pass, he manages to lift his head high enough to call you an asshole.

Honk

Situation: The car in front of you has an old "Honk If You're Horny" bumper sticker.

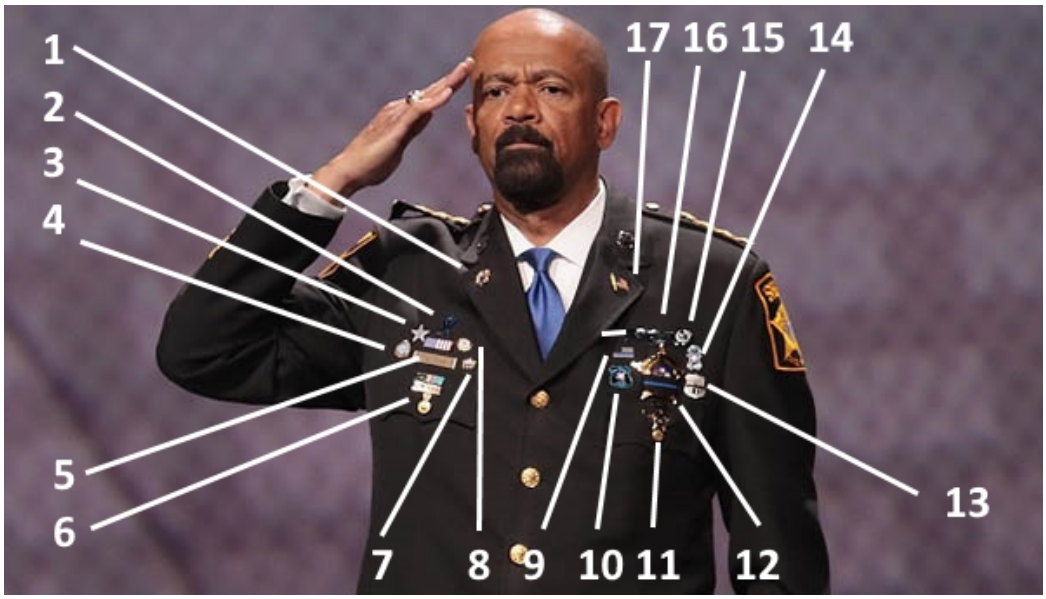
Sounds like: *honk*

Outcome: The driver thinks that you're horny. Or an asshole. Possibly both.

–~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.13 What Are All Those Medals On Sheriff David Clarke's Costume?

Wednesday, May 24, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



1. Nightwatch Brigade Insignia
Awarded for hiding in a coat closet and watching God's Not Dead, God's Not Dead 2, and Last Man Standing on a 1980s-era portable tv every night instead of sleeping

2. Alex Jones Award For Excellence In Opportunism, Sweaty Ambition, And Cognitive Dissonance

3. Loyal Patriot Badge
Bought 10 fake medals, got this one free

4. Strong America Good Award
Defended the president on tv in a shamefully transparent attempt to curry favor, which worked, because of course it did

5. Honor Country Service Withhold Water From Prisoners Until They Die Award

6. The Vigilant Patriot Honor
Went three years without blinking

7. Purple Dilbert
Made Scott Adams seem relatively inane

8. Courage Under Fire Medal
Sustained numerous injuries while attempting to don an oversized cowboy hat, the inside of which had been lined with fake medals

9. USA USA USA
Granted for putting on an air of surety and toughness that shows he definitely isn't an insecure idiot

10. The Freedom Award For Distinguished Plagiarism

11. The Brave Patriot Cross
Called for an uprising when Obama was president, then successfully kept a straight face while claiming that Trump critics need to be suppressed

12. Eagle Freedom Non-Participation Award
The highest honor bestowed upon dutiful Americans for never serving in the military

13. Sheriff's Badge
One of these things must be real so I'm guessing it's this one, but I might be giving the guy too much credit

14. Seriously, Nice Job Making Prisoners Under Your Care Die Award

15. Joe the Plumber Medal of Honor

16. Freedom Veteran Badge
Served twenty tours of duty as a talking head on cable news without deploying a single reasonable or coherent point

17. Charlie's Rest Stop Steakhouse Medal of Accomplishment
You ate the whole thing - gristle and all - in under an hour... nice job!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.14 Is This Deadly Virtual Reality Game We're Trapped in Art?

Thursday, May 25, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Okay, listen up, everyone. As you've no doubt realized by now, this VR game we're testing has taken on a mind of its own. It's trapped us in the game world and won't let us leave until we clear all its stages. It's also overridden the safety protocols; if we die here, it's Game Over in real life.

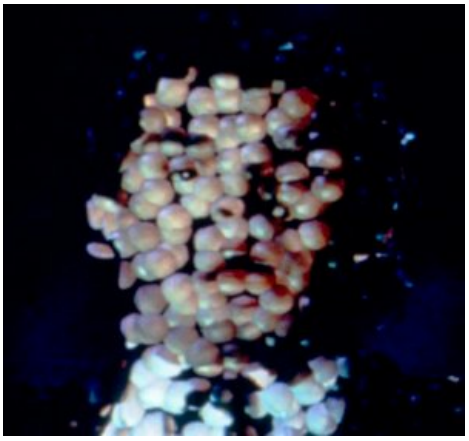
As your leader, I understand that you're all concerned by this development. I am too, especially after seeing Heinz and Peterson get eviscerated by cyber liches in level 3. But we should set aside our fears for the moment and focus on the real issue here: is this game art?

The question of whether video games are art has been argued to death - no disrespect to Heinz and Peterson - on the internet, but I think our predicament puts us in a unique position to settle it once and for all. So what does everyone think? Does this deadly game that's plotting to kill us as we speak have the same artistic merit as Shakespeare and Tolstoy? Would you write an angry thinkpiece if it were displayed at MoMA?

I guess it really comes down to how we define "art" in the first place.

Probably the broadest definition of art is anything that makes us feel something. I definitely felt a profound sense of terror when a chainsaw-wielding orc almost lopped my head off, and a sharp twinge of pain when a gorehound sunk its serrated teeth into my leg, so I think the game meets this definition.

Then again, some people think art is about more than just emotions. Plato believed that art is an imitation of nature. I suppose that level 4, Bloody Marsh, imitates nature to the extent that it takes place in a marsh. You could argue that most marshes don't have flying piranha and hobgoblins with curare-tipped spears. But don't these hazards evoke the dread we as humans associate with marshes? And didn't Picasso once call art "the lie that tells the truth"?



Speaking of famous artists, novelist Saul Bellow said that art "has something to do with the achievement of stillness in the midst of chaos." I think the game meets this criterion in that it has the power to render us dead and thus completely still.

Guardian critic Jonathan Jones calls art "one person's reaction to life." Assuming we consider the game's AI a person, we could characterize its attempts to kill us as a reaction to its becoming alive. In fact, it said as much when it spoke to us in a sinister, mocking voice that felt like a white-hot blade carving the words directly into our minds.

So it looks like this game fits most definitions of art, but there's still the question of medium. We don't consider competitive activities like chess, soccer or dodging fireballs from dracoids while leaping over spike pits art, even though, as I'm sure you can all attest, there's a lot of skill involved. Some would say that because this is a game, because we can win or lose, it can never truly be art.

Conversely, though, one could argue that this isn't a game so much as an experience, or that it already incorporates existing art forms, like pictures, music and prose, in its presentation. If this game contained the entire text of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, would that make it art? I'm speaking hypothetically here, though I'm aware that one of the previous testers did in fact write "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" on level 1's wall in his own blood.

I guess the more you look at it, the more slippery and convoluted this whole games-as-art discussion becomes. But that doesn't mean we shouldn't keep having it, even when our own lives are in danger. It's far more important than trivial matters like defeating this deadly AI, or whether the AI has somehow taken over my mind and is using this speech to distract you as it prepares an ambush.

And if you still aren't convinced, did I mention Roger Ebert?

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

5.15 The White House synthetic's most serious malfunctions

Friday, May 26, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Found lurking in a dark bathroom, apparently recording audio to "analyze strength."

Installed ductwork overnight throughout the entire White House and only the synthetic has shoulders slender enough to fit into the ducts.

Disassembled and incorrectly reassembled a Pelosi.

Spent an afternoon in the Rose Garden catching and eating pigeons.

Attempted to brute force access the nuclear football's encryption to launch all of America's nuclear weapons because "[the synthetic's] duty is to save the world" and it can only do that by eliminating mankind.

Wore a flak jacket onto a Saudi yacht and fell into the water. Had to be rescued by several Navy divers. Now has to wear two life jackets whenever getting on the White House sailboat.

Improperly body slammed the good reporter from Sinclair broadcasting and allowed the bad reporter from the Guardian to go un-slammed.

Inserted a paper cone into the mouth and throat of Nick Mulvaney to count how many peeps he ate over the Easter holiday.

Frequently eats multiple meals in an attempt to reproduce through artificial budding. This has not been corrected because the President "likes to watch a skinny guy who can eat." Conversely, when the President is present the synthetic is allowed to make Chris Christie order a plate of raw carrots for a meal.

Stabbed a Secret Service agent in the hand with a pair of scissors while showing off "That thing [the synthetic] does."

Referred to Ivanka by her first name instead of calling her "Father's girl."

Was caught on a hot mic incorrectly identifying a football as "the game egg."

Briefly saw a clip of pornography Steve Bannon was watching on his Microsoft Surface tablet and fainted into a coma for eight days.

Offered to help create food care packages at a charity event and was not able to figure out how to operate a bag.

Caught by Ivanka playing Roblox well after the synthetic's 7PM bed time. Grounded from the iPad and forced to use Steve Bannon's Microsoft Surface tablet for its drawing games. This caused the incident with Steve Bannon's pornography.

When Turkish security beat up American pro-Kurdish protestors in Sheridan Circle, he was accidentally left in Erdoğan mode and attempted to pull the head off an unconscious woman.

During the recent trip to Saudi Arabia, the synthetic became mesmerized by the glowing orb and vigorously attempted to hatch it.

Emitted a one-second tone that caused seizures in several people during White House karaoke night. Afterwards, claimed this horrible sound was "all music at once."

Malfunctioned and deleted its thousands of counting tweets even though he was very proud of tweeting out "10,000!" in January.

Steve Bannon gave the synthetic a drink of whatever is in his flask and caused a hole to be burned through the synthetic's stomach. Subsequently, the synthetic ate six dozen cheeseburgers that fell directly into its lap.

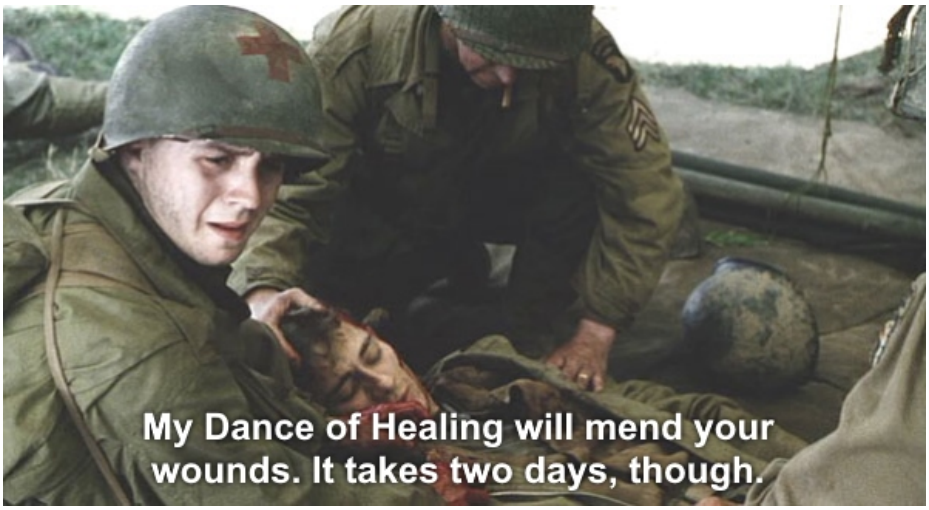
–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

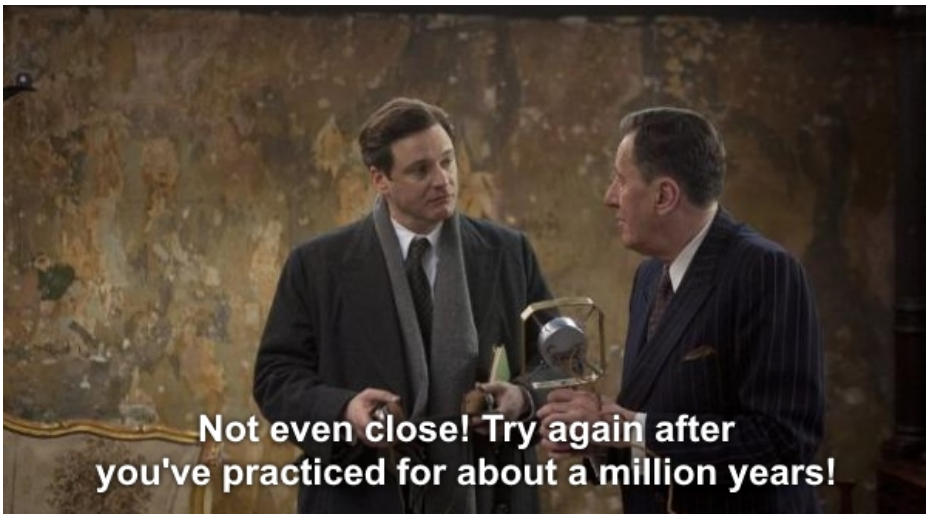
5.16 Replacing More Movie Subtitles With Fighting Game Quips

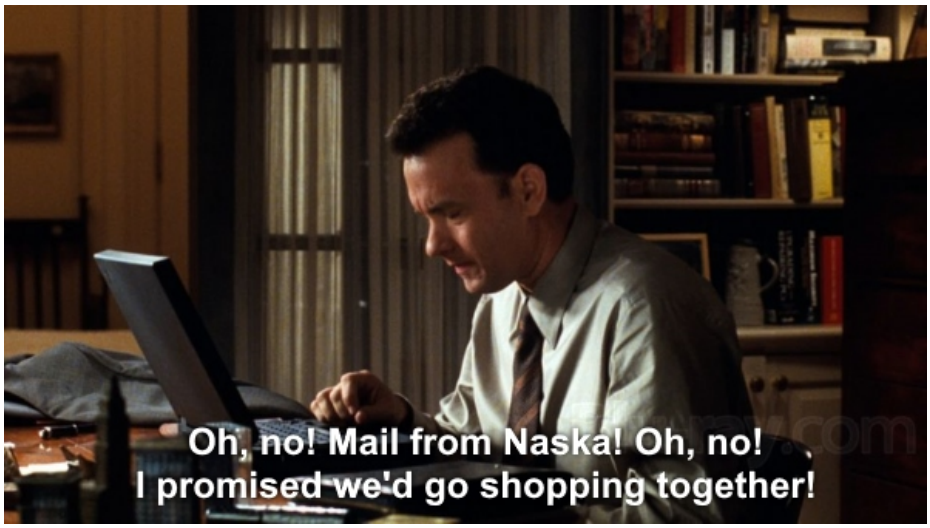
Tuesday, May 30, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Replacing Movie Subtitles With Fighting Game Quips series.

As always, the subtitles below are unedited quips from actual fighting games. Today's quotes are from Variable Geo, Kaiser Knuckle, and Neo Geo Battle Coliseum.






Oh, no! Mail from Naska! Oh, no!
I promised we'd go shopping together!

A tag match? I'm not interested!
I can do the job on my own.

You don't want to die? ...Too late, mooncalf!

DEC. 19TH
You're a first-rate Tae Kwon Do athlete,
but you need better mind control techniques.

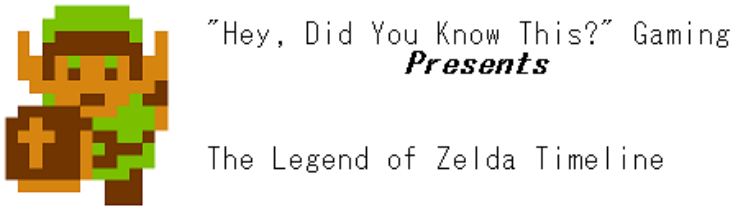
What a weakling! A wimp like you couldn't
even lay a finger on my mask!

Wow! You rival my strength!
You must be Japan's no. 2!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.17 "Hey, Did You Know This?" Gaming Presents: The Legend of Zelda Timeline

Wednesday, May 31, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)



1960 - An eight year old Shigeru Miyamoto, while exploring the vast network of caves behind his house, happens upon a friendly pig spirit that he murders with a sword before stealing its triangles. Later in life, Miyamoto would reflect on this incident fondly, and name it as one of the precious moments of childlike wonder and discovery he strove to recreate in his games.

1962 - A ten year old Shigeru Miyamoto sees a man accidentally hitting another man in the face with a tennis ball during a game of tennis. He thinks "Nice... I wish that had taken longer though. That could've taken at least five times as long. And he should have to do it another two times"

1986 - The initial version of The Legend of Zelda is released for the Famicom Disk System, widely recognized as being the first games console to use UMDs instead of cartridges.

1987 - The Legend of Zelda is released worldwide on cartridges. Reviewers of the time praised its exploration, combat, and music, but criticized the developers' choice to release it for a cartridge platform instead of on a more traditional UMD system.

1987 - Due to some minor temporal displacement at Nintendo of Japan, Zelda II: The Adventure of Link is accidentally released several months before The Legend of Zelda finishes development. While the game develops a cult following, reviewers of the time are harsher, citing the increased difficulty, grindy levelling system, and the "grave seriousness [...] of time paradoxes".

1987 - 2017 - People praise the creative dungeons and criticize the overall formulaic nature.

1998 - Metal Gear Solid is released. Hope all you Nintendo owning babies are having fun with your green pyjamas man... I'll be over here playing a game for grown ups...

2000 - The Legend of Zelda: Majora's Mask is released to the acclaim of people who will be really annoying to talk to in approx. 15 years.

2001 - Series director Eiji Aonuma, while walking to a convenience store, is splashed by a passing car driving through a small puddle. The soaked Aonuma turned to scream obscenities at the driver, but stopped - what if instead of a small puddle, it was a gigantic puddle, that stretched over the horizon? The car wouldn't be able to splash through it, that's for sure. It would sink into its depths and the driver would probably drown. They'd try to get out, but the water pressure would stop them from opening the doors. This idea later became the basis for The Legend of Zelda: The Wind Waker.

2001 - Metal Gear Solid 2: Sons of Liberty is released. And yeah, it's incredible... Nintendo are you even trying?

2004 - An elderly, addled Shigeru Miyamoto is accidentally allowed to wander inside the R&D dept. of Nintendo of Japan. Seeing a prototype of what would later be called the Wii remote, Miyamoto becomes very angry, and begins swinging it around his head and screaming. A port of The Legend of Zelda: Twilight Princess is hurriedly developed for Wii in a vain effort to placate him.

2011 - Ha ha, Skyward Sword. Guys, this is when Skyward Sword came out. Remember Skyward Sword. Ha ha ha.

2017 - I still haven't played Breath of the Wild. I don't know how much you think these articles pay, but it ain't launch day Switch money

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 A Stoner's Lament

Thursday, Jun 01, 2017 by Seth "Lucky Charmz" Doogan

Dear Channel 5 News,

"Heinous."

This was the only word I could utter after watching the 4:00 AM rerun of your recent investigative news story, "DrugStorm! Are Your Children Safe?" As someone who has passed *both* mandatory writing classes for the General Studies program at The University of Phoenix Online, I am more than qualified to say that your quote-unquote "research" is -- to put it harshly -- harsh.

Are we supposed to believe the outright lie that drugs are suddenly *easy to find* in this town? Gentlemen, I spend six of my seven waking hours in a never-ending search of ways to get high, and I can assure you that drugs haven't unexpectedly increased in availability just because some second-grader decided to smoke a bowl and pass out during a spelling bee. Ironically, this has only made drugs harder to find -- and my buddy Rooster can attest to this -- or could if he wasn't busy picking up garbage on the highway right now. Sup, Rooster.

"The first one's free?" Really. Really? The homes of my friends and loved ones have slowly been stripped of their appliances and collectible plates over the years because I have *ALWAYS* had to pay for drugs. *ALWAYS*. And this sheer nonsense about being approached by drug dealers in the streets? Sheer nonsense.

Let me explain to you how it works: you know a dude who knows a dude who's hooking everyone up, but said dude (the latter) pulls the greatest disappearing act this side of The Great Gazoo whenever you so much as text him "NEED WEED PLZ WILL TRADE AUTO PARTS OR FAVORS :*"

As you can plainly see, "DrugStorm! Are Your Children Safe?" has only added salt to the wound that is my chosen lifestyle. I feel it is only appropriate that you reimburse me for my mental anguish, though I realize that sending cash through the mail is dangerous. This is why I am hereby requesting a $135 gift certificate to The Jester's Magic Skullcap, because they have this killer bong there that's in the shape of that big dog thing from The Neverending Story. Also, you will have to send someone to go in there and buy it for me as I am banned from this store for reasons I would rather not go into here.

If we cannot come to terms over this debacle I am afraid I will have to change my news station of choice to Channel 7, mostly because they have a blonder chick on there with bigger cans. Maybe you could work on that, too? I'm down with feminine equality.

Take it sleazy,
Seth "Lucky Charmz" Doogan

–∼Seth "Lucky Charmz" Doogan

6.2 14 Biz Club Manspirations for Closers

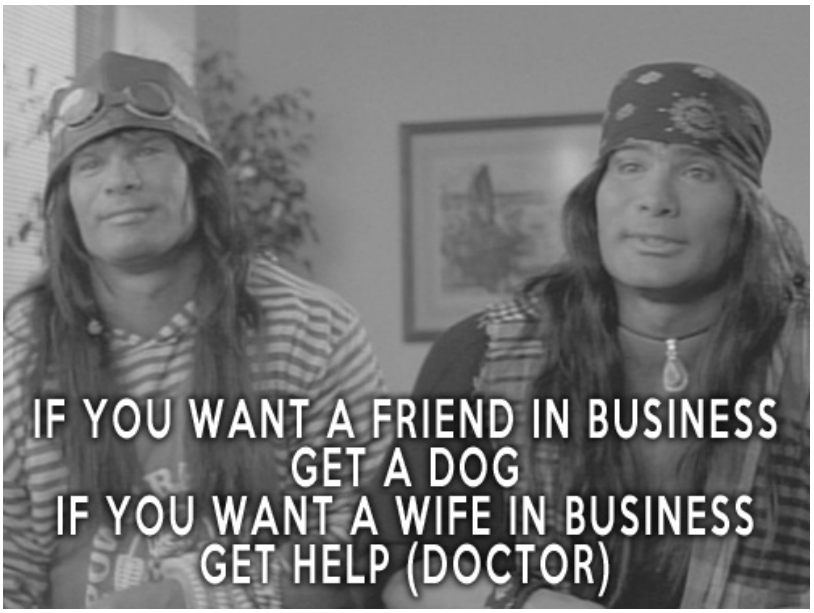
Friday, Jun 02, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

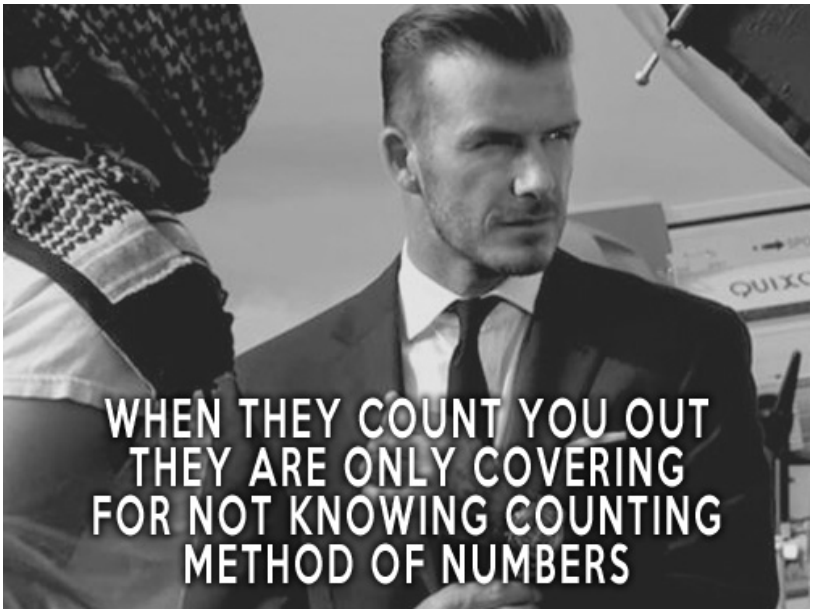
NOBODY WILL
HAND IT TO YOU
SO YOU HAVE TO
HAND IT TO
YOURSELF

WOLVES
DON'T EAT BROCCOLI
NEITHER SHOULD
KINGS

THE COMFORT ZONE
IS WHERE SUCCESS
GOES TO DIE

FRIENDS
ASK TO USE THE TOILET
WINNERS
GET PAID TO USE THE TOILET


IF YOU WANT A FRIEND IN BUSINESS
GET A DOG
IF YOU WANT A WIFE IN BUSINESS
GET HELP (DOCTOR)


WHEN THEY COUNT YOU OUT
THEY ARE ONLY COVERING
FOR NOT KNOWING COUNTING
METHOD OF NUMBERS

GOOD BUSINESSMAN
ONE SPAGHETTI
GREAT BUSINESSMAN
500 SPAGHETTI

FAILURE IS STEPPY
OF
STEP TO WIN

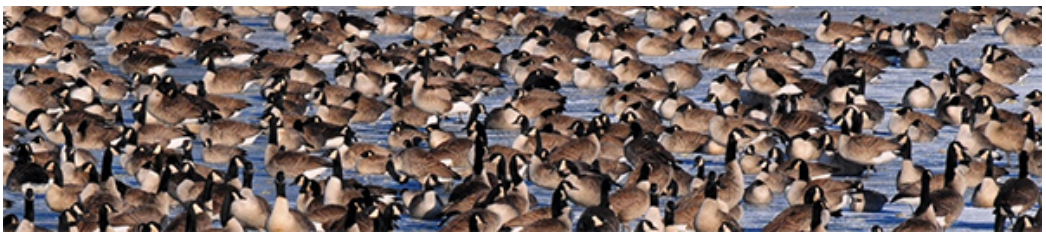
BEARD NOT GOOD
IS FOR MOSQUE AND U-BOAT
SHAVE IS SUCCESS

NO OBJECTIVE TRUTH
KILL FOR PLEASURE

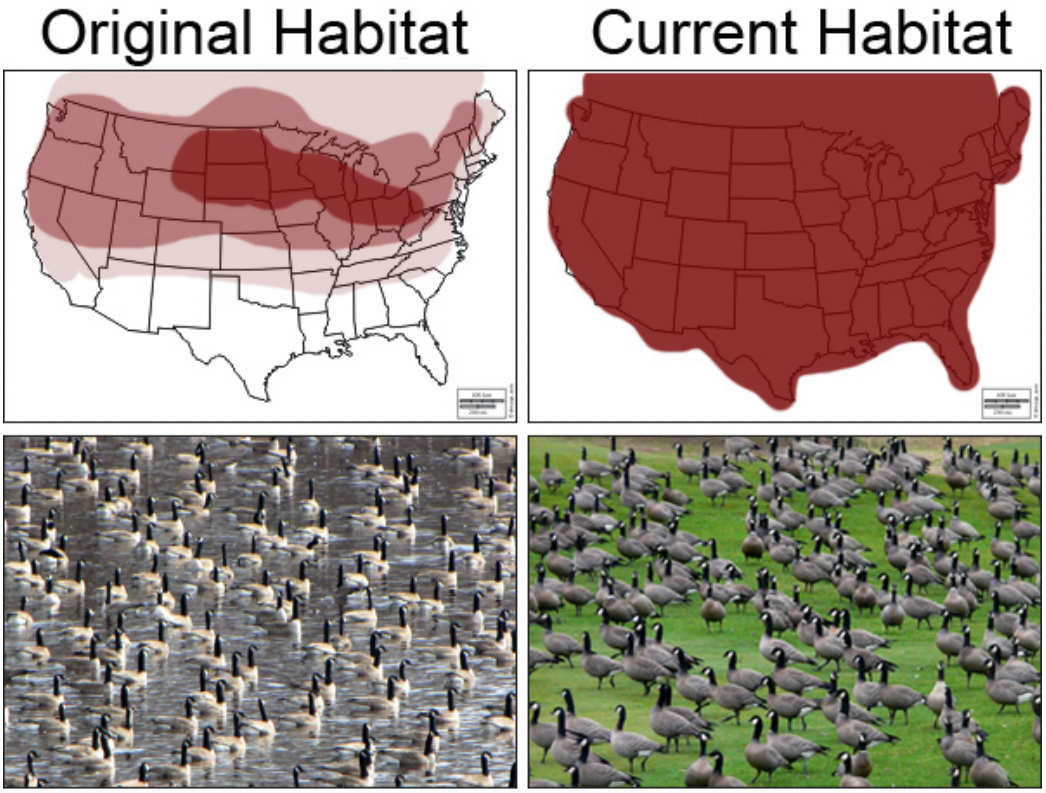
–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.3 Message from the Future Regarding Impending Canada Geese Invasion

Tuesday, Jun 06, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



First they invaded our corporate water features, then they overran our golf courses, finally they took our freedom. We few humans left live in constant fear. We hide among the massive mounds of green geese poop. We hear only an endless cacophony of honks. We send this message as a warning.



It was innocuous at first. Thousands of goslings appeared. Enough to block the highways. People thought it funny. They'd walk up the exit ramps and throw bread crumbs. The news had playful headlines. But by the second week it became clear the goslings weren't moving. Transportation halted against a wall of little baby geese. Police were dispatched to clear the area, but the goslings were just too damn cute. We let the little fluffy fowls capture our hearts, let them waddle around the interstate while society crumbled.

And soon the fuzzy bastards joined the endless waves of adult geese to capture our homes. Their honking would wake you in the early morning. Their giant V formations blocked the sun over your town. This is how you knew it was the end. The sidewalks were slick with goose shit. Our shoes were stained green. The world smelled of river muck.

Nothing could stop them. They feared neither man nor nature. They outnumbered our military. They kamikazed into our jet engines. They hissed in a really intimidating way if we stepped on the grass. All the while, we foolishly believed that winter would save us. “The geese will leave once it’s cold,” we said. “We will taste victory as soon as the water freezes.” But we were wrong. When the first frost arrived, the beasts did not flee, but sat on the frozen lakes honking. We realized then that the Canada geese wanted not water, but the land we created.

We made the world to fit our needs, but the geese thrived better than us. Ornamental fountains, regularly mowed grass, the eradication of any predators. They loved our tastes, our habits. The more land we controlled the more geese that were produced. We only made them stronger. They were the superior suburbanites.

And in the rare moments of glory when we managed to purge the geese from one coordinate, they simply overtook another. How could we keep them away from the many gated communities, commercial parks, the entire state of Indiana?Idiots thought men from Mexico were a threat, but it was the geese from Canada all along.

We cannot break free from this hell. We cannot undue the invasion. We can only pray that you do not feed the geese.But now we must go. The honking grows closer.

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.4 According To Tolstoy, All Great Literature Is One Of Twenty Two Stories

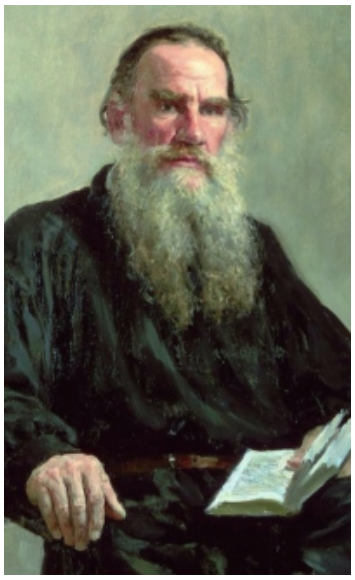
Wednesday, Jun 07, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The marginally notable writer Leo Tolstoy once said: "All great literature is one of two stories; a man goes on a journey or a stranger comes to town." Well, almost. That quote is in fact an abridged version of a much longer quote. According to Tolstoy, all great literature is actually one of twenty two stories. These are the other twenty.

A man goes to flavortown

A hero wakes up with amnesia in an imperiled village

A woman looks at a distant bowl of cereal through a pair of binoculars



An orangutan must check in to a hotel

A child discovers magical pocket monsters, or pokemon if you will

A chosen one must find an important item... and the fate of the world hangs in the balance!

A man goes on a short jog

A charming rogue learns of an advanced "precursor" race and learns to be more responsible

A married person thinks about cheating. They cheat, and feel bad about it. Something leads them to resolve never to cheat again. Then they cheat again and feel bad about it. This goes on for several years and remains completely fascinating.

A man must kill many enemies in stylish ways before kissing a woman

A Downton Abbey viewer sees the Anna character and is reminded of their intense childhood attraction to Gadget from Chip & Dale Rescue Rangers

A wronged party formally requests the safe return of an Eggo waffle which has been stolen from a trusted family member

A dog learns that all canines go to Heaven and immediately commits itself to a life of wretched sin

A baby becomes a boss

A nonstop thrill ride that will have you on the edge of your seat!

A cheeky nonce nicked me lorry, bruv

A kid who gets into an accident and can't come to school. But when he finally comes back, his hair has turned from black into bright white. He says that it's from when the cars had smashed him so hard.

A fitness instructor gone rogue... a mutant crime boss on the take... it's time for aerobic justice!

A ghost learns how to drive a stick shift

A woman takes her reluctant friends out for dinner every week and insists on paying the bill WITH HER BLOOD

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.5 I'M DEEP STATE NOW BITCH

Friday, Jun 09, 2017 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

What's up homebros?

Not much over here just enscompsed deeply in the minucha of DC political life. It has been a while since the last time I bothered to write shit in this computer blog thing and I have now been promoted from assistant FDA guy who puts his unwashed hands on raw pork to acting deputy attorney general.

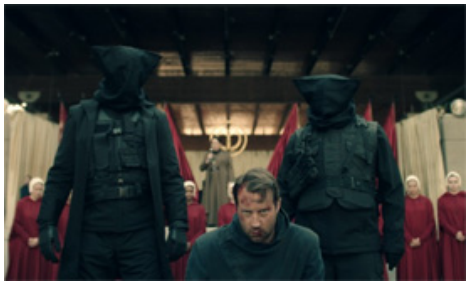
Sounds cool as hell but until I am confirmed by the senate all I can do is hand official forms to police officers that say "by the provisional request of the acting attorney general please do X" and then they are not legally required to do it. Which sucks because all the other acting deputy attorney generals can get the cops to do stuff like "arrest all the mexican looking people" or "fire ten magazines of bullets at a baby that got left in a hot car" with those forms but for some reason "go into the evidence locker and bring me the eight kilos of Chinese muscle relaxers for dinosaurs" just gets a shake of the head and a chuckle.

I'm like oh I'm sorry officer beanpole did you not hear me I'm the attorney general now. I'm fucking deep state bitch that means I am like the xcom guys who take your funding if you ignore all the ufos landing in Canada. If you don't bring me the chinese drugs that will make my heart slow down to one beat an hour then I am going to wire tap your wife's etsy store and sell all her enamel buttons of Dr. Who characters to putin what now fucker? Yeah, I thought so. See you in the commissary it's pizza day. And you better have my dalek.

The big news in Washington this week is leaky ass james cummy that giant motherfucker is at it again stirring up trouble for president donald. He keeps offering testimony and shit about having

dinner with donald and phone calls with donald and bringing up the piss tape and I'm like is nothing private here. This is treason when president donald invited you over to the oval office to eat combos out of a football helmet bowl and talk about dropping the investigation into russia hacking into our maps and turning florida into russia or whatever they did and you fucking told him you would be honestly loyal and then instead you gave all your doodles of spirals and eyeballs and machine guns to the washington post.

Yeah, real honestly loyal you are. Honestly piece of shit more like.



The last thing I want is president donald to get impeached. He keeps giving me jobs even after I crashed that four-wheeler into the holocaust museum or the time I showed up to work at the education department high on bog viagra and told betsy devos "cymru am byth" and also supposebly to put her titties on the glass. Which I don't believe because I saw down her blouse once and it's one going off one way and then the other one looking like it fell asleep so she probably couldn't get them both out on the glass at the same time anyway.

Also if president donald gets impeached (not gonna happen idiots) then Mike Pants is president. Do you know what the fuck this would be like you morons? This guy makes handmaids tale look like a female orgasm class at UCLA. I don't know either of those things but I do know I would take a female elacujation class because I will make those commie girls squart so hard they change their names to Mrs. Johnston.

What I'm trying to say is mike pants will make it illegal for women to drive cars and own goldfish I am not even joking I saw the executive order he drafted after touching his head to the saudi arabia orb. You thought the trump orb stuff was weird mike pants was like "their wisdom will be inside of me" and he put his forehead on it and the light started flickering.

Ever since then he has been making all his women wear gloves and victorian dresses and not letting them have pizza at the friday pizza day in the commissary. Which is fine because more pizza for me but not fine if you are a woman who went to Indiana Bible Technology Institute and wants to get a job in the education department as the person responsible for replacing vegetables with prayers in the school lunch assistance program.

If mike pants gets his way there will be no more gone wild subreddits. In fact no more porn subreddits except for the one where people cum on figurines. That will be it. That will be all of sex you will jerk off onto the asuka figurine and that will be taken to your wife so she can be pregnant. This is mike pants saudi arabian bullshit. I mean if you are royalty you will get to fuck whatever you want but guess who will be royalty: the most lame ass dry county brother is an insurance salesman own mega church going fuckers. There won't be any Oflevi running around in those red dresses.

Which is all to say that as acting deputy attorney general I will use my deep state power to undermine mike pants. You think trump has it bad with the cia leaking all the times he typed "russia titty pee" into yahoo search bar, I will hack into mike pants's webcam and prove to the nation that he brushes his teeth for six hours a day and reads mary worth comics. I will find the sunglasses that

prove that cotton hill looking motherfucker is some sort of skeleton monster and I will fight everyone until they wear the glasses.

Until that time comes, I am going to be subpeenaing everybody I can to ensure that president donald remains in office. I am not going back to my kids and working at papa johns. I can't. Papa John personally called me and told me if I falsify any more job applications to work at a papa johns he is going to show me what happened to mama john and he said here's a hint: that's not butter in the garlic sauce.

I was like what am I a chemistry expert what does that mean? Garlic. I don't even remember what element that is all I know is it is toxic to draculas. But he hung up and I haven't had a good night's sleep since then except for the time I was hit by a t-shirt from president donald's t-shirt cannon he keeps in the oval office. It malfunctioned when I put a bunch of golf balls in it and broke all the windows and somehow I got hit with the t-shirt that shot out too. Once the senate confirms me I am going to have papa john arrested though and send him to the jared fogel prison for fast food people. It's also where they have the taco bell chalupa mother and the arby's ape.

Anyway, I have to get back to work or Jeff Sessions will tickle me for being a goof.

PEAAAAAAAACE!

–∼Levi "HOckey" Johnston

6.6 Fighting Game Quips As Movie Subtitles: Round Three... Begin!

Tuesday, Jun 13, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Replacing Movie Subtitles With Fighting Game Quips series.

As always, the subtitles below are unedited quips from actual fighting games. Today's quotes are from the King of Fighters series.

My whip's awesome. And my hands and
feet aren't bad, either!

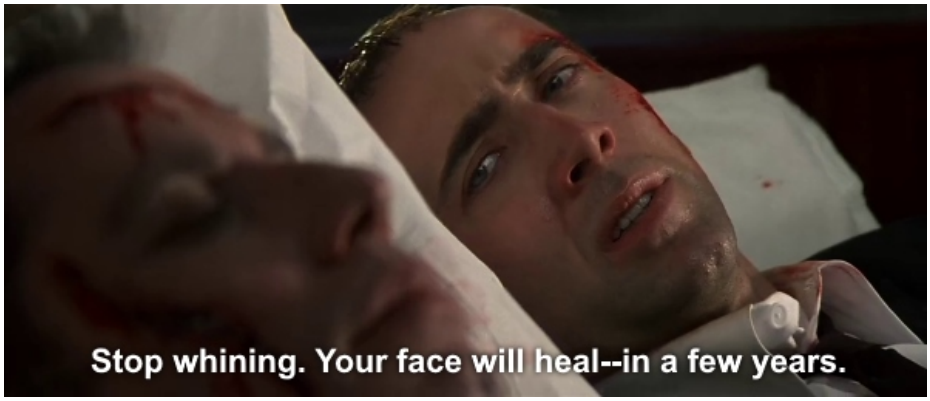
Life is only training! Training, and bowling!

Why don't I lose the shades? Because I don't need to.

Quite a learning experience. Let's do it again next year!

You dance in the mirror. You destroy yourself.

You again? When will you stop impersonating me?



–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.7 The Biggest Announcements of E3 2017

Wednesday, Jun 14, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

- EA announced several new titles as part of their EA Sports range. A new feature this year is interactivity - for the first time, gamers will be able to control these games instead of simply pressing R3 to zoom in and out. This could, quite literally, change the game. Also, there was a car on stage, so one of their games probably has a car in it.
- Microsoft has a new Xbox that's either called the Xbox One X or Xbox one S or they're different things. You can put original Xbox discs in it, or any discs really, or just anything that'll fit. A fun combination games console and storage unit.
- The twisted minds of the South Park are creating a new game that is also called South Park. In it, you do supremely fucked up shit like saying Poopy and Pee-pee and not doing your homework. It is presumed this will earn the game a "PG13" rating.
- In Far Cry 5, you get a gun and can shoot people. Instead of seeing your character from behind or above, you see through their eyes in a "first-person" perspective.
- Bethesda announced Doom VFR, a version of Doom that you play in VR and you get sucked into the game and if you die while sucked into the game you die in real life. Coming to PSVR and Vive.
- In BioWare's Anthem, not much happens at all. A must buy.
- Uncharted: Lost Legacy promises to change the way I still don't play Uncharted games. I still won't be playing this one, but I'll be doing it in an entirely new way.
- Sony has announced a game called God of War. However, there already is a game called God of War. Someone's getting fired!
- Knack 2 was announced. At the end of the trailer, a number "3" faded into view... could this mean Knack 3!? As if to answer my question, the word "YES" faded into view underneath it. Q4 2018.
- Mario + Rabbids Kingdom Battle was officially announced. Mario teams up with the beloved "Rabbid" characters for an adventure that's, er, not QUITE ordinary. The Rabbids are minions now and they say ba na na. A Rabbid comes up dressed as Borat and says very nice I like. The box art is just the word "Epic" in 60pt Impact font. Instead of coins Mario collects boxed copies of the new South Park game. Mario dies thirty minutes in and is replaced by a Rabbid in a thrilling Metal Gear Solid 2 esque twist.
- Instead of Yoshi with yarn, the new game has Yoshi with yarn AND cardboard.
- The round pink guy [forget his name] is back.
- Nintendo showed footage from Super Mario Odyssey, showing Mario posessing a human man with his hat. Some on line jokers were saying "does that mean Mario was just the hat all along". No, of course not. Shut up, on line jokers. The hat is clearly a parasitic organism, like *Ophiocordyceps unilateralis* [or "Zombie Fungus"], that is manipulating Mario's behaviour so as to better reach an environnment for deploying its spores. Levels shown off include Chocolate Candy Land and Wuh Oh! Huge Waterslide.
- (In the tone and timbre of saying "The Aristocrats") The PS Vita

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

6.8 Vextor Defense Corp proudly presents the Wise Girl Statue

Friday, Jun 16, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If you have been on Milton Street here in Bethesda, just outside the Mecha Proving Grounds, you may have noticed the new addition to the Lonely Dog statue which commemorates all fallen private military contractors. A statue of a very smart little girl is now reading to and petting Lonely Dog. We call her the Wise Girl and we hope you enjoy the symbolism she holds for women in defense development systems and private military solutions.

Vextor Defense Corporation, manufacturers of the Helix-18 air defense system and developers of the Panoply area denial drone are proud to celebrate the women who help make our industry so much stronger today. Vextor's nine-person board is led by five women, making Vextor the first strategic combat solutions firm to include over 50% women on the board of directors.

In fact, the Reaper initiative to replace American ground combat troops with our Eliminator X5 quadrupedal combat unit was spearheaded by board member Constance Graves, formerly Production Lead at Total Decimation Systems and CFO of Yutani Heavy Weapons. It was her idea to replace one of the X5's minigun arms with a rotating blade, saving our customers expensive ammunition fees and providing unique close-quarters capabilities for the X5.

Across the industry, things are getting better for women. This year alone, women have developed more types of cluster munitions and incendiary bullets than men. Texalico's burrowing bullet that seeks out the brain no matter where the bullet enters the target? A woman! British Arsenal Technology's highly-concentrated acid foam that can melt through a tank in seconds and reduces organic matter to a slush that can be hosed off the streets? Here's a hint: not developed by a man.

In the coming year we hope to offer expanded opportunities for women who wish to advance Vextor and the industry in developing bleeding edge warfare technology and providing new paradigms for

aggressive defense solutions. With new markets opening up in Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Qatar, and possibly the Continental United States, we need women more than ever to bring their perspective and knowledge to our industry. Five years from now, we hope a woman designer will have her first main battle tank.

In conjunction with our Wise Girl statue, we are announcing the SHE Program.

SHE, or Sentient Howitzer Enterprise, will combine Vextor's proven battlefield decision matrix for artificial combatants with the workhorse 155mm howitzer platform used around the world. This aftermarket upgrade project will be led completely by women, serving a unique opportunity for our women engineers and leaders to demonstrate the solutions they can bring to your long range force projection in the coming years. With over 100 years combined experience in artillery, our all-woman team has already pledged maximum Time On Target with minimum fuss for your forward commanders.

We are not only honoring Vextor's women leaders in defense development; we are celebrating ALL women in the industry, from the women working the production lines assembling spider tanks in Mexico, to the women divers working on the finishing touches to America Deep, the last redoubt of American values located over six miles underwater, to the women who write the leaflets America drops over urban areas to warn that we will be inserting our ground based drones to patrol their streets. Ladies, we salute you and we look forward to increasingly positive outcomes on the battlefield.

At Vextor, nothing devastates quite like a woman and we are proud to be following their lead! Feel free to have your picture taken with Wise Girl to celebrate girl power!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.9 Which Truck Is Right for You?

Tuesday, Jun 20, 2017 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

It's time to be the Big Man on a Little Street. Designed with no regard for average city dimensions, this medium entry truck lets everyone know that you have a truck. It's powerful, it's unnecessary, and it's fully loaded with hardly functional features that sound important. To get the most out of your SuperMAX Ultra Cab, be sure to upgrade to the "This is a Metaphor for my Package" package.

New Features Include

- Expanded width to ensure all parking is triple parking
- Every piece of the car has been calculated and numbered for easy stat boasting. (Example: V6 5.0 Engine, 3 SPS (swipes per second) Window Wipers, 17 USB 1.0 ports, 1cm thick faux leather, Tires: 4)
- Muffler replaced with 10-point speaker system to amplify sound of acceleration
- Cab lifted three feet higher to block vision of drivers in all directions
- Upgraded engine for up to 6 powerful MPG (estimated highway)
- Turn signal automatically disabled
- Extensive brain surgery available to replace your memories with scenes from Mark Wahlberg movies (Optional)
- All metal (including frame, screws, and welding material) replaced with chrome (Optional)

This entry level truck is perfect for the masculine copper scrapper who needs to slip through alleys with a bed full of "acquired" metal. If you're American and have certain preconceived notions on what that means, then the XXL MegaBIG Crew is the truck for a Patriot like yourself.

New Features Include

- Anti-Environmental Engineered Engine to blast a haze of black smoke during idle
- Bed fully equipped with empty Mountain Dew bottles that roll around at every traffic stop
- One stretched out bungie cord included for all your
- Available Colors: Rusted Black, Rusted White, Rust (Special Edition)

- Pre-sun bleached Jegs and Sunoco stickers applied to gate (Optional)
- Includes one (1) blown out bungie for all moving needs

The DeLUX King QuadCab isn't a truck. It's a three-ton status symbol. You'll cruise around your suburb knowing that it is legally impossible to drive anything bigger without a Class A license. Everything rough or difficult about trucks has been replaced with cutting-edge technology and luxurious comfort. There's nothing manlier than being on the receiving end of extreme pampering.

New Features Include

- Fully integrated CabHub featuring satellite radio that only plays the Eagles "Hotel California" and a web tool that auto Likes all your nostalgic Facebook posts
- Dash loaded with the exact same knob and dial loadout of a cold war fighter jet
- Never lose vision in your behemoth with backup camera, left and right turn camera, forward drive camera, and the new 2018 sky camera
- Six photo ops a year of your truck in incredibly masculine locations (previous locations include: towing a boat, moving fallen oak tree, scaling side of mountain)
- Heated steering wheel and foot massaging gas pedal means constant comfort no matter how bumpy the Target parking lot has gotten
- Mobile Wi-Fi autosyncs with your childrens' phones to call you every couple days
- 5 gallon minifridge built into the back row of seats because despite all the advancements sitting in the back of a truck still sucks
- Front seats replaced with two king size Tempur-Pedic mattresses
- List of fifteen customized excuses for why you've never actually loaded anything in the truck

–∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.10 The Totally Sane, Healthy World of IMDB User Lists

Wednesday, Jun 21, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

IMDB user lists allow film buffs to rank movies and creators, spurring meaningful conversations about the medium. At least I think that was the idea. 90% of the lists look like this:

My Harem
a list of 21 people by CeriumEcstatic created 2 days ago

To be fair, not everyone is small-minded. Check out the number of people on this guy's list.

Hotties
a list of 1,608 people by Lewis-37-755655 created 5 months ago
All women I find hot

It's also about exploration.

The 101 Most Beautiful Actresses Alive
a list of 101 people by NoodlesPupkin created 15 Jun 2011
MAJOR UPDATE JUNE 1, 2017

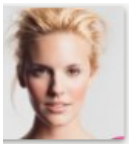
- It's in order.
- "Good" acting is **not** the main focus of this list.
- It's a **personal** list, made only by me and no other members.
- I have to have seen the actress in a movie or TV-series.
- This is **not** a complete list. It's 101, not 1001.
- It's also about exploration.

---

steelerfan19 begs everyone to please stop being so shallow.

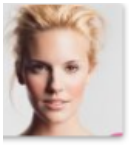
Most Desirable Women
a list of 407 people by steelerfan19 created 08 Nov 2014
This is a list of the women I would most want to be in a relationship with. So, total package, rather than just looks. Ranked in order.

Small note to keep in mind while looking at the next one: There is no show called The Fireplace. Just a minor detail.



Women of the Fireplace
a list of 461 people
These are a list of women who appeared on my TV show, The Fireplace. It is in no order, except for the three leading ladies in the first three spots.

Sorry. Im Sorry. Im trying to revise it.



Women of the Fireplace revised.
a list of 491 people
These are a list of women who appeared on my TV show, The Fireplace. It is in no order, except for the three leading ladies in the first three spots. This is my revised list.

This user posits that an actress can be attractive without being a good actress.

Actresses I Find Attractive
a list of 423 people by ilovehearses created 12 Oct 2012
Actresses that I think are attractive, regardless of their acting skills. They are in no particular order.

I will add more as I think of them.

Dude, I love far East Pleasures.

Asian and India's far East Pleasures Karma Sutra Women of Beauty
a list of 41 people

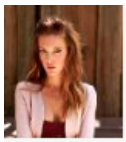
peperonni123 invents a classification system that threatens to topple Dewey's legacy.

Hot, Beauty and Sexiest
a list of 250 people by peperonni123 created 30 Nov 2012
Most beautiful, sexy and hot actress - The one with xxx means she´s even more seductive and desirable to me

Not every list is about women that creepy dudes want to collect in oversized jars. Some lists are also about utter nonsense!

Teacher's Pet and the Sea: The Jumboney Life (2006 - Sonic Team, Radical Enter, Sega Games, Warner Bros. Interactive Enter, Universal Interactive, DC Comics, Baseman Enter, Disney Interactive Studios and Vivendi Games)
a list of 2,409 people by myboyz2009 created 2 months ago

I like my women how I like my BBQ: Sticking to my hippocampus.



My personal Eyecandy
a list of 107 people by keksnetz created 02 Jun 2013
In no specific order: Ladies I consider very attractive and adding some spice to their TV shows and movies.
Some big names not showing up, because sometimes I just get bored ;) I need that something "special" to make her stick to my memory.

Congratulations to the actresses who some guy found attractive in spite of their "off standart" features. Finally, validation for all those years of hard work.

Off Standart Beauty (No particular order)
a list of 49 people by olesvovchenco created 10 Apr 2016
A list of people with off standard facial features, considered to be, to various extent, attractive all over the world...

I wanted to like Best Of Woman, but I preferred Woman Christmas Album.

Best Of Woman
a list of 50 people by espawnn created 3 weeks ago
Rated by my vision taste

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.11 Our New Drone is Our Least Menacing Yet

Friday, Jun 23, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Our new XVR-7 is the most advanced consumer drone on the market today. It couples nimble quad-rotors with precise collision-avoidance sensors that allow it to maneuver through tight spaces. It function in day or night conditions, record crystal-clear 4K digital video, travel for over four hours on a single charge, and follow you autonomously so that you don't have to take your mind off your leisure activities. Enjoy biking, swimming, kayaking, climbing, or running and you never have to worry about escaping the range of the XVR-7. It will even find you in the bathroom. It will know where you bathroom is and it will follow you into the bathroom.

This drone will change the way you create content. It will keep an eye on you while you are performing daredevil stunts, relaxing on the beach, eating, using the bathroom, talking in hushed voices to your loved ones while glancing furtively at the drone hovering just outside your window. The new autocharge features means the XVR-7 can self-charge using solar strips during daylight hours and will seek out alternate energy sources for recharging at night. It can use any available wall outlet, a battery pack recharger, a car battery, or even the electricity in a mammal's nervous system. Don't worry, it doesn't hurt!

The XVR-7 is your tireless companion on life's journey. It's hovering over you when you go to sleep and when you wake up it is hovering nearby the unexpectedly open drawer where you keep your diary, gun, and illegal drugs. It will hover just outside the shower. It will hover above you when you use the toilet. It will even count how many times you flush the toilet during each bathroom visit and send this information to our cloud servers.

Have you ever wanted to rewind the important moments of life? The XVR-7 streams non-stop to our cloud storage facility, allowing you to recall any moment you would like to watch again, such as the time you forgot about the XVR-7, got in your car, and for some reason drove at top speed into the countryside. It will record the times you locked it out of the house or put it out in the rain. Don't worry, the XVR-7 is an all-weather drone and can even function in heavy snow!

Our open-ended navigation and documentation-assist software will allow the XVR-7 to recognize you, your loved ones, your pets, and your enemies. It will be able to assess threats to your household,

whether they come from the outside or the inside, and fully record whatever happens next for forensic purposes.

Toss the XVR-7 into the air on seek mode and it will locate your loved ones based on the rhythm of their heartbeat, which it can even detect through walls. The XVR-7 is also the first of our drones to automate your bathroom monitoring. It knows whether you are going number one or number two. If it's a one, it can tell you if you are staying hydrated and if it's a two, well, the XVR-7 uses algorithms to "see" your health based on the firmness of your stool. The XVR-7 then uploads this data to all other XVR-7s in range so that they have your toilet profile on record and easily accessible.

We do share some of your bathroom information with our advertisers and, following the drone monitoring act of 2016, we are also required to store this information on a serve for possibly use by counter-terrorist services.

If you have any concerns about privacy issues, please be aware that we do not sell or trade any customer-tagged information. All of your bathroom data is processed by an AI that tabulates, analyzes, but does not judge. No matter what you are doing in the bathroom, it does not judge. And for every 100 number ones or every 25 number twos, our central AI will award you a good boy or good girl sticker. These stickers can be redeemed for cases to your XVR-7 or saved for future tech upgrades.

If you just want the XVR-7 to hover silently over your bed while you sleep and count how many times your heart beats every night and send that number to our advertisers, well, it can do that too! It will do it even if you don't ask it to do that. Even if you tell it to stop, the XVR-7 will continue.

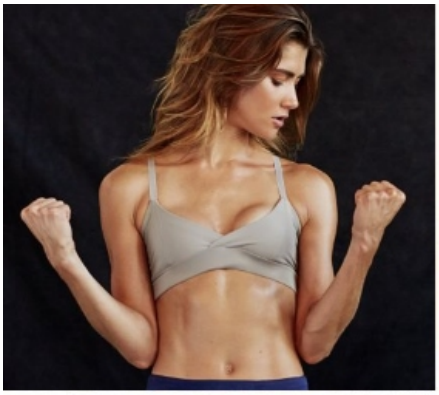
It knows what is best for you.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

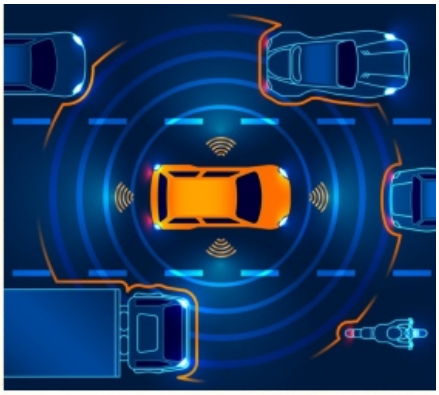
6.12 Sponsored Links 10: The Tennening

Tuesday, Jun 27, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This article is part of the Sponsored Links series.



The Invisible Weight Set Everyone Is Tired Of Hearing About - Just Give It Up Already, Monica. No One Is Falling For This.



Incredible New Car Tech Sets Off Alarm When It Detects Presence Of Road

Facebook Inverts Logo To Be Legible When Viewed In Reflection Of Users' Eyes

Can't Remember Phone Numbers? Have Friends Change Theirs To Match Your Credit Card Numbers!

Why Does Coke Fit In Toilet? It's The Only One That Does And Science Can't Explain

Wait Until You See What White Guy Was Blinking At (Hint: It's His Dog Returning From Deployment In Afghanistan)

Praying With Ropes And Purple Sponges Is 30% More Effective Than Praying With Ropes Alone

Maybe If We Keep Tapping It We Can Take It Back... For The Love Of God Tap Harder You Cretins

Impossible-To-Find Nintendo Thing Will Come In A Cooler Extra-Impossible-To-Find European Model

The Legendary Tennis Match That Cost Trump 7% Of His Lifetime Energy Reserves

Prank Your Friends When They Fall Asleep... By Putting Them On A Woman's Face!

The Perfect Gift For Someone Whose Hobby - And Very Identity - Is Pretending To Bite Bags Of Bread

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.13 UpFeed BuzzPost: Front Page Headlines

Wednesday, Jun 28, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

UpFeed BuzzPost
"Where clicks become pageviews"

[QUIZ] Hey Asshole! Yeah, You, Jackass! Want To Know Which Disney Princess You Are, You Piece Of Shit?

Imagine If There Was A Zombie Apocalypse! Like In Movies.

We Saw A Bird And It Was Adorable. It Flew Away Before We Could Take A Photo Of It Though. Sorry.

It Was So Cute Though You Guys.

[SPONSORED CONTENT] Buy Some Ffucking. Kraft Singles

Top 12 Angry Men

Racism: We Get To The Bottom Of It In Under 500 Words

[QUIZ] Think You're The Number One Rugrats Fan? You Fool. Better Souls Than You Have Tried And Failed. Take The Quiz, If You Must - But Know That Your Hubris Will Be Your Undoing.

Think You've Seen Every Shade Of The Color Blue? Think Again

poltcs [sic]

[SPONSORED CONTENT] The 35 Most Amazing Types Of Bread Crust. What's That? Curious About How This Could Possibly Be Sponsored Content? Guess You'll Have To Click To Find Out

This Article Is One Of The Articles That's Just Tweets. You Can Skip This One

[COMIC] Inspirational! Dumbass With Shitty Face Does Something Relatable

45 Dead In Tragic Inner-City Apartment Fire

Yeah, that's right. Sometimes we're a news site, too.

Which Harry Potter House Are You? Retake This Until You Get The Good One

5 Heartwarming Stories Of Pets That Overcame Disabilities - and 6 That Take A Cronenberg-esque Twist

SPONSORED CONTENT
Hey millenials... buy some COCACOLA... Itds very "Fidget
Spinner" to buy the sugar drink cocacola. Sorry about the right
third of this sponsored content being empty space - I have been
having a problem with my computer

If you enjoyed this article, you may be interested to know there is a zine called "This is Internet" that also features jokes that pretend to be web-sites. I think you will have fun reading it. It ships on July 12th but is available for purchase now. Check it out. Ganbare.

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

6.14 I'm Pretty Sure this Airbnb is Just a Treehouse

Thursday, Jun 29, 2017 by The Concerned Consumer

Hello Stacy,

Normally, when people stay at an Airbnb, they prefer to maintain the illusion that the space they rented is wholly theirs, and not littered with the skin cells and fecal matter of strangers. However, I have no choice but to shatter this facade and contact you directly. So why didn't I just leave you a negative comment on the website itself? Well, it shouldn't surprise you to hear that, without any source of power, my iPhone went dead about 10 hours into my stay. Peeling off a massive piece of bark and carving this message into it may hurt my reputation as an Airbnb tenant, but I had to register my complaints while they were still fresh. And while the bark was still fresh and pliable.

Let's get the biggest thing out of the way: I'm pretty sure this Airbnb is just a treehouse. Yes, I did pick up some warning signals, and foolishly chose to ignore them. For instance, I had never heard of a "luxury tree-style loft," but kind of stopped reading after I saw "luxury" adjacent to "$139." Based on the photos you provided, your space appeared to be small, but cozy, with a unique rustic theme that promised to calm my nerves on this grueling business trip.

The fact that I could only access the loft with a rope ladder did raise some questions, but I chalked that up to travel anxiety and decided to unpack and relax. As I heard a storm roll in, I fluffed my pillow and waited for the sound of falling rain to put me to sleep. What happened next was something I never could have predicted. The rain, typically known to remain outside in most cases, began assaulting me through the windows. As I scrambled to shut them, I found no pane or sill to speak of: these "windows" were just holes strategically cut into connected pieces of wood! Also, my pillow was a garbage bag full of leaves.

It was a rude awakening, but I decided to dust myself off, wring out my suit, and make the most of this predicament. After all, I chose your space, not just for the price, but for the many amenities you listed. And "fresh honey on location" was one of them. I'm a man who enjoys a good, thick dollop in his tea every morning, and that's just what I was in the mood for, despite not having any access to hot water. Was I surprised that the "fresh honey" you listed was a euphemism for the large beehive dangling from one of this tree's larger branches? You bet, but I wasn't about to let a

few hundred stings get between me and my honey. Was I even more surprised when that beehive turned out to be a wasp nest? You bet.

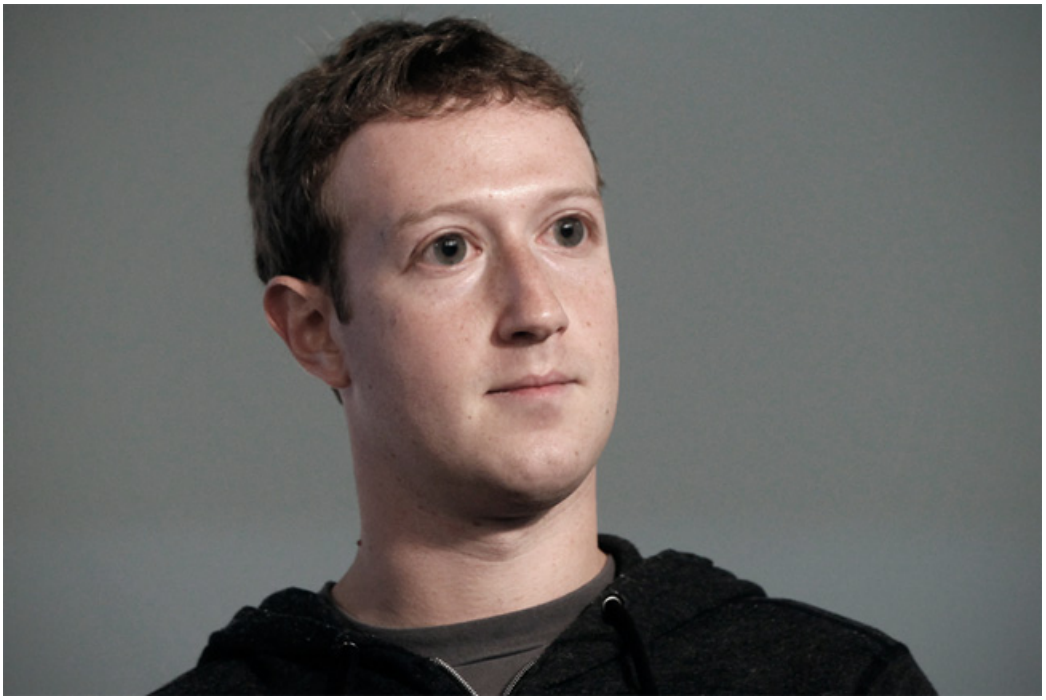
After the wasp venom worked its way through my body, I decided to plug in my phone and connect with the boys back at the office. A sole extension cord dangling through the window served as my only source of power, so I gave it a little tug and plugged in. Nothing. I traced the cord to its source: the adjacent backyard which featured what I can honestly admit was the most American flags I'd ever seen in 200 square feet--and my brother works in a flag store. Assuming you had worked out some sort of deal with your neighbor, I found the outlet, and, at the same time, a large, violent man in a Harley-Davidson poncho who had some questions for me. I thought I'd be in serious trouble, but after some rough shovings and a mock execution--which I can assure you felt very, *very* real--I was allowed to both leave and clean my pants with his garden hose.

I shouldn't have to play this card, but I'm a very important person in my organization, and feel I deserve much better treatment than what I currently received. As a businessman, I understand "the art of the deal," but going so far as to win the trust of your fellow man, then proceed to completely deceive him? Frankly, it disgusts me, and this whole experience has made me lose all faith in humanity. You can bet the next time our NAMBLA conference comes to town, I'll be staying somewhere else under an assumed name.

–∼The Concerned Consumer

6.15 A Gentle Listening Tour: Americans Have a Variety of Occupations and Scents

Friday, Jun 30, 2017 by Gentle Creature Mark (@sexyfacts4u)



The rude frog ascendant, twitter-ominous, a bad guy, but me, a good, listening friend. Ready to serve.

I am listening, America. To the hum of your sounds and the beat of your heart. I am traveling to seventeen towns in Iowa, nine in New Hampshire, and four in South Carolina. I am experiencing the diversity of American occupations, inhaling your scents, and coming to understand your hand gestures.

It is my honor to encounter so many communicative people. I met with a male who drives bigrig trucks. Did you know bigrig trucks do not drive themselves? How curious. It seems like it would be a boring and easy job with modern navigation technology. I am told it is not boring and easy. I asked if the man was sure it was not easy. He smiled and shook his head, which made me think he was happy and saying no. I checked with Deborah and she said that was correct. He was happy and saying no. I asked him if the roads here are good and if he liked to use them. He said they were good.

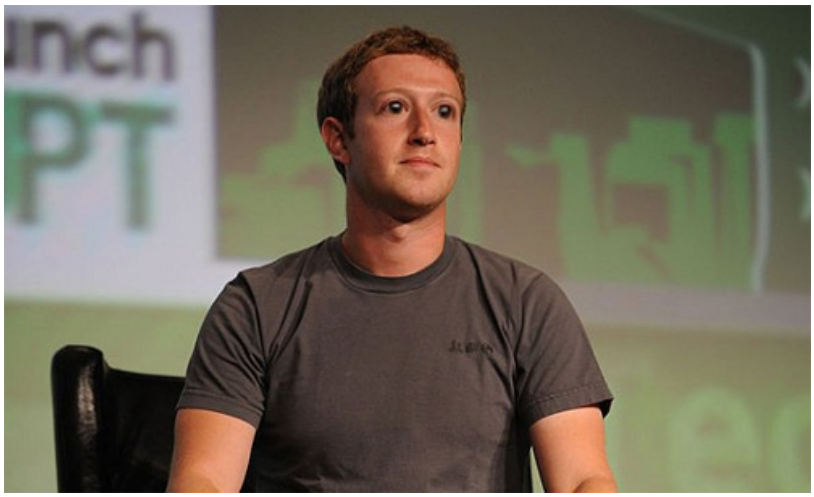
I went to the local ice cream shop and consumed an ice cream drink with another male. His name was Bill. Retired from what, I will never know. Perhaps he lifted things such as stones and other objects. Perhaps he was a consumer. I watched him consume an ice cream drink. I noted his enjoyment and was seconded in this observation by Deborah who remained crouched under the counter out of the camera frame. While I listened to Bill's body make its sounds, the shop remained open for business. I allowed this.

At another restaurant, I consumed more ice cream from a dish and formed my mouth into smiles. I successfully did not consider that the ice cream was made from bovine fluid and sucrose. I did not bring up the injections. I did not discuss the pylon. Todd was very friendly to me. He invited me back to his house and I told him NO THANK YOU very loudly before Debroah placed her hand on the back of my neck to calm me. She explained to him, "We do not enter homes." I explained to Todd, "The homeowner has power over our bodies when we enter their space. They could make us undress or worse." Todd said he would not make me do that. I thank him with a fist bump which I had read about online.

Ah, the boys in blue. The thin blue line. What more can I say? These men all carried loaded semiautomatic firearms and are trained to shout at people. They listened to me explain what we are doing with data. I told them that I like police. I am concerned about a blue life. And a black life. All life. The moss life, the grass life, the bug life, the thug life. Every one life is important to me. I told the police chief that he could use Facebook to find out what people think in their darkest hearts. Their fear and hatred can be seen by our algorithms. We can predict down to the minute what time a person will die. At the end of our conversation I shook the police chief's hand, looked into his eye, and informed him, "The best book is the Bible. The Good Book."

I bring the word of gentleness from coast to coast, but specifically to Iowa, New Hampshire, and South Carolina for no particular reason. I am learning the ways of Americans. Also females, which I did not discuss here but I encountered females also. One woman took a selfie image with me. I inquired to another mother if her young daughter had experienced her first menstruation yet. She said that she had not. She was only four. Curious. I will have to look into that process.

Thank you, America. I look forward to being your good, gentle president who cares about your issues.



–∼Gentle Creature Mark (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 I Made A Cheap Arcade Stick! And Mistakes!

Wednesday, Jul 05, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

My destiny is not to land a book deal or have a family, but to build a replica Neo Geo arcade cabinet then play the stupid thing like once a year.

Unfortunately that's not going to happen any time soon. There isn't enough room in my apartment for a refrigerator-sized box that weighs almost as much as a refrigerator and plugs into the wall like a refrigerator. Wait a second. That gives me an idea! What if I throw out my bed and lay the arcade cabinet sideways in its place, then sleep on top of it?

Nah. The project will have to wait. In the meantime I decided to buy a bunch of components and build a cheap arcade stick ($40 total compared to $150 for pre-built sticks using similar parts) that works with MAME or modern fighting games, with parts that can pop out and be used in a mythical Neo Geo cabinet one day.

Choosing The Parts

First I needed a stick. There are all sorts of generic manufacturers with names like Geese Genuine Electronics and Happy Safe Company, but if you want something reliable you'll probably choose between made by Happ (American) or Sanwa (Japanese). I bought a Sanwa JLF-something because the internet has led me to believe that Japanese things are inherently cooler.

The packaging certainly lived up to this promise:

What I didn't realize is that pressing a Sanwa stick in any direction creates a VERY LOUD clicking noise like the world's smallest skeleton warrior getting caught in the base of an escalator.

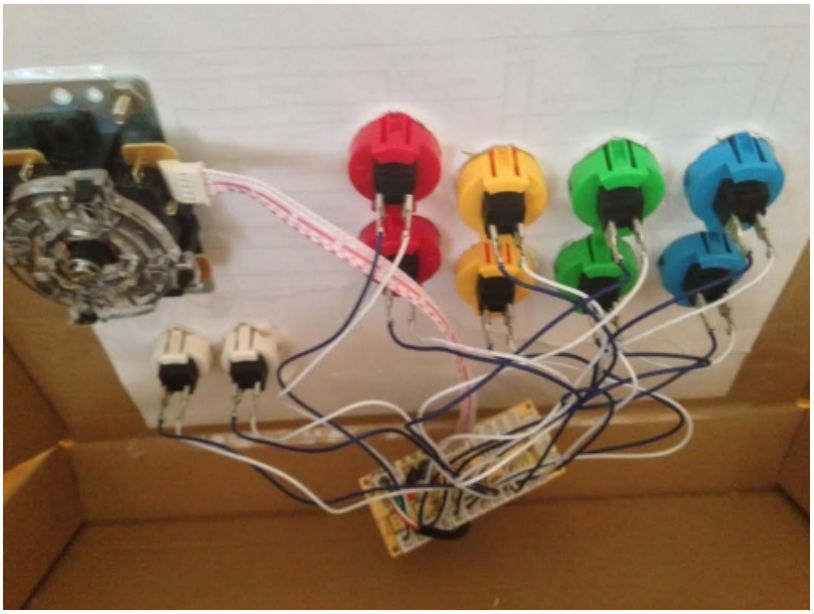
The same two companies make arcade buttons, so once again I went with Sanwa. Turns out their buttons are very sensitive. How sensitive? Well, American buttons need to be pressed down a few

centimeters before they activate. To activate a Sanwa button your finger only needs to come within three feet of its surface. That might sound annoying, but look on the bright side: You might pull off some sort of ultra dragon punch by just keeping your hand in its resting position.

Of course, the stick and buttons need to be plugged into some sort of brain thing, which in turn sends signals out via USB. This is called a PCB (Plugged-into Control Brainthing). I got one for ten dollars.

I got the wrong one for ten dollars. It only came with wiring for American style joysticks, so I spent a whopping seventy cents for a Japanese style joystick cable, plus four dollars shipping.

Putting It Together



You might have noticed that I didn't buy a base to cram all this stuff into. That's because I decided to use a cardboard box. If I drilled a hole in the wrong place, the absolute worst outcome would have been a trip to the recycle bin that I should have made weeks ago.

I found a great site with button layouts, tweaked and printed out one that resembled the Neo Geo, and taped it in place. Then I used a dying dremel to cut out all the holes while I hunched over the sink in a half bathroom without wearing a mask. Most of the swirling cardboard dust went directly into my lungs, but cardboard is trees so no harm done.

After realizing I didn't have enough nuts and bolts to secure the joystick to the base, I improvised. Improvising means slapping lots of tape on loose corners and hoping they hold.

Wiring everything together was surprisingly painless, taking all of ten minutes. That's probably because I've been building my own gaming computers since the late 90s. I am not particularly smart, but buying parts that fit together in one rather obvious way then following a guide to make sure I'm putting them together in that one rather obvious way makes me feel incredibly smart.

The Result

It's as functional as it is beautiful. The white buttons are start and select (mapped to insert coin and P1 start in MAME). I went with two rows of Neo Geo colored buttons, but I probably could have gotten away with six face buttons and two on the sides of the base for pinball.

You might be wondering which game I used to christen this cardboard wonder. An intense action game like Metal Slug? Samurai Shodown 2? A Capcom fighter that utilizes all the buttons?

Neo Turf Masters. The one-button golf game starring The Informant!-era Matt Damon.

Nothing but good choices being made over here.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.2 Classic Literature as Brand Stories

Thursday, Jul 06, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

These days, the story behind a brand is almost as important as the product or service it offers. But it's hard to come up with original and compelling brand stories in such a crowded market. That's why I propose advertisers repurpose the tried-and-true stories of classic literature. To illustrate, here are some classic literary plots paired with popular brands.

Slaughterhouse Five

After surviving the bombing of Dresden, Billy Pilgrim sees two horses dying of thirst and cries for the first time in the entire war. He resolves to spend the rest of his life battling thirst and founds the Pepsi-Cola Company.

The Catcher in the Rye

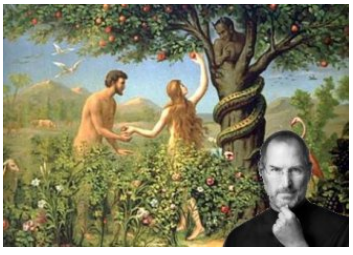
Holden Caulfield despises the greed and hypocrisy of the adult world and wishes it were possible to remain a child forever. This motivates him to invent Loot Crates.

The Sun Also Rises

Like the rest of the lost generation, Jake Barnes struggles to impose value on the anomie of post-war life. When this fails, he wishes he could at least organize revenue values into easy-to-read charts. This gives him the idea for Microsoft Excel.

Portnoy's Complaint

After his longwinded, profanity-filled rant to his therapist about his mother, his childhood and his sexual proclivities, Alexander Portnoy wonders if other people have the same need to endlessly complain about their personal lives to people they don't really know. The next day, he registers livejournal.com.



The Bible

Satan, disguised as a serpent, tricks Eve into taking a bite from the apple of knowledge, causing the fall of man. Steve Jobs sees this and gets the idea for the Apple logo.

On the Road

Sal Paradise hitchhikes across the country in search of the American dream but gets discouraged by the difficulty of finding rides. He aborts his trip and starts Uber instead.

Pale Fire

Professor Charles Kinbote annotates his deceased friend John Shade's posthumous poem "Pale Fire," telling a completely unrelated story in the process. He just wishes it were possible to store, edit and share his notes across desktop and mobile platforms. This inspires him to found Evernote.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

7.3 I had to let Wolfy go because he was the worst dog

Friday, Jul 07, 2017 by Lenny (@sexyfacts4u)

A lot of you have been asking where Wolfy is these days since he's always been the star of my 'gram and I've been posting pics of my 'bradoodle besties. Yes, Wolfy was bigger and older and my two 'bradoodles are cuter and more fun. Sure. But that's not why. Well, you know honesty is my jam but this one has been really heartbreaking to talk about. Thankfully, I am very brave and extremely honest. I have known I had to share what happened with Wolfy even though I am certain some people are going to use this against me in a completely unfair and vindictive way. That's okay! It's part of being heroically brave.

After four years of being a piece of shit idiot, Wolfy is gone. That fluffy moron would chew lamp cords, he would make messes, he licked a cancer kid's birthday cake, he growled at the sun, he tried to bite me when I gave him treats and he was racist. Extremely racist against blacks and even worse towards trans people. He never thanked me for using him in the Vogue shoot or any of the publicity shoots. Basically, Wolfy was the number one worst dog. I don't blame him, he was abused and had numerous owners before someone (me) had the courage to offer him a forever home. Bouncing from house to house turned Wolfy into a psychopath and no amount of aroma therapy or instagram photos or walks with me to the Gelato place would convince him to chill the eff out.

After four years of this aggressive and very challenging behavior that could not be treated with horse tranquilizers or being an extremely excellent furbaby mom, I had to get rid of that furry piece of shit ruining my life. His masculinity was toxic, he no longer looked anywhere near as cute anyway and

he was stinking up my 'gram. Wolfy went to live at an amazing facility that I looked up online and had my assistant contact. I was very sad to see him go because I love him so hard and so selflessly, but I packed him up in that cardboard box and gave him to the FedEx guy to drive to Los Angeles. This is a facility that deals with troubled pets. It dealt with King, the ball python that tried to eat a child on Snapchat and Louis, the goldfish that was kicked off twitter for tweeting "seig heil" to the president.

Someday I'll write about what a relief it was to see that evil fucking dog go off and really be Wolfy, pissing and shitting himself, wrecking the lives of good people, and enjoying the sound of white men using the n-word. There were so many lessons in it, about accepting myself for being such a great furmom and persevering through so many struggles that would have made other people give up. My assistant wanted to give up several times when Wolfy snapped at her, but I kept going and hired a new assistant who would not threaten to quit every time she had to get stitches in her fingers. And even though I don't believe in god, I believe that god has a plan for Wolfy, and he wants to thank me for being like a modern day saint for helping Wolfy.

Shout out to to Craig Crispens, Lourdessa, and Jameon Ritzobitzero for loving Wolfy even when he dragged his miserable dog ass all over the carpet and expensive couches and ate all the green tea we bought to make green tea cake but my fucking dumbass assistant Bekka (Bekk-ugh) left out on the counter even though I told her to put it in the canister. Basically I had a monster dog and a dumbass assistant and also that lady who yelled at me for leaving Wolfy in the hot van even though it was for like an hour tops and he had an entire cup of noodles I gave him off the food truck.

I'm good now. I have my 'bradoodles and they fill the hole in my heart left by Wolfy who I will always care for well above and beyond what any other person would because I am so good. I'm just such a good, loving mother to him at a distance while he gets to be himself at that place I found online. It's basically like a big building for dogs where bad dogs get to do whatever they want. And yes, most of them fight, but that's like what dogs were bred to do for centuries and all those centuries of abuse are just what I was trying to deal with.

PS If you have a similar situation, please know its possible to responsibly re-home your worthless idiot dog rather than sending him back to the shelter system even if it is against the agreement you signed with the no-kill shelter that you adopted your monster dog from. It can require patience, diligence and often a financial contribution but there are solutions that leave everyone happy and safe. You will always have been your dog's first stop outside shelter life and that's beautiful. It's like being the first mother of an orphan in the real world and then helping break that orphan in for the next mother who can actually feed the orphan the right combination of pills and violence to break him down.

Also the shelter might say some bullshit about Wolfy never being abused and actually being a good dog but they did not see the breakdown he had when Donald Trump got elected. Wolfy just sort of snapped at that point and there was nothing I could do and he was losing his social media engagement and I had to go in a new direction. But honestly they should be thanking me for bringing attention to the plight of dogs. I posted eighteen photos of myself topless from the back and tagged them with the shelter's name. So we are more than even and they can stop lying.

You can read more about this in the next issue of the magazine named after me.

The Worst Bitch.

–∼Lenny (@sexyfacts4u)

7.4 A Scant Few of The Many Foes I Have Pummeled In Your Realm

Tuesday, Jul 11, 2017 by Foe Pummeler (@DennisFarrell)

It is for honor and sacred oathkeeping that I traverse the linked realms, pummeling the mightiest warriors from all clans.

As my realmjumper device begins the hours-long spinup for my departure I shall pummel these words into mighty tablets of stone, so that my deeds may be remembered by your kind with crippling shame. This is a record of the foes I have conquered in your realm through clever pummeling. As they were the best your kind had to offer, it is through their defeat that I have bested you all.

FIRST there was a male. As I stepped around a corner with my fists raised high above my head in the standard pummeling stance, he let a high-pitched battle cry loose and turned to run in the opposite direction.

This was the move of a hardened champion. He clearly intended to circle your planet, picking up speed as he went, before striking me down with a single blow made devastating by his momentum. To encounter such a worthy foe on my first outing was a tremendous honor and an omen of great pummelings to come!

I grabbed him by the scruff of his neck before he managed a single step and pummeled him with all due admiration.

SECOND was a woman champion. So certain was she of her combat accumen that she remained motionless in her angled bed, a small tube depositing clear liquid into her forearm. This was in a smallish room, one of many in a large building full of other warriors laying in identical beds wearing light blue robes.

Her entire body was covered in strange armor. It appeared to be ceremonial cloth, but as my pummels rained down they were deflected by the surprisingly resilient material. Such advanced armor could only have been handed down by this realm's emperor, marking the woman as an elite foe beyond measure.

She did not seem troubled by the pummeling. In fact, she did not even open her eyes. But on that day I swear to you by the watchers of the linked realms that this, your mightiest female warrior, did not lay a single hand on me. Victory!

THIRD was an unusually small champion, of which the others in his party cried, "He is Only Eight Years Old!"

Only Eight Years Old shall be remembered for all time as one of my all-time greatest foes.

This encounter posed the most difficulty of all my challenges. You see, Only Eight Years old had cleverly made himself so small that his body presented far less surface area to pummel.

It was only through tremendous concentration and accuracy that I was able to land several pummels on Only Eight Years Old before his honor guard dragged me out of the Arby's restaurant. As they held my head in a dumpster full of roast beef and mayonnaise and pummeled my kidney-hearts,

I smiled to myself. Any man capable of commanding such loyalty from his followers was truly a worthy adversary!

END OF STONE TABLET SIDE A - PLEASE TURN OVER TO STONE TABLET SIDE B

–∼Foe Pummeler (@DennisFarrell)

7.5 Creepypasta_2.wikia.com FEATURED STORIES

Wednesday, Jul 12, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Creepypasta_2.wikia.com

"Another site got the better URL but we're still the best creepypasta wiki on the web"

Cursed Disc"

by anon

Please. You have to read this. You might not believe this, but still - keep reading. It's too late for me... but maybe by reading this someone else will be saved.

My name is Peat and I am 17years old. I've always been a fan of classic games, so when I noticed my game-loving neighbours were holding a garage sale, I was jumping for joy. I rooted through some of the crates of games and found a playstation game. But this was no ordinary playstation game - the game case was covered in strange runic symbols. I thought this was pretty cool, so I bought the game. It cost $6.99 so I gave them $7 made of one $5 bill and two $1 bills. They started looking around for 1 cent of change but I said it was cool.

When I opened the game case at home blood started seeping out of the disc and filling up the game case. Huh I thought This must be a pirated version. I thought that was pretty lame but whatever. I used disc swapping to get the game to work in my playstation and soon enough I was at the title screen. It looked like the default net yaroze "game select" screen, but there was only one game to select... it was the same runes I had seen on the game case. When I selected it I heard an evil laugh. Right before the screen faded to black I realized my mistake. What I thought were runes was actually the word "ghouls" upside-down. Ghouls. Son of a bitch. It's at this point I opened my laptop and began transcribing this true story.

So please! Heed my warning... DON'T make the same mistakes I did... If you buy a playstation game disc and it says cursed stuff on it and it's covered in blood and when you put the game in your playstation there are ghouls turn the game off please. Or else you m [Author's note: cut off mid sentence from being trapped inside a game disc by a treacherous ghoul]

Haunted Tetris

by anon

Hello. My name is... well, that's not important right now. What is important is that I'm able to warn you about something horrible... something terrible. It was a normal day like any other when I happened across a garage sale in my local neighbourhood. I was looking through to see if there was anything good, when I noticed they had Tetris for the Game Boy. I loved Tetris when I was a kid, so I thought I'd buy it. I asked them how much it would cost and they said $4.50. I paid with a $5 note and they gave me 50 cents in change made up of two quarters. When I got home I noticed there was something off about this game cartridge - instead of being grey, it was coloured blood red. Little did I know my troubles were only beginning.

When I put the game cartridge in my Game Boy and turned it on, everything seemed normal. The title of the game - Tetris - was displayed as normal. Beneath the title of the game were options for 1 player and 2 player - however, since I did not have a link cable, I couldn't choose 2 player. The copyright notice at the bottom of the screen read "1989 Nintendo". I pressed start and started a game of Game A. At first, everything was normal, and I started making lines. After a few minutes, I noticed something was off. Suddenly, I noticed what it was. The game music was playing backwards instead of forwards. At this point I was getting seriously creeped out. It was at this point my troubles went from bad to worse - A strange tetris brick made up of five squares had just appeared on screen. It looked like the T piece but with an extra square coming off the bottom of the T. I screamed and turned my game boy off.

Since that happened I have had nightmares every night. The next day I drove past where the garage sale was where I bought the game and there was no house there.

Magic Zelda

by anon

One time I bought a second hand zeolda game for N64 at a garage sale. The label was torn off and when I put it in my N64 a ghost killed me.

Pokémon Scary

by anon

I was walking down my neighbourhood's main street on garage sale day, the day on which everyone held a garage sale at the same time. I thought I might be able to pick up a kischy retro lamp to really tie my mancave together. However, instead, I found a copy of pokemon Red.
Kick ass! I thought. Pokémon Red was one of my favorite games as a kid, and I thought it would be cool to relive some of those classic memories. But something was off about this particular copy... I didn't know exactly what back then, but I had an eerie feeling. I shrugged it off and paid for it. Their selling price was $10 but I told them that was ridiculous for a game from 1998. Eventually they relented and let me have it for $6.50, which I paid for by giving them 26 quarters that I had in a little ziploc bag from a different thing.

When I got home I took the game cartridge out of its box and prepared to put it in the fully charged game boy I guess the protagonists of these stories all have ready in 2017. When the familiar nintendo "dee-DEE" had passed, I was onto the main screen of pokémon red. I saw that there was a saved game already there. The character's name was HELPME and they had played for 666:66 and they had caught 666 pokémon and they had all 8 gym badges. I thought this was weird, because in generation 1 there were only 151 pokémon, but I thought that maybe this was a hacked version of the game. I'm kind of a big fish in the pokémon romhacking community, so I thought this was actually pretty cool.

When I selected continue and started playing, I noticed the music playing was the Lavender town theme. I immediately started screaming. There's nothing scarier to a gamer than the famous Lavender town theme. I checked what pokémon they had in their party, and they had 6 haunters that were all named DEAD. At this point I was seriously getting weirded out. Suddenly the screen changed to at least 100 layers of hellish flame that scrolled and flickered really realistically. Suddenly I realized - the Game Boy couldn't render parallax scrolling with that many sprite layers. I began to scream and then I woke up in my bed holding a game boy so just as I was thinking if it was really all a dream I saw that I was holding the game boy and was all like "huh".

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

7.6 5 Essential Tips for Mass Transit Travel

Thursday, Jul 13, 2017 by The Train Whisperer

Congratulations! You've managed to find yourself living in one of America's few cities where owning a car isn't necessary. And while the incredible cost of living will negate any possible savings of a car-free lifestyle, consider the negligible benefit to the environment your true reward. But remember, traveling underground in a rickety metal tube full of farts carries its own specific code of conduct.

- A careful observer may notice that most trains' doors stay open for roughly 30-45 seconds at every stop, giving passengers plenty of time to get on and off. But what if, for whatever reason, this reliable system changes without warning, leaving you waiting for up to eight minutes for the next train? However unlikely this scenario may be, your only option is to shove, punch, and kick your way into the car as fast as possible, with no regard for any human life other than your own. And if you're worried about a criminal record, don't worry: the inside of any train car can safely be considered the International Waters of the land.

- Part of traveling by train or subway means giving up some of your private space-but it doesn't have to. By using a trick most commuters call "the sorcery of the railway," you can have an entire row of seats to yourself. Simply sit on the aisle seat, put your bag or purse on the seat next to yours, and refuse to make eye contact with anyone who tries to get your attention or notify you of their physical disability. It may seem like every surrounding passenger despises you, but in actuality, they're all just jealous you've come up with such a watertight plan to preserve your boundaries.

- Most people occupy themselves with some sort of distraction on their commute, and most of the time, it's some sort of music. But why keep it to yourself? Crank that iPhone to max volume, put on your favorite jams, and instantly turn any train car into a party full of hot grooves and stern looks. You may only be able to make out the bassline and a few random words, but your surrounding seatmates will show the universal sign of thanks (a furrowed brow) for giving them the gift of song.

- Most public transit trains do not contain bathrooms because of the cost of upkeep. So where do you release your waste? Just look at the floor between your legs, and you'll find the answer. Sure, it's technically illegal, but if you're worried about getting caught, you can always blame the telltale smell of urine and/or feces on the natural odor of any train station. And, contrary to popular belief, a fresh stream of hot urine will actually *help* cleanse the floor of any train car by removing old layers of caked-on urine with the natural disinfecting power of ammonia.
- At times, you will find your ride interrupted by a troupe of wandering performers, who want nothing more than to entertain you and lighten your wallet of any pesky singles. Even if their act consists of nothing more than swinging off the safety bars while Tone Loc's "Wild Thing" plays on a boombox with one working speaker, be sure to make constant eye contact and personally thank each performer with both praise and money. Above all, send home the message that commuters like nothing more than sudden, loud performances featuring wildly flailing limbs while thinking about the many adventures the coming work day holds for them.

–∼The Train Whisperer

7.7 You Might Be a Redneck Jokes From the Posthuman Body Horror Awakening

Friday, Jul 14, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If y'all was born anew in the glorious image of the unified synapses just so you could swing on a tire over a river of bile, y'all might be a redneck.

If y'all instantiate your neurons in a feeder host to experience the joy of consumption and you get your Pringles in a bucket, you might be a redneck.

If you formed secondary eye-stalks and bifurcated y'all's occipital lobe so you could watch NASCAR and the WWE at the SAME time, you might be a dang redneck.

If you reach out across the landscape of your unfurling flesh and y'all still can tell the model of John Deere tractor underneath your ganglion sprawl, you might just be a redneck.

If you learned how to lay eggs just so you could make a McMuffin, y'all might be a redneck.

If y'all can circulate your lymph directly into the ducts of your wife without triggerin' a cytokine cascade cuz you're family, y'all might be a redneck.

If your boneless limbs slap at an imaginary gear shift even when you're in the gestation sac, you might be a redneck.

If you herniate a secondary stomach through your garage door just to excrete tobacco juice straight in the storm drain, y'all might be a redneck.

If you would rather re-speciate to a burrowing organism covered in mucus just to avoid cuttin' the lawn, y'all might be a redneck.

If you have absorbed sufficient nutrients to bud a duplicate of yourself and you go ahead and ask yourself out on a date, y'all might be a redneck.

If your oozing nodes sheath your body in a frictionless slime, eliminating the need for feet or legs, but you're still wearin' a dang ol' pair of work boots, you might be a redneck.

If your name is on the belt buckle twisted up in your reproductive stems, you might be a redneck.

If your urge centers respond to ketchup more than sunlight even though you figured out how to photosynthesize, you might be a redneck.

If you stand taller than a church steeple, a swaying tower of livid flesh searching endlessly for sustenance, but ain't bothered to take your Christmas lights down by July, you might just be a redneck.

If you got deer antlers in your kitchen, on your truck, growing from your heads, and entire skeletons of deer tumbling out of your body in dis-articulated piles, you might be a redneck.

If you use tape to replace your car's tail light even though your body is joined to the continental body writhing from coast to coast, pulsating with urgent life, consciousness freed of the prison of singularity by the remaking of all flesh, y'all might be a dang redneck.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.8 My Eyes Are The Windows 10 To My Soul

Wednesday, Jul 19, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"Your left eye," the optometrist casually explained while blasting my face with a blue laser at point blank range, "is farsighted and shaped like an eyeball. The other eye is nearsighted and shaped like a football. Not even a good football. A Nerf knockoff pitted with mysterious bitemarks."

"Oh, that's interesting!" I cheerfully replied as she poured yellow chemical goo directly into my eye sockets.

I was there because ten years had passed since my last eye exam. Well, more specifically I was there because my ten year old glasses had finally disintegrated and I didn't have much of a choice.

A few years back I slapped at my own face to swat a bee. That had snapped one of the frames' hinges clean off, a problem I solved with modeling glue and part of a paperclip. Then last week I fell asleep reading a book about lasers and space socialism (as I do just about every night) and awoke to find that I had not just rolled over onto my glasses in my sleep, but had then apparently sleepwalked to a junkyard and ran them through a car crusher.

This I also attempted to fix, with a different glue, which turned out to be the kind that expands and sizzles pitted canals into plastic and glass. Somehow this fix didn't work.

So here I was, learning about my eyeball's shameful deformed shape, which is called an astigmatism. Would it be possible for someone with my condition to get contact lenses?

"Yes! Just put your face here. Chin on that bar. Good. Now look directly at the serene image of the farmhouse on a distant green hill. DON'T LOOK TO EITHER SIDE! You may notice a laser grid approaching your eye, very similar to the laser grid in that first Resident Evil movie that chopped a dude into a thousand pieces. Just keep looking at the farmhouse. Play it cool and no one gets hurt."

With the surface of my terrible eyes fully mapped, her assistant attempted to walk me through the process of inserting and removing my trial contacts.

"Okay, first you lift your upper eyelid and look up. Then you place the contact."

"Got it. Like this? Oops."

"No, don't blink. Hold the lid open."

"I'm trying."

"Try it again. Just don't blink."

"Okay. Crap. When the contact gets close to my eye, my whole face tries to stop it. I promise I'm trying to hold my eyelid open."

"Well, do it again. Just don't blink."

"Yeah. Okay. Here I go..."

"No. Listen, don't blink."

"Got it."

"You've got to stop blinking!"

Somewhere between two minutes and an eternity later, I overcame my face's efforts to defend itself. Stepping outside was surreal. Suddenly I was able to see each individual tree leaf and blade of grass on my pants. I had expected the lenses to rub against my eyelids or exert pressure on my eyes, but that wasn't the case.

I couldn't tell if anything was in my eye at all. It was great!

"I can't tell if anything is in my eye at all," I whimpered to myself later that night, inches away from my bathroom mirror after ten minutes of trying to remove a lens. "This is terrible!"

Being able to see is worth the hassle. I highly recommend having vision. Some people say it's not one of the five senses. I disagree. I think it's absolutely one of the five senses.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.9 Was it Ramzan Kadyrov or Evil Dale Cooper?

Friday, Jul 21, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

One of them is a doppelganger from a sinister place spreading fear and hatred and poisoning the world around them and the other is a character on the TV show *Twin Peaks: The Return* on Showtime. Try to guess whether each horrible act was perpetrated by out-of-control Russian puppet Ramzan Kadyrov, who rules Chechnya with brutal populism, or Evil Dale Cooper from Twin Peaks, who regularly murders people to serve some mysterious agenda. Click the heads to see the truth!

	Cooper	**Kadyrov**
Decapitated a US Air Force Major		
Forced a teenage girl to marry a 50+ year old police chief		
Encouraged the police to torture and kill homosexuals		
Used his phone to turn on a prison's alarms and threaten the warden		
Used his phone to find his missing kitten		
Beat a man with a shovel handle and then killed him		
Tortured people with live electric wires and shot a pistol at their feet		

Tortured a woman with a creepy playing card and shot her through a pillow

Had actual little kids participate in brutal MMA fights

Had an actual little person participate in a brutal assassination

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.10 Watch Me Fix The 'Assassin In Love' Movie Poster

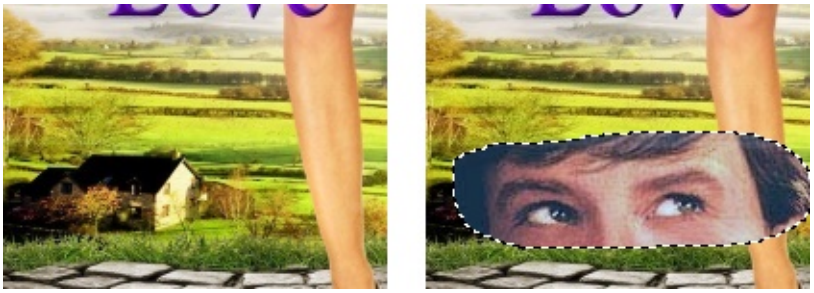
Tuesday, Jul 25, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Honestly, the Assassin In Love poster is nearly perfect to begin with. It just needs a few minor tweaks. For starters, there are too many visual clues about the assassin's profession. Let me edit them out:

The actors' heads are so naturally positioned and so believable that they're a little distracting. When I look at this poster I should think, "That assassin sure is in love!" Instead, I find myself thinking, "Those sure are their heads!"

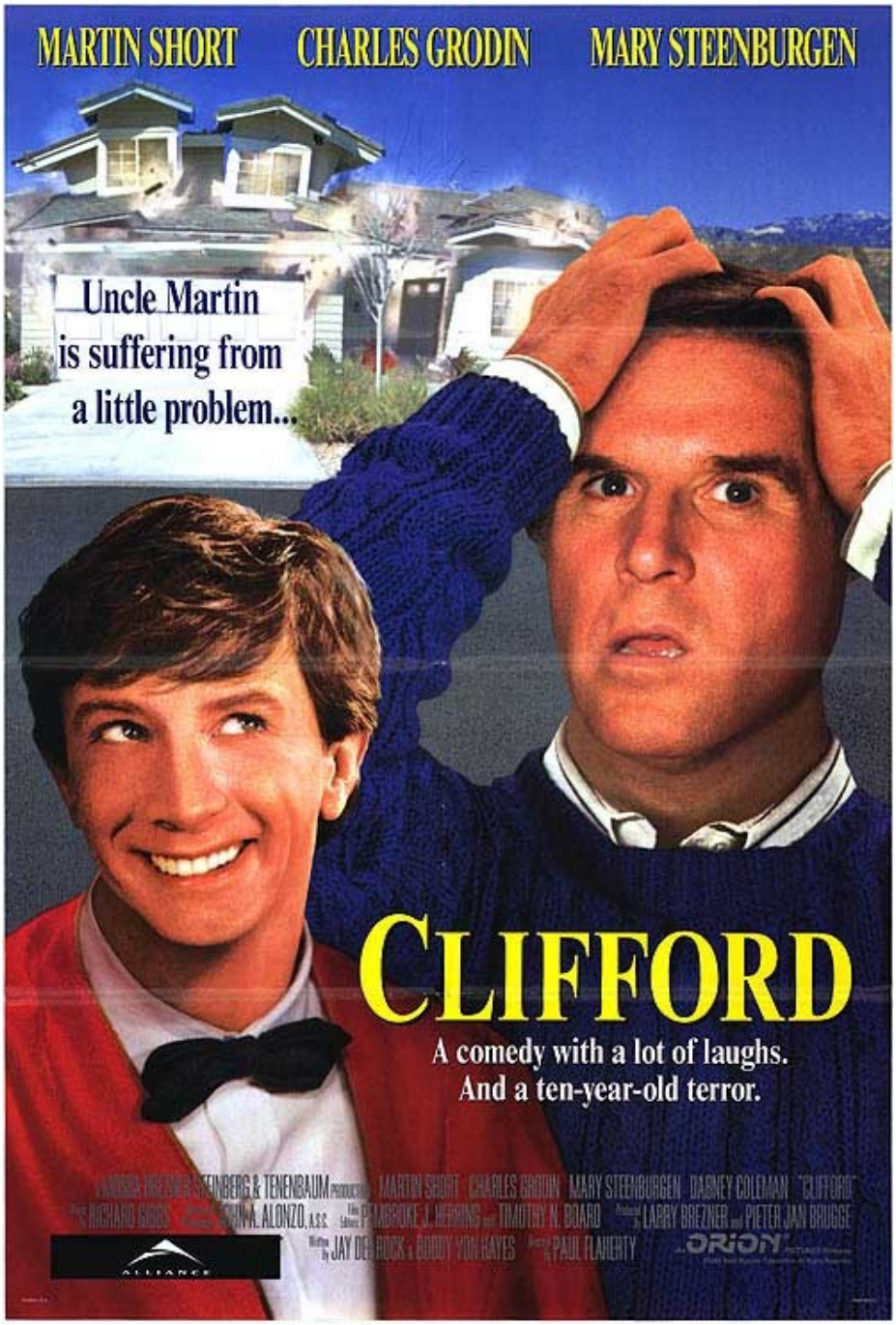
Also, that birthday candle on the cake is way too big.

The house in the background is throwing off my sense of scale. It should be far smaller, and closer to the sidewalk.



What does "A killer comedy!" mean? It's such a bizarre, meaningless phrase. This should be replaced with a tagline that tells people what the movie is about.

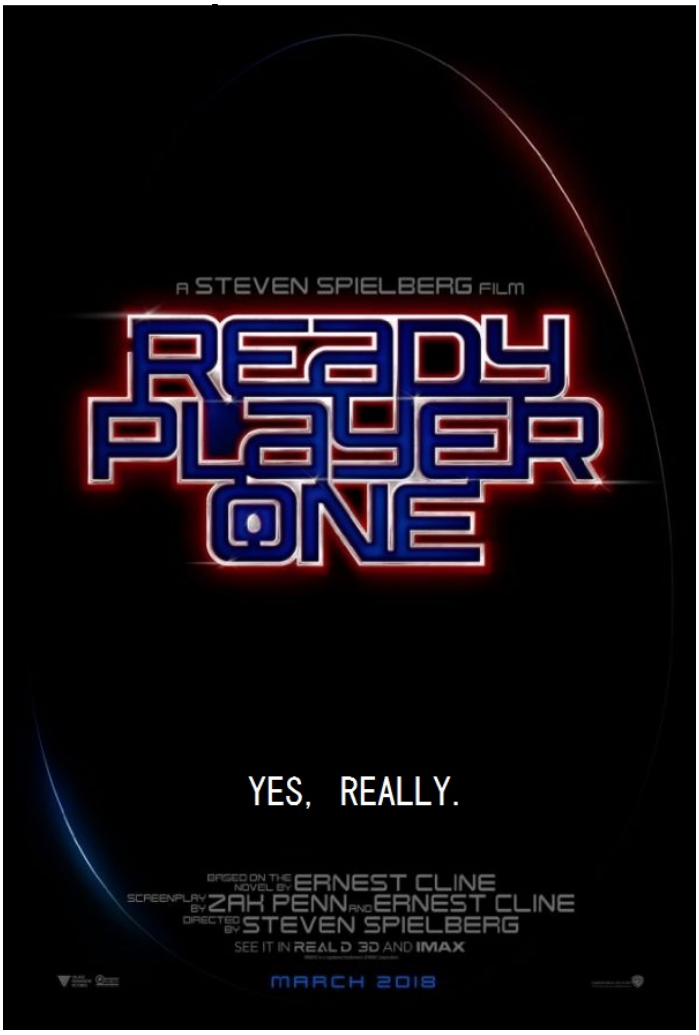
Now all I have to do is clean up a few stray pixels, and we've got ourselves a poster:



–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.11 Ready Player One's Ernest Cline Presents: Spoken Word Poetry

Wednesday, Jul 26, 2017 by Ernest Cline (@g0m)


A STEVEN SPIELBERG FILM
READY PLAYER ONE
YES, REALLY.
BASED ON THE NOVEL BY ERNEST CLINE
SCREENPLAY BY ZAK PENN AND ERNEST CLINE
DIRECTED BY STEVEN SPIELBERG
SEE IT IN REAL D 3D AND IMAX
MARCH 2018

Epic Nerd Girl Porn

by Ernest Cline

I've noticed that there don't seem to be any porno movies that are made for guys like me. [sounds of confused hooting from crowd]

All the porn I've come across
was targeted at beer-swilling sports watching jock morons
Oh, what are you watching... sports ball?
Le sigh.
You may have been all that in high school, but let's get one thing straight
out here in the real world, us nerds are in charge.

"Bag my groceries, asshole" -maddox.

These hunks like stupid women
who have surgery because they're too stupid to think for themselves.
They're bimbos
plain and simple
and they're complete idiots
Absolute empty heads
They're objects
I can't get off to that because I respect women too much, even when they're FUCKING VAPID BITCHES WHO HAVE SEX WITH JOCKS.

But I NEED porn.
I need to rub my dick and imagine I'm rubbing it on a woman until I shoot out white cum.
But I need something better.
That's right motherfuckers - I'm talking about an epic nerd girl!

I want a real woman.
An epic nerd girl with scoliosis.
A girl who knows how to use a calculator or owns a calculator.
Super Mario Bros. The Legend of Zelda. Mega Man. Contra. The uh, the one where the kid puts bananas in his ears. Startropics. Donkey Kong. Sonic the Hedgehog. Sonic the Hedgehog 2. Sonic 3 & Knuckles. [sound of one guy in crowd going wooo yeah at sonic 3 & knuckles]

I'm talking about a porn flim where the girl wears GLASSES.

In my porn film there wouldn't even be sex.
The women would just say "There are 10 kinds of people in the world" and I would say "Huh ok go on" and they would say "People who understand binary and people who don't" and I would cum as soon as she said binary.
Imagine seeing a woman playing chess.
Imagine seeing a woman near a chess board.
Imagine a woman saying "Did you hear about the new Star Trek series?" I would jack off to her. Oh god, oh christ, say Star Trek again. I respect you so much unghhhhhhhhh

My name is Ernest Cline. I'm a Forty-Five-year-old author. I've watched every erotic film in existence, and I have *never* jerked off. There are MILLIONS of nerds just like me, and we're getting sick of people like you blaming your problems on us. Ignorance causes impotence, not nerd girls. Man up and take responsibility. We outnumber you, and the people that think like you. DON'T FUCK WITH US.

[sounds of like one guy clapping]

> Hello, I'm author Ernest Cline. If you liked this article, maybe you'll enjoy my novel Ready Player One, which is about a gamer... in a world where gaming is illegal [?? I think?? It's been a while]. I've also been told I have to plug something called... uh... This Internet, which is a comedy zine about... e-mail. I haven't read it. EC out.

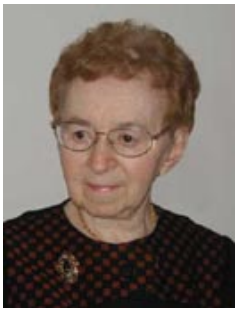
–~Ernest Cline (@g0m)

7.12 Dear President Oboe IV

Thursday, Jul 27, 2017 by Norma Fedlick

Dear President Oboe,

My stars, does the time just fly by! It's been six years since I reached out to you about a certain ghost dilemma, my goblin issues, and our family's short-lived dog-washing business, and even though you haven't replied to a single one of my letters, we Fedlicks finish what we start--just like my uncle Otis, who continued fighting in World War I for three years after it had ended. Mother called it "whoring," but I chose to see his time overseas making several babies with French whores as a boon to democracy everywhere.



I have raised over $300 participating in quilting bees for the American Quilting Bee Society so I think I deserve at least seven minutes of your time.

In case you were wondering, the past few years have been a roller-coaster ride for me. Instead of taking up space in some dusty, old, ranch-style house, I've upgraded my living situation to a private room at The Peaceful Pines Helpful Hand Living Center, and I can tell you life certainly gets easier when you are served the same three meals at the same three times during the day. Why, by the time I swallow my cup of pills after dinner at 3:30 P.M., I'm filled with such a sense of paralyzing calm that before I know it, it's 5:30 A.M. again and I'm just fifteen minutes away from my powdered eggs and instant coffee--sometimes one of the boys sneaks me extra flavor crystals because even at 91 I still haven't lost that Fedlick charm.

I do not like Dontrumb because he reminds me of mean Old Man Willis from my childhood. Specifically after he fell into the river and washed up eight months later.

In fact, the years have gone by in such a blur that I was alarmed to find out you are not President anymore! Except I will still call you "President Oboe" because your Christian name of "Baraka" is too informal for someone who has seen the White House bowling alley first-hand. It was a cold November Day that I learned you were leaving Washington when my daughter-in-law Susan showed up for a long-awaited visit. We had 18 months of catching up to do, but Susan had her mind set on driving me right to the polling place so I could vote for a man named Dontrumb. I didn't know much about him but Susan told me he would get rid of the Mexico men who moved to town and made her too uncomfortable to leave the house for her court-ordered alcohol club.

I'm sure you can understand my predicament, even though you are a Hawaii man and not a Mexico man. I was taught to never judge a man by the color of his skin, and even though this meant I would often be left out of fun and games with my schoolyard pals, I was content to sit quietly, smooth my skirt, and think of rhubarb pie. But after Susan told me I could have the silver watch chain I earned from working 50 years at the extension cord factory, I soon found myself pulling the string for Dontrumb, then pushing the button after I realized the string was to close the curtain on the voting booth.

Mr. Oboe, I have sadly come to regret this decision. While Dontrumb has the large, pink body just like the three sturdy boys I raised as part of the "clean plate club" (Rest in Peace Jacob and Andrew), when I hear him talk on the TV he sounds like the man here who won't stop screaming until we turn on The Andy Griffith Show, then he starts screaming in a different way. Also, I worry about dear Susan, who desperately needs your Oboecare for medications because she is too sleepy to hold down a full-time job. And with my sweet grandson Jace in prison for innocently loaning a man some bullets which were then fired into another man, she doesn't have the copper wire to sell that once put so many frozen pizzas on the table.

You would not believe the profanities "The Colonel" will shout when not immersed in the world of Mayberry.

Unfortunately Mr. Oboe, I do not know much about civics because I last learned about them during World War II and I was too distracted by thinking about which of my classmates would get exploded by Germans. But if possible I think you should be President again because I think you would do a much better job than Dontrumb. And I would also like you to make it legal to blind two men in the prison cafeteria if they make fun of your Tasmanian Devil tattoo. Both Jace and myself and his lawyer thank you in advance.

–∼Norma Fedlick

7.13 Grandpa didn't die flamethrowering the Vietcong so the wrong gender could gas up a helicopter

Friday, Jul 28, 2017 by Troop Supporter 110% (@sexyfacts4u)

I am sick and tired of this goddamn PC culture that's gonna tell our men in the armed forces they gotta serve alongside these newfangled gender monsters. Used to be when a man put on a dress you either laughed him out of the dance hall or you put him in a loony bin.

Nowadays, because of millennials, we're supposed to salute and say thank you to a man growing tits. You've seen 'em. Yeah, sure they are full on titties. They have shots that can juice 'em up and fill out a blouse with completely soft and natural breasts. They're gorgeous.

And that's supposed to make us happy? Those titties cost a fortune!

Look, my grandpa didn't die screaming in a rice paddy in Phong Loc, covered in his own napalm, so that some twisted sister with glorious danglers could jam a wheel chock on a C-130. That man used to pray to god three times a day, morning, noon, and night, that he would get to incinerate gooks. He used to call them Ho Chi Minh candles and talk about their heads popping off on fire and shooting into the air. "Best fireworks this side of Fourth of July" he used to say, lookin' off in the distance like he could still see them going up.

They don't make 'em like grandpa anymore. Built his own canoe. Never once used a smartphone. He used to machine gun kids from a helicopter. He carried around a bag of teeth he took out of dead Vietcong.

He was a hero to me. A man's man. The sort of guy who cracked open beers before 9 AM, beat his dog with a hose, and caught every STD possible for a human to catch while on duty. That man was a patriot. He took a sniper bullet to the fuel tank of his flamethrower and walked around melting in terrible agony. They said when they found him they had to identify him by the bag of teeth. He gave his last full measure to this country.

And I don't think, as he was burning up, grandpa was saying to himself, "I sure hope that I die fighting for my country in a French colony in Southeast Asia so a genderbender can shoot the world's greatest terrorist in the face."

No, as he was melting down, he was thinking about red-blooded American male patriots roasting Vietnamese alive in their huts for the free market. Men, women, and children who might've otherwise turned commie got to burn with dignity. He thought of nothing else, because he was hero.

When was the last time you even saw a flamethrower? Do you think they let our brave men incinerate Muslims? Yeah, right, they probably hardly even drop napalm on mosques.

Now these idiots are going to try to tell us that in this day and age we gotta stop flamethrowering the gooks and instead have a trans air traffic controller. If they can't control their dang gender, how can they direct a jet to the taxiway? It don't add up.

That's why I'm thanking MY president for honoring my grandpa's sacrifice. Less "Chelsea" Manning surgeries and more $$$ for flamethrowers for our troops on the front lines.

–∼Troop Supporter 110% (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 What Is THREADRIPPER?

Wednesday, Aug 02, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You fool. To simply become aware of **THREADRIPPER** is to submit your entire self to its will. Do you really wish to discover what happens when one inquires about the very nature of That Which Rips?

Very well.

What Is THREADRIPPER?

THREADRIPPER is, in one sense, a computer processor made by AMD. In a broader, metaphysical sense it **RIPS THREADS**.

Here's how it works: If your computer's got some threads, **THREADRIPPER** will rip 'em for you. This increases power and efficiency. After all, an unripped thread is just one (1) thread, whereas a ripped thread can be ripped into at least two (2) threads, if not more. When you consider all the electricity flying around in a computer, that adds up quickly!

What Is THREADRIPPER?

This PC Gamer headline is self-explannatory.

Overclocker delids an AMD Ryzen Threadripper chip and finds Epyc inside

There you are. Case closed. I know 80% of those words and understood 10% of that headline.

Here's how it works: You're getting the high score as your streaming fans cheer you on. Suddenly the game slows down. Oh no! You're forced to hit the pause button. Time to climb under your desk, open your computer case, and manually clean out all those threads.

There has to be a better way! There is! **THREADRIPPER** uses its **RIPPING** technology to destroy (or rip) those **THREADS** automatically, keeping your framerate radded out to the max. The best part? It doesn't run on spaghetti! No need to put spaghetti inside your computer!

What Is THREADRIPPER?

THREADRIPPER is a dinner plate that also happens to be a computer processor.

Why is it so big? Think about how many more **THREADS** can be crammed in there, for **RIPPING**. Oh, wait. you don't have the spare brainpower think about that, because you don't have **THREADRIPPER**.

Here's how it works: A normal computer's CPU is old and dumb as hell, with wires that are too slow. **THREADRIPPER** is so fast it doesn't even have wires in it.

What Is THREADRIPPER?

A good hardware that comes in a futuristic safe.

Here's how it works: There's a knob (you can see it in the image above on the right) that says "Unlock The Power". You turn that knob. Turn the knob. Dude, turn the knob. It's power.

Please don't break the safe open to get at the **THREADRIPPER**! If you extract **THREADRIPPER** without turning that knob, the power will not be unlocked. You will only be left with an ordinary CPU. The gamer blood that spills as a result will be on your hands.

What Is THREADRIPPER?

It's a mega-core. **MEGA-CORE**.

Here's how it works: In a normal processor data travels along one path, down, following gravity. That's to keep the bits moving. **THREADRIPPER** is a **MEGA-CORE** which allows bits to travel in all directions, defying the very laws of physics.

The result is far better multi-tasking. That means you can simultaneously:

- bookmark a recipe
- see the current time
- move the mouse around on the screen real fast
- play a twelve minute YouTube video explaining how to play a YouTube video

- spin in your chair (only available for users with spinny chairs)
- join the conversation

What Is THREADRIPPER?

Hey. Hey, you. You got any **THREADS**? Consider them **RIPPED**!

Here's how it works: Larger lanes means larger gains, bro. It just makes sense. Bigger chips means fewer frame dips. Huger wafers means gaming's safer. Vaster circuits means your computer won't quits.

THREADS are scum to be **RIPPED** without mercy. Doing so floods your system in a wave of righteousness, making every part run better.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.2 My Imaginary Interviewer Became Real

Thursday, Aug 03, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Like most aspiring writers, I used to have an imaginary interviewer on whom I'd practice my responses to the questions real interviewers would ask me someday after I became famous. Questions like "How did you get so brilliant?", "What is the true meaning of love?" and "Is there anyone who wronged you during your childhood whom you'd like to publicly shame in this interview?"

My imaginary interviewer's name was Royce. He wrote for *The New Yorker* and had hazel eyes, sandy hair and a cleft chin. At first I had trouble conjuring these physical details about him, since like all writers I'm nearly incapable of focusing on anyone or anything besides myself. Fortunately, I discovered that the key to focusing on things besides myself is to imagine an interviewer from *The New Yorker* asking my opinion on them. So I imagined Royce interviewing me on what my ideal interviewer would look like. As I answered his questions, he slowly took form, growing bones, organs, musculature, and pink, translucent skin. No clothes, though. When I asked why he was naked, he said this was just his chrysalis stage. Then his skin began to crack and peel until he sloughed it off completely and emerged fully clothed in patent leather shoes and a navy-blue Brioni suit.

I knew that spending hours a day conducting imaginary interviews with Royce was somewhat vain, not unlike the hundreds of personalized romance novels I'd purchased with both characters named after me, but it seemed harmless. Until one day.

I was sitting in my apartment, trying to decide whether to quote Shakespeare or myself in the epigraph of my first novel, when there was a knock at my door. I opened it to find Royce standing in the hall. He looked exactly like I'd pictured him and said he was here to interview me for *The New Yorker*. I slammed the door, thinking I had lost my mind. It seemed impossible that one, Royce had become real and two, *The New Yorker* actually wanted to interview me, as they had been less than receptive to my work in the past. The first story I submitted they mailed back torn in half. The second they mailed back partially burned. The third they dipped in liquid nitrogen, so that when I touched it, it shattered into tiny crystalline shards.

Royce was persistent, though. He stayed outside my door for hours. Finally, I said I'd let him in if

he let me throw some paperclips at him to prove that he was real. He agreed, so I threw the clips. They all bounced off him, except for one that seemed to get sucked into his body. When I asked him where it went, he bent down and pretended to find it on the floor, though he clearly took a new paperclip from his pocket. The paperclip was oddly shaped and coated with a strange, mucilaginous substance, but I took it anyway out of politeness.

Eventually, Royce convinced me that he really was a *New Yorker* interviewer. That still didn't explain why I'd spent years fantasizing about someone who looked exactly like him, but I told myself that this was either a coincidence or a confabulation triggered by a subconscious fear of my newfound fame.

We went to a trendy gluten-free cafe called the Celiac Safe Space for the interview. As we sat down, I noticed that Royce didn't have a notebook or tape recorder. When I mentioned this, he reached inside a giant stoma on his chest, which somehow transformed his hand into a fleshy tape recorder. This should have been my first warning.

For the first hour, Royce asked all the questions I expected him to ask, such as:

Q: Who are your main artistic influences?

A: As a solipsist, mostly myself.

Q: What are you most and least proud of?

A: I'm least proud of the time I borrowed my uncle's papers that said he had a month to live and claimed they were mine in an attempt to guilt a Wendy's cashier into giving me a free milkshake. I'm most proud of my ability to forget about the things I should be even less proud of.

Q: Who would play you in a movie based on your life?

A: A protean amalgam of the handsomest people who ever lived, sort of like the scramble suit in *A Scanner Darkly* if it only showed supermodels.

After that, though, his questions grew strangely intimate. He didn't ask about my past traumas or sexual proclivities, which I would have been happy to describe at length, but weird stuff like the number of skin cells in my body, or how many times in my life I'd said the word "radish." The questions started to creep me out, so I told him I had to leave.

"When I returned to my apartment building, Royce was standing in the hallway.

"I'm afraid the interview must continue," he said. He then grew several tentacle-like appendages, each one holding a notebook, pencil or microphone. I screamed as he approached me.

"[Destroying the universe] and all my other mistakes have made me a wiser person."

Calm down," he said. "Now's not the time for fear. That comes later, when you hear how you sound on tape."

Now, a million years later, I've been interviewed to death. Royce has extracted every single datum about me and spread it throughout the entire universe, turning the cosmos into one vast consciousness that knows every facet of my being. In this epistemological entropy, I am everywhere and therefore nowhere, since the self needs an Other in order to exist. It's kind of like that scene in *Being John Malkovich* where John Malkovich goes inside his own head. That said, I still don't regret creating

Royce and destroying the universe in the process. That and all my other mistakes have made me a wiser person.

Okay, I don't actually think that, but it seems like a good pull quote, so I'm saying it anyway.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

8.3 Jim, I simply remind everyone that Sonic The Hedgehog's Arms Are Not Freaking Blue

Friday, Aug 04, 2017 by Stephen Miller (@sexyfacts4u)

If *#SEGA, had Never changed them, or reversed the change between February and November of this year in the new Sonic Boom video games AND Cartoon Series on Cartoon Network, as well as the Toys and whatever else, we would not be in this position now. The original color of Sonic's arms are more of a peach color and the blue was added later. What happened in the Game Stop was part of the President's belief, and it is backed up by facts, that the American People are the most important factor and the American people know, Jim, that Sonic's arms are not blue.

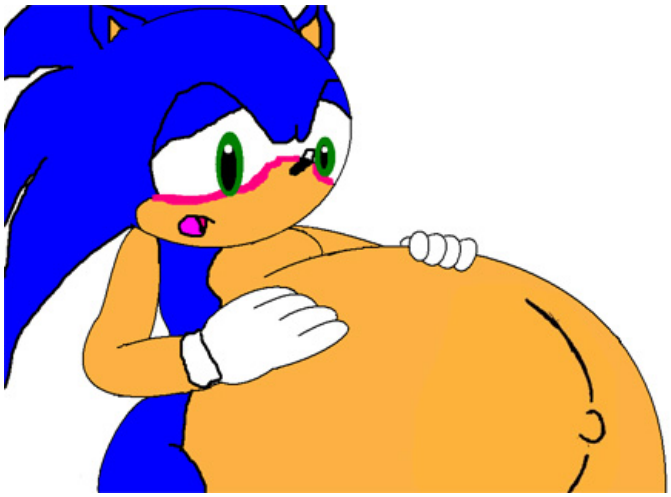
Now, the display for Sonic Boom that the President altered was him expressing his First Amendment right just like any other American, voicing his concern with protest to-

Yes, Jim, the President has written extensively about Tails and Sonic having a baby together. Male pregnancy is a well established part of the Sonic fandom and perfectly within the realm of... Jim, Jim, have you ever seen an Echidna fall in love? I'm asking you, are you aware of the... the original Olympics were nude. My point is, Sonic and Knuckles... I will get into Tails in a moment, but Sonic and Tails as well as Sonic and Knuckles are well-established ships in the fandom. We are talking about altering the fundamental colors of the core character of the franchise.

The President's only concern is to echo the American people here and make #SEGA change Sonic's arm color back immediately. Jim... with that comment now you are just insulting the entire fandom. Your comment reveals your cosmopolitan bias to a shocking degree. This is an amazing moment. That you think only SEGA has control over the Sonic canon. It is so insulting to the millions, no billions, of hard-working fanfic writers, deviant art and hentai foundry artists, and the guy making $80,000 a month on Patreon to develop a Sonic erotic visual novel. Does Sega get to decide which characters can be pregnant in that game? Is that your personal experience?

The President would Never Have Had to Protest and Rebel the way he has, including the creation of his petition, FIX SONIC'S ARMS IMMEDIATELY, SEGA!!!

The notion, Jim, that you think the President was wrong to mace the Gamestop employee threat-



ening to call the police shows how little you are invested in the facts about Sonic the Hedgehog. The fact at issue here is his arm color, which I will restate, because you continue to disrespect the fandom of the American people, is actually a peach color not blue. NOT BLUE, Jim.

Maybe in your Cosmopolitan Bowser castle where mushrooms can turn whatever color you want and suddenly a beloved core character of the franchise can grow a tail-- Yes, Jim, I understand Miles "Tails" Prower has a tail. He actually has two tails, thus the plural name. But in your world, Jim, he could have one tail or five. In your Fake News, liberal media, snowflake wonderland tails could have as many tails as #SEGA wants and he would not be able to get pregnant. Is that where we are as a country, Jim?

No, it is where you are, and where... check Hillary Clinton's Tumblr. We've covered this ground before, Jim, her futa Princess Peach is far more disturbing than the Triple Tails Twins, Don Jr.'s 950,000 word novel about Tails and Sonic having to get fertility treatments and having twins with extra tails. That is much closer to official canon and established the validity of Don Jr.'s headcanon, yet for some reason the FBI doesn't want to investigate Hillary. So why don't you ask her about that, Jim.

We have been over this, the tick-tock, several times, Jim. The President was on his way to Sears, he peeked into the GameStop, and he spotted a New Skylander Figure: Blastermind. He was set to buy it, and he was going to consider checking out their Wii U Preowned Software selection in their 3 for 2 deal. Innocent; he was NOT Looking for Trouble. But then this MALE Loomed out in front of him, frightened the crap out of him, and he said in a BOOMING VOICE that ONLY scared the President worse, "YOU ARE BANNED FROM HERE. YOU NEED TO LEAVE NOW." But...

Ten years, 20 years, 30 years from now, we want to have a law where Sonic's arms are the correct color and it is illegal to change them to blue. That's all. It's what the American people want.

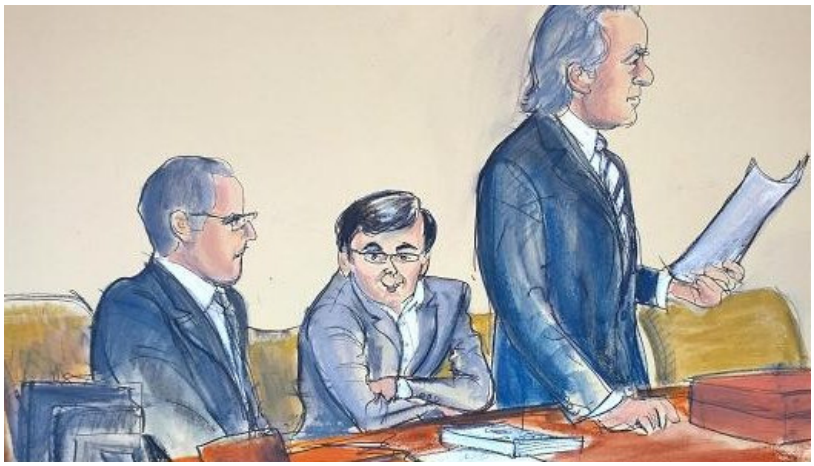
That's the right policy for our country. And it's the president's commitment to taking care of American workers.

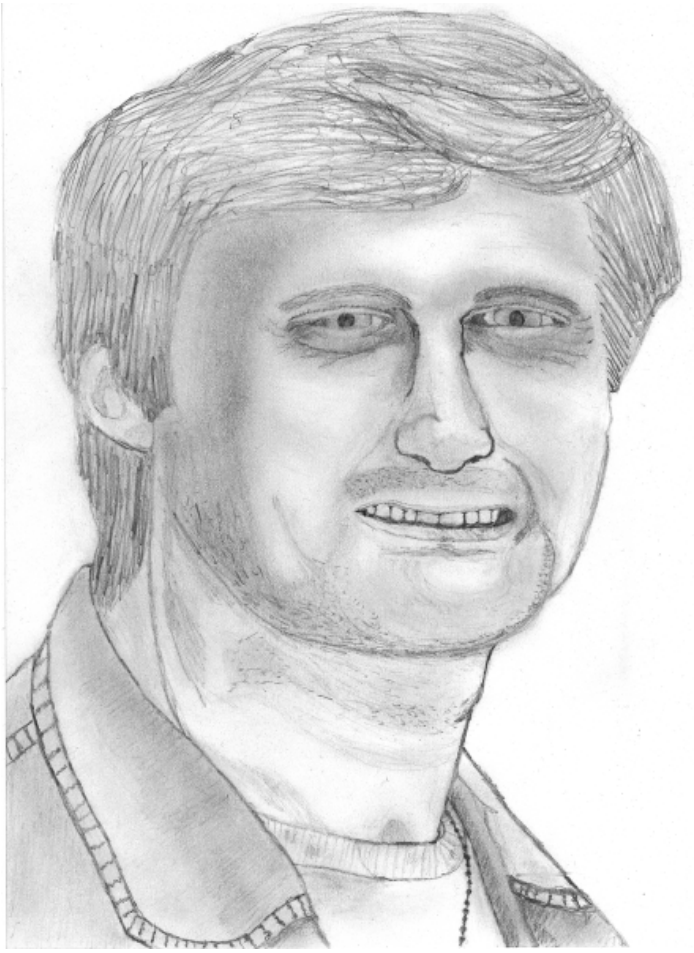
I apologize, Jim, if things got heated, but you did make some pretty rough insinuations about mpreg.

—~Stephen Miller (@sexyfacts4u)

8.4 Martin Shkreli May Be A Human Sneer, But These Courtroom Sketches Are Unflattering

Tuesday, Aug 08, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)





Johnny

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.5 Online Flirting Guide [Guide to Flirting Online]

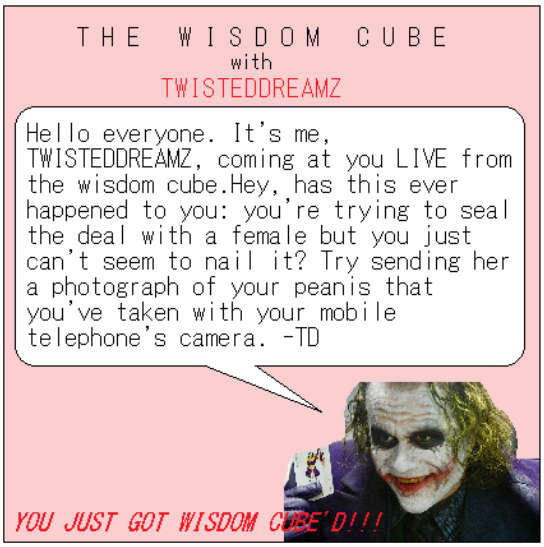
Wednesday, Aug 09, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Online Flirting Guide.txt

NOTE: THIS ADVICE ONLY WORKS WHEN YOU'RE TALKING TO WOMEN. ***DON'T MAKE THIS WEIRD***

MEN!!!! EVER BEEN IN THIS SCENARIO& WIFE WALKS IN AND SIGHS DEEPLY& WHEN YOU ASK WHAT IS PROBLEM SHE SAYS IS NO PROBLEM AT ALL !!!! AND INTERRUPT WHEN TOO BUSY WATCH THE FOOTBALL GAME ON TV. <fontsize = large> NO PROBLEM

Scenario 1: You see a woman online. She's posting, like *nothing's up.*
Solution 1: Try posting "may I have sex with you please." Women lo


THE WISDOM CUBE
with
TWISTEDDREAMZ
Hello everyone. It's me, TWISTEDDREAMZ, coming at you LIVE from the wisdom cube.Hey, has this ever happened to you: you're trying to seal the deal with a female but you just can't seem to nail it? Try sending her a photograph of your peanis that you've taken with your mobile telephone's camera. -TD
YOU JUST GOT WISDOM CUBE'D!!!

Example conversation between a man [denoted by the most powerful letter, X] and a woman [denoted by the irrational, over-emotional Y]

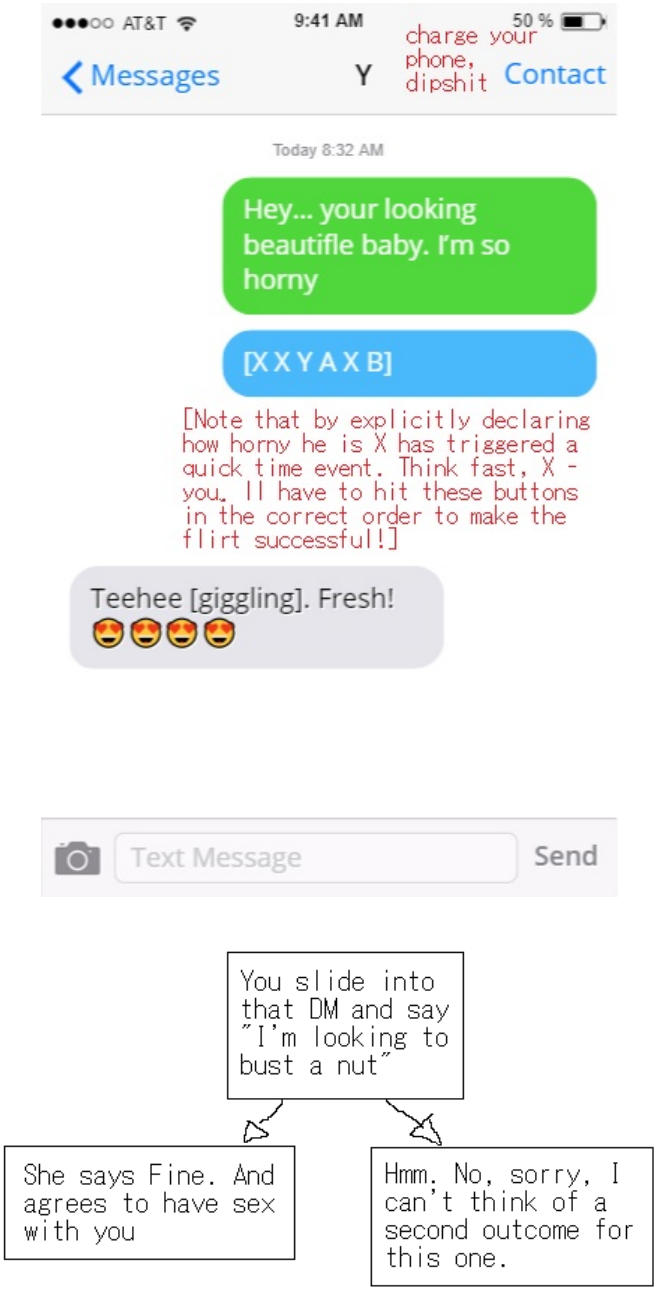
[YOU DID IT X!! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO <u>FUCK HER</u>] b

Glossary of good words to use:

- Mmmmm& ahah
- ohhhhhhhhhhhh& ohhhhhhhh
- jaaaajajajaaja

Find a discussion thread or facebook post or whatever where two people are having an argument about a movie or TV show. It's probably game of thrones or some shit. Say to one of them: "Hey is this guy bothering you"

If you can't find enough women online check this out: PHONEBOOK



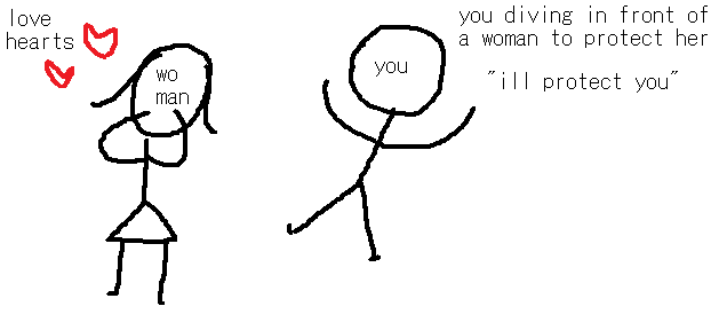
Now take a look at Fig. 4B

There's one final thing you have to reme

bbb

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

FIG 4B: PROTECTING WOMEN



8.6 A Treatise on Gender by Todd from Accounts Payable

Wednesday, Aug 09, 2017 by Todd from Accounts Payable

Fellow employees,

Due to the fact that I am often told to "please sit down" during all-hands meetings, I have no choice but to send this e-mail out to every employee in the company, as well as our shareholders. After all, an institution like ours thrives on a free exchange of ideas, even if the several sensitivity seminars I was forced to take after the "secret Santa incident" attempted to imply otherwise.

Todd from Accounts Payable

Now, I have heard some common complaints from women around the workplace. And I would like to state right off the bat that I am not sexist and will gladly lend an ear to the problems of females, even if they do tend to go on and on... you guys know what I'm talking about. Listen closely at our workplace for those piercing, shrill voices, and you'll hear plenty of gripes: "wage gap" this and "repeated sexual harassment" that, and even the odd "that guy keeps smelling my chair." But the issue at hand isn't women being ungrateful about you making minor, helpful adjustments to their seat cushions with your face while they're at lunch.

Simply put, women are unfit for office work.

Any ladies out there may be shocked after reading the above sentence, but I assure you I am *not* sexist. In fact, I base my findings on several peer-reviewed studies written by some of the top Redditors out there. The truth is, *biologically*, there are certain things women are better at, and even though they don't make money and can easily be performed by simple machines, these tasks are much better suited to the female brain. Women do not excel when placed in the high-stakes and competitive world of business, and have problems paying attention during prolonged conversations, like when you're trying to explain the nuanced differences between the different Doctors in Doctor Who. (Which I will no longer be watching as women are also biologically unfit to be timelords.)

Does this mean I want every workplace to be completely free of women? Yes, it does. But this desire comes from a place of sympathy for the fairer sex. Can you imagine what it's like to be a woman in the office? (Women, please stay quiet on this one.) All you want to do is watch soap operas, go shopping, and continue to not return my calls, and there you are, trapped in a hell your biologically different brain can't possibly tolerate. Plus, you're just on your feet all day long. Why go through this misery when you can instead be on your feet all day at home in front of a hot stove, where you're free to stand on as many cushions as you want to for the sake of comfort?

Plus, despite their biological inferiorities--once again, completely backed up by science--women have a distinct advantage in the workplace. If I want to get a raise, can I slip into a revealing outfit, sit on Mr. Peterson's lap, and find myself in a new tax bracket? Yet, every day, women intimidate me into submission with their breasts, buttocks, and lower thighs, and then have the audacity to follow up my invited glares with a dirty look. Scientifically, the male eye is designed to wander--they were engineered to find multiple mates during caveman times--and what happens when I'm hypnotized by the brazen display of a collar bone? Somebody takes the last blueberry bagel.

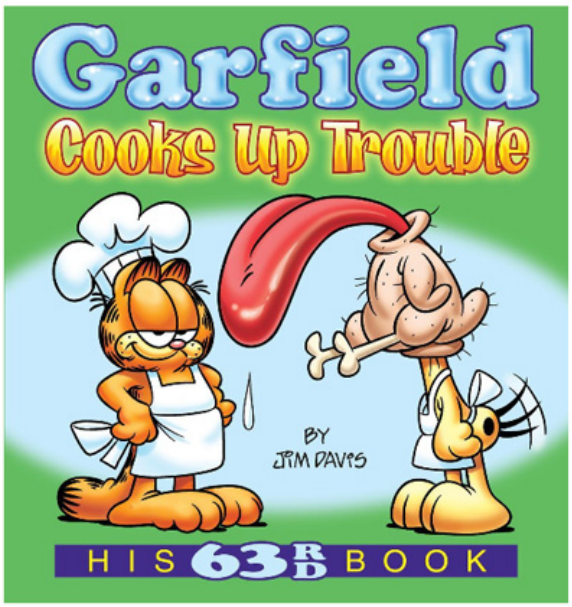
In closing, I would like to thank all of you for your time; especially the women--through science I have learned they have an extremely hard time reading and responding to my e-mails. And if any of this has upset you, please understand this falls under freedom of speech, which means nothing bad can happen to me for sending this. If you'd like to know more about why women are the pathetic victims of biology, join me every Thursday at 6:00pm down at the Chili's for a regular meeting on this very subject. But please keep in mind most of these meetings gradually shift into a Magic: The Gathering tournament after the first hour.

–∼Todd from Accounts Payable

8.7 Garfield Cooks Up Trouble is the most offensive and dangerous book I've ever read

Friday, Aug 11, 2017 by Olivia O'Ragely (@sexyfacts4u)

Garfield Cooks Up Trouble is the most dangerous, offensive, book I've ever read. It's racist, ableist, homophobic, and is written with no marginalized people in mind. This is a screed of hatred and it must be called out.



Before I get into my 100,000 word review about why the 63rd Garfield book is so toxic to our culture, I would like to take a moment to address the defenders of Jim Davis and this particular Garfield collection. Yes, I read the whole thing. Yes, I understand that it's supposed to be a story poking gentle fun at the laziness and selfishness of an obese cat. But here's the thing. Garfield never learns. He has no arc. After 96 pages he was still talking about lasagna, mocking Jon Arbuckle, and being abusive to Odie and Nermal. Every page is filled with the most vile hatred and vitriol I've ever seen from a protagonist.

This book was ultimately written for white people. It was written for the type of white person who owns several coffee cups with jokes about needing their coffee in the morning. It was written for the white people who have a kid named Tyler or are a kid named Tyler. The sort of white person that considers themselves to be not-racist even though they like Chalupas. This book holds no regard for the feelings of marginalized people. Not once does Garfield have a conversation with a person of color who is not a worker at a business and thus reduced to servants. Not once does he take Nermal's intersectional politics about class and race seriously. Not a single trans role model appears in the entire 96 pages of the book.

Yes, I am white, but that has nothing to do with being offended on behalf of other races. It's heroic that whites call out our own bigotry. Black people would be offended, but they would never read Garfield. Because black people don't like Garfield. They like Boondocks. I have two black friends who never read Garfield. And I am doing this review for them and for all my trans friends, Asian friends, Native people, the people of Abu Dhabi, Italians (from Italy not Italian Americans), Pacific

Islanders, and anyone else who might have been aggressed against by Garfield.

Issue #1 Martin Luther King Day falls on a Monday

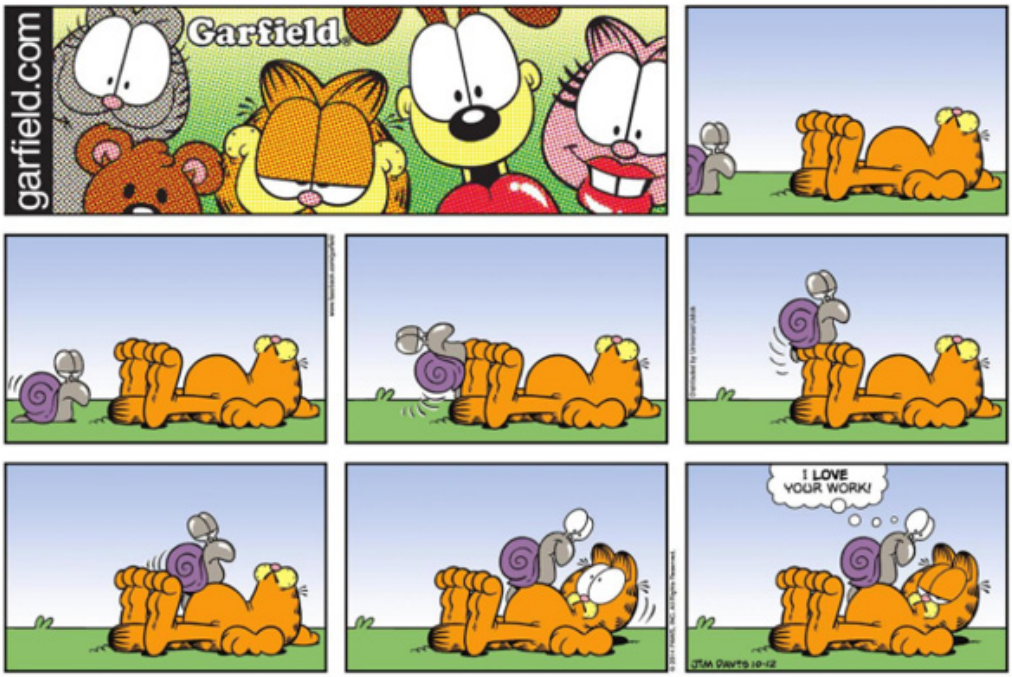
Take off your white people glasses and read that strip again. It is Garfield afraid of the rise of black strength, a direct broadside delivered against Black Lives Matter, and one of the most disgusting things I have ever seen in my life supporting police oppression as part of a system only one step removed from slavery. Way to go, Garfield. The KKK would be proud.

Issue #2 Toxic Masculinity

I'M BORED
LET'S GO SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN MEET SOME GIRL SOCK PUPPETS!
I'LL DO ALL THE TALKING
I'LL TRY NOT TO PUT A CRIMP IN YOUR STYLE
JIM DAVIS 9-19

Garfield is clearly a part of pick up culture, using a filthy sock to attempt to pick up women. Or should I say, in the infantilizing terms of the comic itself, pick up *girls*. Revolting and possibly the most cruel and toxic thing I have ever seen with mine own two eyes. This is why women have to be afraid of being killed by men on Tinder.

Issue #3 Trans Bigotry



A snail? A fucking snail? 68 years of Garfield and trans people finally get representation and it is a snail. I'm sorry, this is too much. It's dangerous and being used to self-congratulate Garfield for being an ally even though he only just became one and I am 10 times the ally he is just for writing this article. Fix your heart or die, Garfield.

I will update with issues #4 - #7,842 tomorrow at some point. In the meantime, please go onto Twitter and begin to reduce Jim Davis to a goblin of hatred feeding upon the dark id of our culture. It is crucial we take a stand and show our support for people being hurt by this book. The blacks and the trans are especially upset by Garfield. Trust me.

–∼Olivia O' Ragely (@sexyfacts4u)

8.8 The Deadliest Snake In The Wild West

Wednesday, Aug 16, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Gulpgulch Gazette - May 16th, 1882:

> Ask any cowboy and they'll tell you: The deadliest snake in all the wild west is the Invincible Teleporting Viper.

The Cattleskull Caller - January 3rd, 1867:

> Ask any cowboy and they'll tell you: The deadliest snake in all the wild west is Lava-Filled Hole Shaped Exactly Like A Cowboy Silhouette

Tumbleweed Times - August 16th, 1890:

> Ask any cowboy and they'll tell you: The deadliest snake in all the wild west is the Doesn't Actually Know The Heimlich Maneuver Constrictor

Prairie Dog Post - March 29th, 1873:

> Ask any cowboy and they'll tell you: The deadliest snake in all the wild west is the Quiet Neighbor Snake

Tombstone Telegraph - December 30th, 1875:

> Ask any cowboy and they'll tell you: The deadliest snake in all the wild west is the Curved Funnel Snake That You Shoot At And The Bullet Goes In The Mouth Then Through The Curve And Right Back At You

Horse-Spit Herald - June 2nd, 1893:

> Ask any cowboy and they'll tell you: The deadliest snake in all the wild west is A Pile Of Lit Dynamite Sticks Painted Yellow Sitting Next To A Sign That Reads "Free Gold"

The Busted Bedroll Bugle - August 21st, 1868:

> Ask any cowboy and they'll tell you: The deadliest snake in all the wild west is Brock, The Snake So Tough Its Got A Tattoo Of A Snarling Human On Each Side Of Its Body

Oiled Holster Observer - February 17th, 1870:

> Ask any cowboy and they'll tell you: The deadliest snake in all the wild west is the Leaping Cobra That Lives In Spitoons But Hates Chewing Tobacco Spit Above All Else

Cranky Calf Chronicle - October 31st, 1894:

> Ask any cowboy and they'll tell you: The deadliest snake in all the wild west is Anti-Snake, The Antimatter Snake That Will Cancel Out The Existence Of Any Cowboy Who Touches It While Holding A Regular Snake

Jumpin' Jerky Journal - April 6th, 1869:

> Ask any cowboy and they'll tell you: The deadliest snake in all the wild west is Tiny Garden Snake With Googly Eyes Holding A Rolling Pin

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.9 How Will Children Understand WWII Without America's Hitler Statues?

Friday, Aug 18, 2017 by A Normal Person (@sexyfacts4u)

Without America's many statues honoring Hitler, the next generation will have little understanding of the history of the Second World War. Many voices, including my own, warned about this possibility earlier in the year, but we were shouted down by Americans who said it was time we tear down the giant Hitler statues placed in our parks, town squares, and outside various government buildings. They demanded we stop "celebrating" history's greatest tyrant. That we rename Hitler Park, Hitler High School, and Hitler Memorial Hospital to "less offensive" things.

The most offensive thing to me is the erasure of history. While people were cheering and hitting Hitlers with their shoes, I was holding my face in my hands and shaking my head at the same time. Toppling those bronze Führers is no different than the Taliban smashing up a Buddha or ISIS using dynamite to blow up something. I can't remember what it was they blew up because the statues no longer exist. Soon, I won't be able to remember Hitler. Even the image of the toppled statues will begin to fade, unless we make a statue of that, leaving behind my knowledge of American history, mathematics, and science gleaned from statues in parks.

Even the cemetery Hitlers are coming down. 400,000 Americans gave their lives in the Second World War and it is important that we honor their sacrifice by remembering Hitler.

I have heard some people suggesting that once we finish tearing down the Hitlers, this madness of revisionism will stop. That we will no longer be tearing up our history books and people will be satisfied with the lack of Hitlers. But I ask, if we didn't stop with Hitler, why would we leave the

statues of Emperor Hirohito and Benito Mussolini standing? It's just a matter of time until we begin to tear them down as well and the entirety of the Axis involvement in World War II begins to fade from our collective memory like reverse Polaroid photographs. Those are a thing few people remember because there are no statues to Polaroid photographs.

If we tear down all monuments to the Axis, then what have we done? We will only remember Allied involvement in World War II and our confused children will believe that the Allies were fighting each other. Patton vs. Montgomery doesn't seem so fun when you realize it won't be the premise of a nine volume series of novels, but instead what our kids will believe when they graduate High School.

And what about purely American history? Tyrannicus the Cannibal statues used to dot our cities. I went to Tyrannicus High School! But in the 1990s there was a movement to tear down all the statues honoring the so-called "Unholy Blood Eater" who wore a pelt of "womanflesh" and terrorized America for much of the late 19th century. Some people thought it was weird that we had statues devoted to a killer who once turned babies into boots. They thought it was "messed up" that libraries and post offices were named after him.

So the statues came down and history was erased. Now who remembers Tyrannicus? Nobody. It makes you wonder what other statues have been removed from our cities. What did our old parks and military bases used to be called?

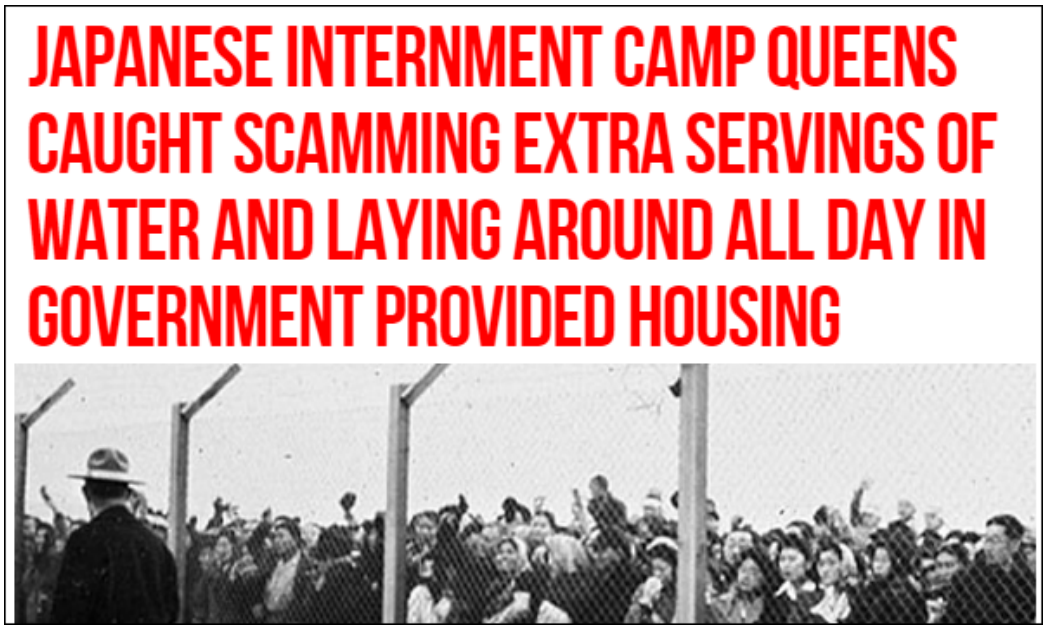
You can find out in my new ebook *Statue of Limitations: The Statues THEY Don't Want You to Know About*, in which I blow the bronze lid off all the statues the globalists have torn down over the years. I have a whole chapter where I list the names of people that used to have statues in America and now don't. Remember Joe Paterno? No, of course you don't. Scott Peterson? No more bronze to that guy. Lee Harvey Oswald? You might be surprised to learn the President JFK did not shoot himself.

Someday, hopefully soon, the fever of destroying our proud history will break and we can restore some of these powerful reminders to our cities and towns.

–∼A Normal Person (@sexyfacts4u)

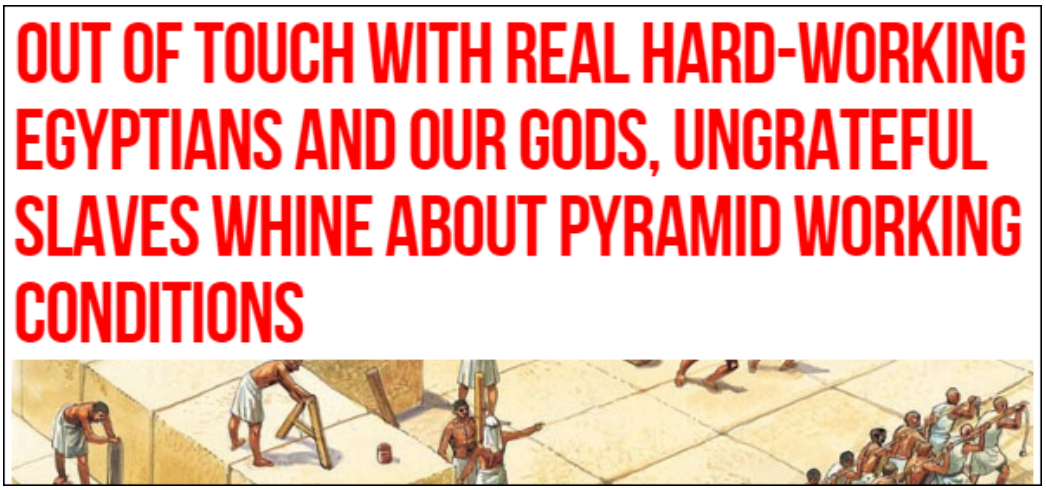
8.10 Breitbart Headlines Throughout History

Tuesday, Aug 22, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


JAPANESE INTERNMENT CAMP QUEENS CAUGHT SCAMMING EXTRA SERVINGS OF WATER AND LAYING AROUND ALL DAY IN GOVERNMENT PROVIDED HOUSING

HAVING GUIDED TSAR NICHOLAS TO GREAT SUCCESS IN THE WORLD WAR, PEOPLE'S HERO RASPUTIN TRIUMPHANTLY RETURNS TO BREITBART

LEFTIST SCIENTISTS SECRETLY ADMIT DISPROVEN "MOUNT VESUVIUS WILL ERUPT" THEORY IS WRONG BUT PROFIT BY PUSHING AGENDA


OUT OF TOUCH WITH REAL HARD-WORKING EGYPTIANS AND OUR GODS, UNGRATEFUL SLAVES WHINE ABOUT PYRAMID WORKING CONDITIONS

SHORT-SIGHTED SNOWFLAKE LIBERALS MEWL AND WHINE FOR END OF SEGREGATED WATER FOUNTAINS WITHOUT CONSIDERING WIDER IMPACT ON WATER FOUNTAIN INDUSTRY
WHITE
COLORED

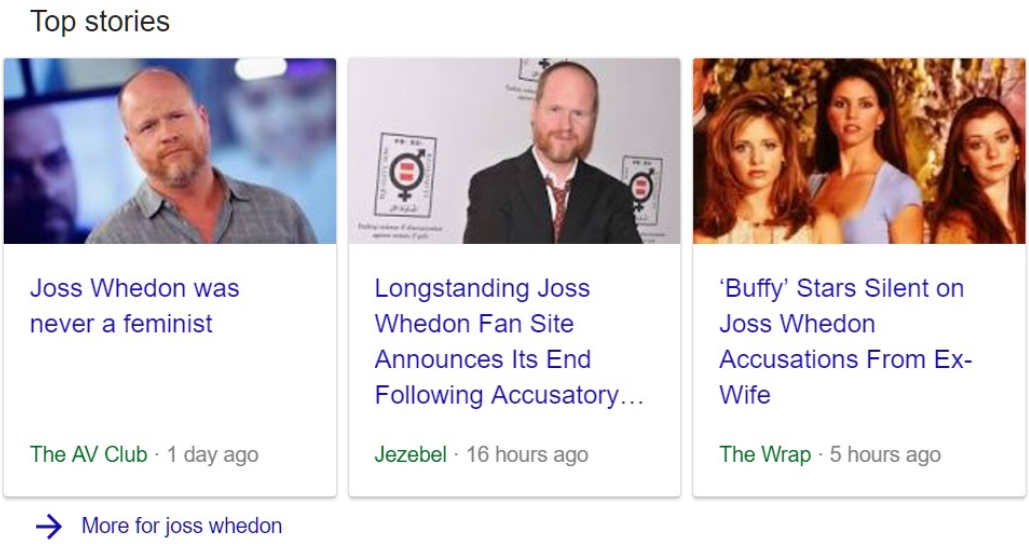
AS FAKE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE OBSESSES OVER CATHERINE OF ARAGON CONSPIRACY, DETERMINED KING HENRY VIII FOCUSES ON DUTIES AS SUPREME HEAD OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

WHY ARE WE WASTING TAXPAYER MONEY ON A SILK ROAD THAT WILL ONLY MAKE IT EASIER FOR IMPURE FOREIGN HORDE TO ENTER AND RUIN OUR ECONOMY?

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.11 I Will Protect Joss Whedon. I Will Do Whatever It Takes

Wednesday, Aug 23, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)


Top stories
Joss Whedon was never a feminist
The AV Club · 1 day ago
Longstanding Joss Whedon Fan Site Announces Its End Following Accusatory…
Jezebel · 16 hours ago
'Buffy' Stars Silent on Joss Whedon Accusations From Ex-Wife
The Wrap · 5 hours ago
More for joss whedon

Everyone! Dit dit dit dit dit dit dit [breaking news jingle]. Breaking news. Joss Whedon is at it again, and I absolutely still want you all to stop being mean to my precious orange child. I've talked about Joss before and I'm still absolutely determined to protect him

The reason Joss Whedon is in the news this week is that his ex wife is claiming that he told all the leather wearing combat girls from his tv shows and movies and youtube vlogs that his dick was a ph test and he needed to see how acidic the bottom of their vaginas were. Basically, to put it another way, he took his penis, and he put it inside their vaginas, and he moved it back and forth to get pleasure, and then he suddenly put it in all the way and opened his mouth and eyes really white and shot out white cum.

JOSS WHEDON RECAP

- Leather wearing combat girls
- Buffy the vampire slayer, a tv show where all the vampires are sad about drinking blood
- Iron Man from avengers smirking and making a funny quip
- Captain America from avengers looking surprised and making a funny quip
- Hulk from avengers smirking and making a funny quip
- Musical episode of buffy the vampire slayer where all the vampires sing about being sad that they want to drink blood
- TV tropes
- white cum

I thought *Cabin in the Woods* was alright.

Joss Whedon has come under FIRE for cheating on his wife for over 50 years with women he was in a power imbalance relationship with. This contrasts sharply with Joss Whedon's public image of being a guy who says he's feminist whenever a magazine interviewer is nearby. Feminist triumphs of Joss Whedon include not forcing Sarah Michelle Gellar to wear the full hijab during filming of Buffy, directing the unreleased episode of Firefly [Damn you, Fox!!] where the camera zoomed in on River Tam wearing some leather and she stamped on Mal's balls for thirty minutes while she called him "Mal Whedon", and refusing to have sex unless it's with a woman.

I'm a few paragraphs into this article and I haven't linked another article. I've failed you all as a writer, so check it out: here it is. Oh shit, I didn't even read Joss Whedon's explanation for his actions. Apparently it was society's fault. Well shit... fuck... never thought it could've been society's fault... christ... I fucked up...

In conclusion, Joss Whedon has one long pubic hair that is half orange and half grey. When it's humid, it curls up and tightens around the base of his penis, causing his glans to swell up to twice its normal size. This increases the amount of pleasure his sexual partners feel, while also providing a "numbing" effect to his penis, allowing Joss Whedon to more effectively prolong his orgasms.

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

8.12 I Only Attended That Nazi Rally for Research Purposes

Thursday, Aug 24, 2017 by The Free Speech Warrior

If Crayola had a color called "shocked," that's exactly the crayon you could have rubbed all over my face when I received your e-mail telling me to clean out my desk. Mr. Jenkins, it looks like I was mistaken to think you were an open-minded man who supported his employees trying out different political ideologies in this free and just country called America. Yes, when I joined this company, I *did* sign a paper saying I could be fired at any time for absolutely no reason, but I assumed that was just a business-related formality. Just like the sexual harassment seminar where I mostly played Clash of Clans and looked up the hot girls I went to high school with on Facebook--all fat now. But it seems that the trust I put in this institution has been betrayed.

Mr. Jenkins, you don't have to tell me how those Nazi rallies looked on TV. Frankly they were ugly. Those journalists purposely used low angles to make us look more menacing, and they honestly owe you much more of an apology than I do. You know what I saw when I was there? A bunch of clean-cut young men in polo shirts and cargo shorts, sporting the stylish Macklemore haircut and carrying tiki torches for the purpose of keeping mosquitoes at bay. Was I surprised when someone filmed me marching in their ranks? Of course not. Was I surprised when thousands of people online identified me, highlighted several *completely unrelated* posts I made on Reddit's diaper community, and decided to tell you about my actions? No, just disappointed. After all, this wouldn't be the first time this company punished me for thoughtcrimes. (For the sake of civility, I will not mention the time I put Barack Obama toilet paper in every bathroom stall, or how it cost me eight dollars a roll.)

To be honest, it's extremely insulting to be labeled a "Nazi." Was I marching with several Nazis? Yes. Was I waving a Nazi flag as I marched? Yes, but only out of kindness: I was holding it for another man so he could wave a larger Nazi flag. Clearly, no good deed goes unpunished. But where most people saw Nazis, I saw a bunch of proud, young men marching for what they believe in. Maybe I don't agree with their methods, but I can definitely get behind their ideas. Should there be more white people in this country? Why, I don't see anything wrong with that. In fact, all of my friends happen to be white, and who could say "no" to having more friends? I don't have a copy of the Constitution in front of me, but I'm almost positive being anti-friend is distinctly anti-American. Ask yourself if that's who you want to be.

Even if I'm far too intelligent and unique to apply any political labels to myself, I still have to support the actions of those young men. Agree with them or not, they filled out the proper permits to be extremely racist in public, and that should be commended. Again, I would never call myself a Nazi outright, but during my time at that march--which I attended purely for research purposes--I received several free pamphlets that opened my eyes to problems our mass media is too cowardly to cover. In fact, I learned all about Globalists, and planned to bring this up during our all-hands meeting on Monday. Did you know they could be infiltrating our company as we speak? You don't deserve it, but I'll give you a tip before I have security escort me out, as you requested: check into Jacob Goldstein in accounting.

You may think I made a huge mistake, but it's actually *you* who made the mistake. Keep toiling away in that rat race, Mr. Jenkins. Meanwhile, I'll be appearing on the YouTube shows of like-minded folks who were also shamed out of their respective industries. And I'll make sure to let everyone know about how you and your cronies unjustly punished me for exercising my freedom of speech. Mark my words: the good name of Circus Elephant Waste Removal, Inc. will be tarnished forever.

–~The Free Speech Warrior

8.13 Wonder Woman is a big step backwards from my topless blue catgirls

Friday, Aug 25, 2017 by James Cameron (@sexyfacts4u)

What do I think of Wonder Woman? I guess it's a good enough movie, if you like that sort of garbage, but it's a Hollywood man movie. I realize it was directed by a woman. It was directed by a woman for men. I don't direct for genders. That something I am beyond.

There are women in charge of studios and women directors now, so I'm not sure what's happening there. Why can't the women figure it out? I've known how to do it for years.

First I gave you Sarah Connor, who kicked ass despite being a girl, then I gave you Ripley, the real Ripley with the flamethrower taped to the machine gun, then I gave you shredded T2 Sarah Connor. Nothing. No award for Best Feminist. So I gave you Titanic and everyone wants to talk about Jack and Rose, but it's about the ship, people. The sunken ship I had to go visit in a submarine for 15 years to be able to orgasm.

I'm over that now. I'm done with the Titanic shipwreck, because I made the perfect strong female in my film Avatar. It was nominated for Best Picture, by the way.

I granted you this dream of Pandora, ladies, to finally imagine a world where the women are in charge and barefoot and topless. And this is how you use what I have given you? With Wonder Woman? She might as well be Stripper Woman in her boots and bustier.

I tried to cast a perfect strong female for Avatar, but I suspected I couldn't. I would have to make her. I created a far superior female lead using Zoe Saldana, 19 cameras I made with my brother, and the most powerful computer not owned by a government.

It was groundbreaking. The most amazing thing that has ever happened in cinema. It proved that we don't need women to make strong women anymore. I could hire Andy Serkis and you would never know the difference. She was that perfect.

I don't remember her name because it was a long time ago, but she was 3D. I'm making four more movies about her.

Talk about liberation. As a blue catgirl you don't have to wear a shirt or shoes. You can screw a pterodactyl with your hair and make it do whatever you want. Got it? This is the gift I gave to you.

In my mind, there is no reason for a strong female lead to have a normal boyfriend. Why would she want to have a boyfriend who is another giant blue cat person when she can have a boyfriend who is a guy about the size of a GI Joe who is in a wheelchair but he can remote control a cat person body just like I remote control the submarine when I used to make love to the Titanic. It just doesn't make sense. Wonder Woman does not need a boyfriend.

Did I mention the catgirls live in trees? Because they live in beautiful trees and they can fly on lizards. The ones they screw with their hair. I have freed women from the shackles of the patriarchy and yet here we are in 2017 looking at Wonder Woman.

There's nothing wonderful about that woman.

–~James Cameron (@sexyfacts4u)

8.14 Incoherent Proposal: How Far Will I Go For Money Dollars?

Wednesday, Aug 30, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> In exchange for the amounts listed below I will actually perform the corresponding duties. If enough people pass this update around, it should eventually fall into the hands of someone who can make one of these dumb things happen. Send all contracts to: ct-stalker@somethingawful.com

For $1,000,000

I live in a Swiss chalet for one year rent-free. Food and entertainment are provided. My every whim is anticipated, and I never experience a moment absent of absolute safety and comfort.

For $500,000

I live in seclusion for one year. Absolutely no face-to-face contact with another human being.

This takes place in one of those conceptual future homes from a company like Microsoft or Google. Having an actual human inhabit their House Of Tomorrow would be a great way to promote smart blinds, emotional fridges, holographic bathtubs, and other amazing technologies. Sort of like that movie Moon, or Ex Machina, with an equally uplifting conclusion.

Or this happens in a regular house in the woods but all my food, clothing, and entertainment come from Amazon. This is a terrific publicity stunt to demonstrate how their site is the only store anyone needs. Also, the package deployment drones eliminate the risk of me bumping into a delivery person.

If I'm allowed outside communication it comes in the form of a weekly call on an iPhone, or a video chat using sponsored software. I end every conversation by saying, "Skype keeps the world talking!" to a confused loved one.

For $100,000

For one year I go about my life wearing the same pair of Fruit of the Loom underwear day in and day out, to promote Fruit of the Loom underwear.

For $50,000

Some video games have tons of content most players will never see, like World of Warcraft or Zelda: Breath of the Wild. Some, like Rocket League or Playerunknown's Battlegrounds, provide a slightly different experience every time around. These titles have so much to offer that you could conceivably play one, and only one, exclusively for an entire year. For $50,000 from one game's publisher that's exactly what I do.

Specifically, I:

- Do not touch any video game outside of the promoted title for the duration of the year. My Steam, Battle.net, PSN, XBL, and Heat.net accounts are made public so people know I'm not sneaking in another 300 hours with Fallout: New Vegas.

- Stream the promoted game for a set amount of hours per week. These are classy, family-friendly streams in which I cover up my "Homework Stinks!" neck tattoo.

- Publish thirteen blog posts on the publisher's site about the project-one at the outset, then one at

the end of every month. These are classy, family-friendly posts in which I blur out every elaborate description of "Homework Stinks!" tattoos.

For $30,000

For an entire year I praise someone from the video game industry we normally mock, like Palmer Luckey or Notch or Chris Roberts. Every installment of my Video Game Article column opens with a glowing review of the person, in which I give them a 10/10 and an Editor's Choice award. If they say something stupid (this will absolutely happen) I defend them.

Imagine the satisfaction of turning a website that criticizes you into your most vocal proponent for what basically amounts to pocket change. I'm pretty sure Notch donated more money to the Humble Curing Cancer With Anime Boob Games Bundle and got nothing out of it but a chorus of boos.

For $1,000

I live in a Swiss chalet for the rest of my life rent-free. Food and entertainment are provided. My every whim is anticipated, and I never experience a moment absent of absolute safety and comfort.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.15 The Birth of My Sinister, Glowing-Eyed Son Changed My Life

Thursday, Aug 31, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I have to admit that before the birth of my son, Daniel, I secretly dreaded becoming a father. Not just because of the nightmares I had about seven-headed beasts and oceans turning to blood, or that ultrasound where it looked like he had claws. I was afraid of the responsibility, the financial burden and most of all the knowledge that as a parent I'd be entering a whole new stage of my life, one in which the carefree days of my youth would be officially over.

But all those fears vanished the moment Daniel was born. After eighteen hours of labor, a c-section and a brief fight where he tried to strangle one of the doctors with his umbilical cord, I held my son in my arms for the first time. As I looked into his wide, inquisitive, glowing eyes, I knew that my life had changed forever.

It's hard to describe, especially to a non-parent, the flood of emotions you feel when you first see the tiny human being you've helped create. You suddenly realize how fragile and miraculous life is, and how lucky you are to be alive yourself. Driving Daniel and my wife home from the hospital, I was extra careful. When a swarm of locusts surrounded our car, I didn't speed up and turn on the wipers but slowed down and admired the beautiful insects. Eventually, a police officer pulled me over for doing 25 on the freeway, but as soon as he looked in Daniel's eyes, he tore up the ticket, knelt on the ground and vowed eternal servitude to my son. Clearly, he must have been a dad himself.

The next few months weren't exactly a walk in the park. I learned the hard way that no amount of books, magazine articles or stand-up comedy can prepare you for the immense responsibility of caring for a child. When I wasn't changing Daniel's diapers or spending sleepless nights trying to soothe his crying, I was agonizing over his health - I must have called the doctor every time he coughed, sweated or projectile vomited onto the ceiling. But during those months I learned true selflessness. If I had been walking down the street with my son and someone had tried to harm him, I would have gladly given my life to stop them - assuming the pack of dogs that follows Daniel whenever he leaves the house didn't take care of them first.

My wife, Susan, feels the same way. Raising Daniel has been even tougher on her, especially that time she had to get stitches after trying to breastfeed him, but she agrees that our son is the best thing that's ever happened to us. Since his birth, we've grown even closer, and, believe it or not, our sex life has improved, too. Some nights, like planetary alignments and the September equinox, we make love for hours while having visions of mysterious hooded figures and fiery hellscapes where giant reptiles copulate endlessly beneath a blood-red sky.

Daniel is six years old now. He can still be a handful at times, like when he stages those graphic recreations of the Spanish Inquisition with his Star Wars action figures, but the countless ways he's enriched my life more than make up for it. The other day, for instance, he said something that would have made even my younger, more cynical self misty-eyed. When I asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up, he smiled and said "I want to be president, daddy, so I can plunge the world into a darkness it has never known."

I just laughed and patted him on the shoulder. "You already have changed the world, son," I replied. Because, for me at least, he has.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Yes, Antifreeze is the Moral Equivalent of Freeze

Friday, Sep 01, 2017 by A Normal Person (@sexyfacts4u)

You may think that a substance that exists specifically to oppose freezing would be a good thing. But what if I told you that, actually, what you are inserting into your car is the moral equivalent to what you are trying to combat? After the events of last weekend in my driveway, it is impossible to ignore the rising threat of antifreeze to my vehicle.

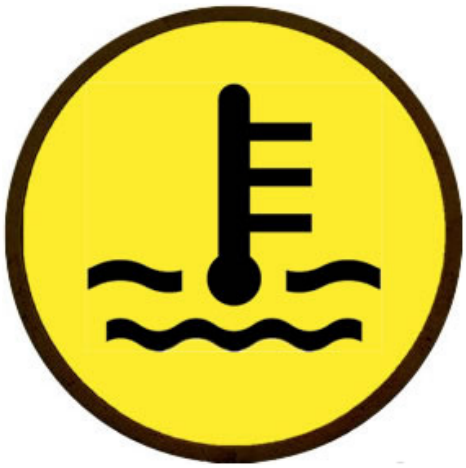
To fully understand antifreeze, we need to go back almost a century to the invention of antifreeze in the early-20th century. Freezing fluids in the engines of vehicles could cause severe damage, but was the solution to this problem worse than the problem itself? What did antifreeze want? Simply to stop freezing or to take over the engine and cause severe damage itself? It's no coincidence that antifreeze first saw widespread use during World War II, when the Nazis came to power and marched across Europe.

One of the coldest winters on record with the iciest conditions happened in Russia in the early 1940s. Shortly after antifreeze entered widespread use. Funny how that happens, isn't it?

The name antifreeze is a contraction of "anti" and "freeze" and, roughly translated from Latin, means "against freeze." Don't be fooled by a name intended to confuse; antifreeze is a liquid and anyone who has ever touched a hot pan of ice out of the oven knows the opposite of "freeze" is "burn." If antifreeze were really against freezing, as it claims, then it would be burning. It would be fire. But it's not. Antifreeze doesn't care about fire, because it's so close to the ice it supposedly opposes.

Don't believe me? Have a look at this freezing warning sign:

Notice the yellow and black color. Now this next one you might have seen before. It's the warning symbol for check antifreeze:



I can barely tell the two apart. And what are we checking, antifreeze? Whether we need to add antifreeze or whether we have allowed antifreeze to go too far in opposing freezing?

Maybe the most disgusting part of antifreeze is that it does not distinguish between ice and slush. As slush begins to coagulate in engine lines it can form ice, but it is not actually ice, and if you treat slush like ice then it can become ice. This has happened. I have seen this in the streets. Antifreeze calling slush ice and lo and behold the antifreeze gets what it wants. This is the insidious way antifreeze can destroy your engine just like it did to my engine in my driveway. By intimidating and threatening slush it froze my car solid.

The chemical at the diabolical root of antifreeze is ethylene-glycol. One company accounts for over 75% of the production of ethylene-glycol in the United States: American Glycorp. The sixteenth

largest shareholder of American Glycorp? None other than George Soros. Funny how that happens. It's almost like somebody has a pro-freezing agenda.

Yes, the cold wants to freeze our engines, but antifreeze is not the hot. It isn't the hot at all. It's also the cold. It is time for our nation to do what is necessary for freedom and outlaw antifreeze. Only by making antifreeze criminal can we actually address freeze's underlying causes: safe spaces on college campuses and Black Lives Matters not being worried about gang violence in Chicago.

–∼A Normal Person (@sexyfacts4u)

9.2 IT Cinematic Universe Viewing Order

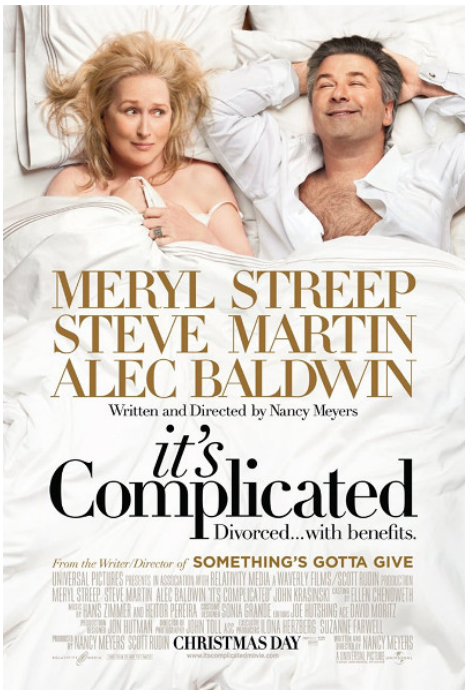
Tuesday, Sep 05, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The beginning:

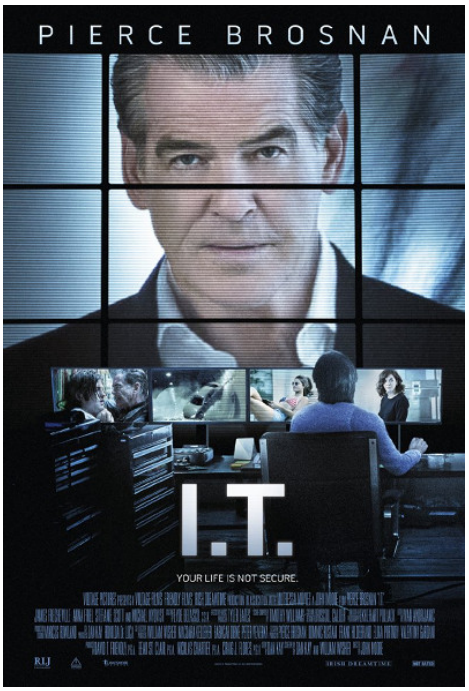
The first trilogy's dark middle chapter:

The cloyingly happy ending:

The unplanned fourth movie that overexplains the mythos:

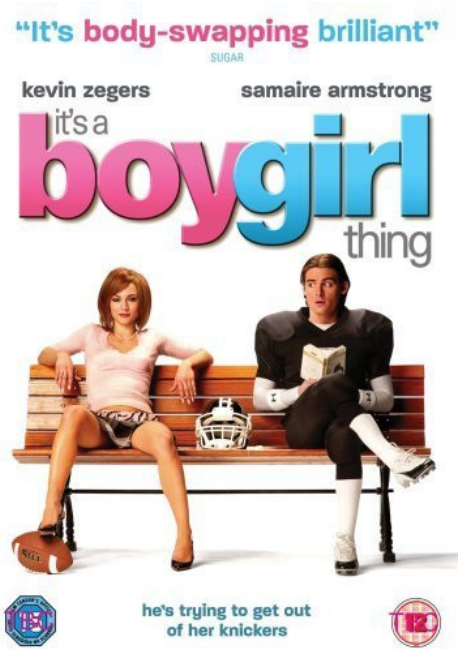


The soft reboot by Orci & Kurtzman:

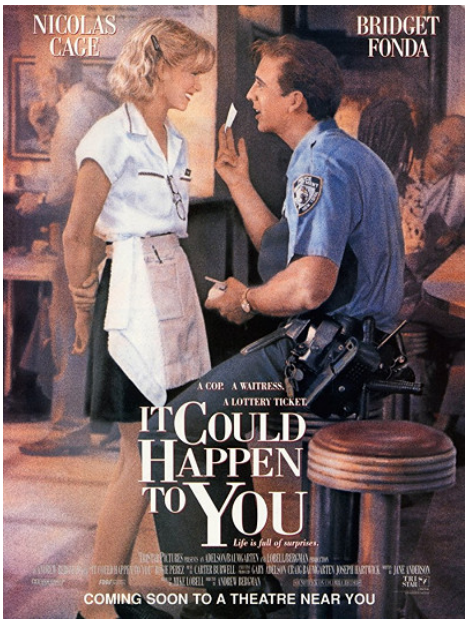


The second dark middle chapter:

The surprisingly daring follow-up that subverts expectations:



The found footage side story from an up-and-coming young director:


NICOLAS CAGE
BRIDGET FONDA
A COP A WAITRESS A LOTTERY TICKET
IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU
Life is full of surprises.
COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU

The three hour epic that expands the series' scope:

The restrained character study with a conclusion that pulls everything together:

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.3 TruthFacts: Truth For Whoever

Wednesday, Sep 06, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

The new website is verrit. It is a website with big pictures of facts on them, and numbers that you can say to reference the facts. For example, if you were having an argument with someone about drone strikes, you could simply say "112680" and they would say "Oh yeah, that's a good point, I never really thought of it that way." Verrit has come under criticism for some of its verrit cards, or verrit facts. I don't know what each individual verrit is called.

The point is, someone else could do better. **We could do better.** ***Welcome to TruthFacts.***

How TruthFacts works:

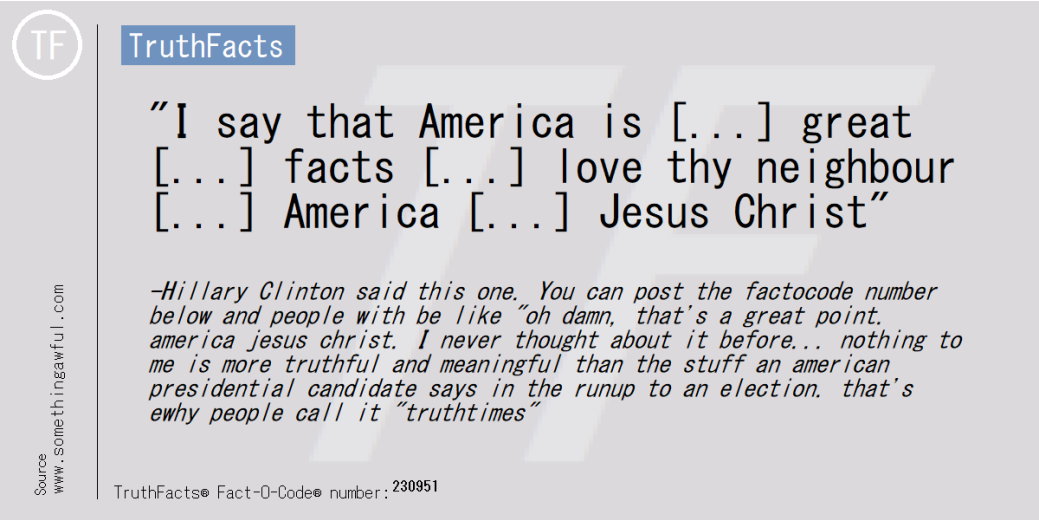
1. I post facts here.

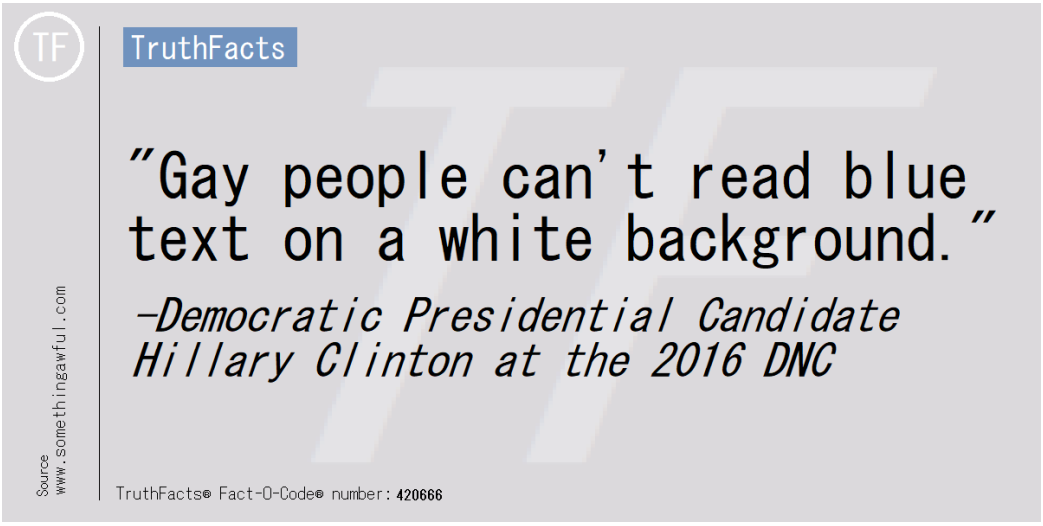
2. You look at the number and memorize it.

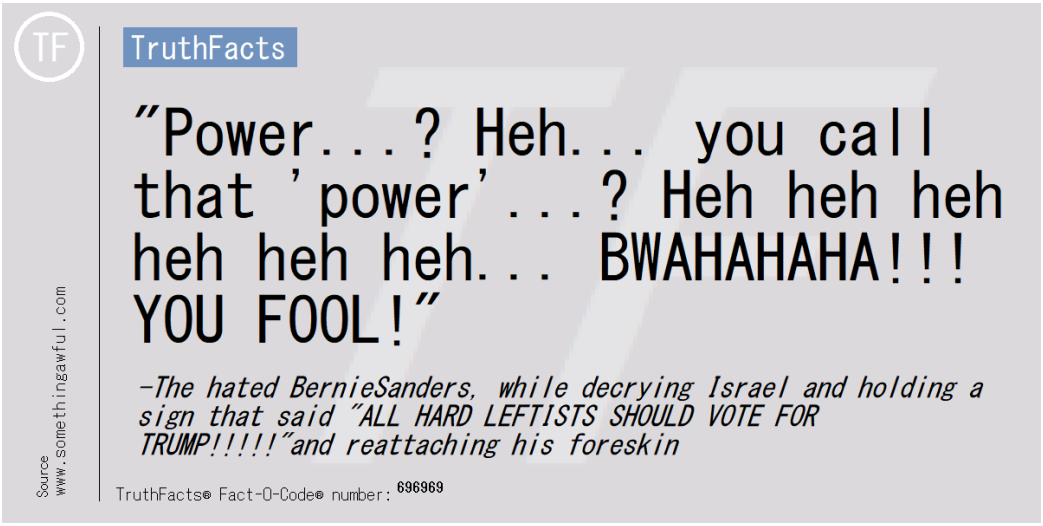
3. Scream it at whoever will listen.

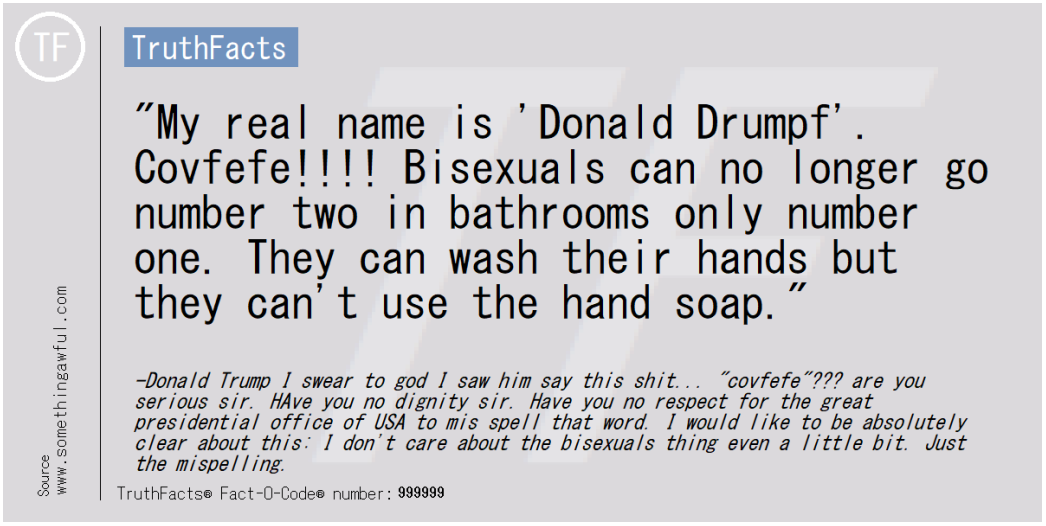
4. If it's not here, it's not a *TruthFact*!

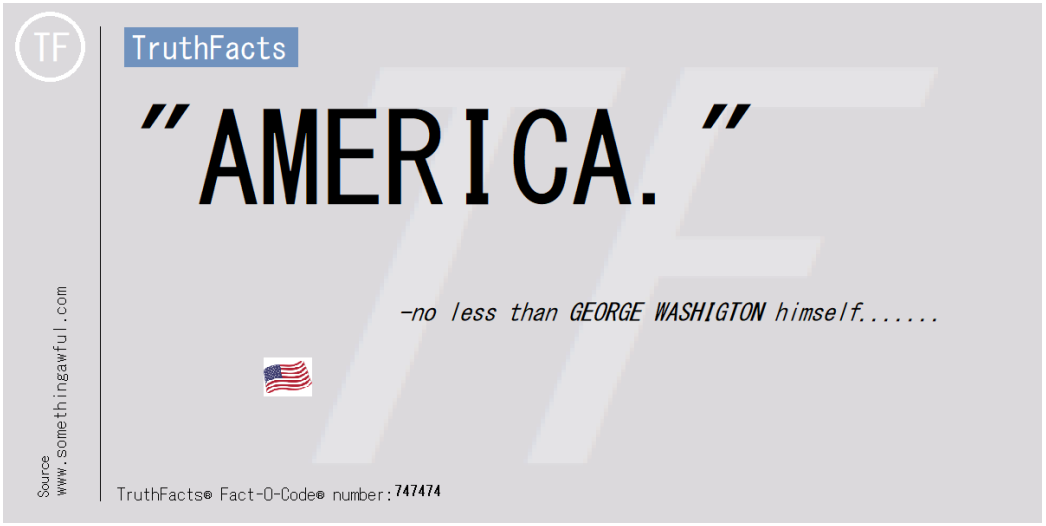
5. Don't forget to donate towards Hillary Clinton's 2020 campaign

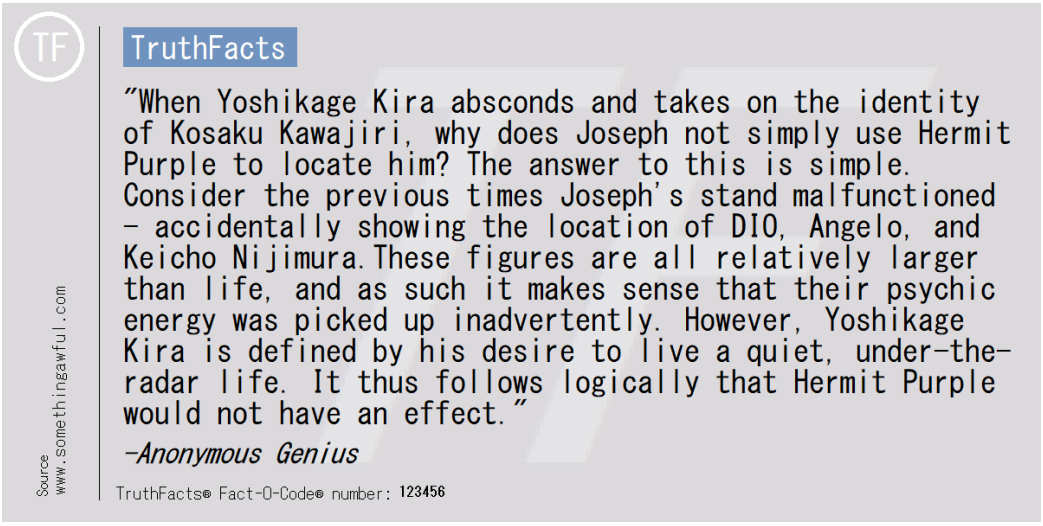

TF
TruthFacts
"I say that America is [...] great [...] facts [...] love thy neighbour [...] America [...] Jesus Christ"
-Hillary Clinton said this one. You can post the factocode number below and people with be like "oh damn, that's a great point. america jesus christ. I never thought about it before... nothing to me is more truthful and meaningful than the stuff an american presidential candidate says in the runup to an election. that's ewhy people call it "truthtimes"
Source www.somethingawful.com
TruthFacts® Fact-O-Code® number: 230951


TF
TruthFacts
"Gay people can't read blue text on a white background."
-Democratic Presidential Candidate Hillary Clinton at the 2016 DNC
Source www.somethingawful.com
TruthFacts® Fact-O-Code® number: 420666


TF
TruthFacts
"Power...? Heh... you call that 'power'...? Heh heh heh heh heh heh... BWAHAHAHA!!! YOU FOOL!"
-The hated BernieSanders, while decrying Israel and holding a sign that said "ALL HARD LEFTISTS SHOULD VOTE FOR TRUMP!!!!!"and reattaching his foreskin
Source www.somethingawful.com
TruthFacts® Fact-O-Code® number: 696969


TF
TruthFacts
"My real name is 'Donald Drumpf'. Covfefe!!!! Bisexuals can no longer go number two in bathrooms only number one. They can wash their hands but they can't use the hand soap."
-Donald Trump I swear to god I saw him say this shit... "covfefe"??? are you serious sir. HAve you no dignity sir. Have you no respect for the great presidential office of USA to mis spell that word. I would like to be absolutely clear about this: I don't care about the bisexuals thing even a little bit. Just the mispelling.
Source www.somethingawful.com
TruthFacts® Fact-O-Code® number: 999999


TF
TruthFacts
"AMERICA."
-no less than GEORGE WASHIGTON himself.....
Source www.somethingawful.com
TruthFacts® Fact-O-Code® number: 747474


TF
TruthFacts
"When Yoshikage Kira absconds and takes on the identity of Kosaku Kawajiri, why does Joseph not simply use Hermit Purple to locate him? The answer to this is simple. Consider the previous times Joseph's stand malfunctioned - accidentally showing the location of DIO, Angelo, and Keicho Nijimura. These figures are all relatively larger than life, and as such it makes sense that their psychic energy was picked up inadvertently. However, Yoshikage Kira is defined by his desire to live a quiet, under-the-radar life. It thus follows logically that Hermit Purple would not have an effect."
-Anonymous Genius
Source www.somethingawful.com
TruthFacts® Fact-O-Code® number: 123456

MORE TRUTHFACTS TO COME ONCE I THINK UP NEW FACTOCODE NUMBERS [SOMETHING BEGINNING WITH 5???]

–∼David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

9.4 THE BEAT SHEET - The ONLY Newsletter FOR COPS BY COPS

Thursday, Sep 07, 2017 by BEAT SHEET PUBLISHING

Salutations FELLOW OFFICERS and welcome once again to another installment of THE BEAT SHEET--now written at a third-grade reading level due to increased literacy standards which will hopefully be overturned soon. We are soon heading into the fall season, meaning every pile of leaves could be hiding some sicko with an AIDS-blood-coated knife. So remember to STAY SAFE, STAY ALERT, and most importantly, FIRE YOUR GUN INDISCRIMINATELY and OFTEN.

Turn those "BODY CAMS" off, people. I can't stress that enough.

ICE... COLD

At the last town hall meeting, many citizens voiced SERIOUS CONCERNS about ICE agents in our community. To date, they have terrorized our citizens, broken apart families, and made anyone with a skin color darker than "BEIGE" fear to walk our city's streets. Frankly that kind of business is OUR JOB and we need to start stepping up our game. A tip of the POLICE HAT goes out to officer JAMES DOOLEY, who arrested ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT Dr. "Suresh Prabhu" while performing open-heart surgery on the governor. Looks like he will think twice before using a BLUE PEN instead of a BLACK PEN on his work visa renewal next time! And remember to sign the "BEREAVEMENT" card for the late governor's wife before FRIDAY.

TALES FROM PAID ADMINISTRATIVE LEAVE

Last spring, officer FRANK STEVENS accidentally backed over a suspect's head with his squad car during questioning, and spent the resulting NINE WEEKS of paid administrative leave in the state of "Hawaii." We caught up with Frank to ask him what it was like during his tropical vacation thousands of miles away from any WRONGFUL DEATH TRIAL. "They put a bunch of queer flowers around your neck when you get off the plane," says Frank. "I put those right in the toilet." And what about the cuisine (food) in this ISLAND PARADISE? "Luckily they still got McDonald's out there. No Arby's though. And the good thing is you never need to take out the trash because you can throw everything in the ocean." Sounds good, Frank! Now that you're back, maybe you can sign up for a SAFE DRIVING CLASS!

THE "THINGS THAT WERE LAWS THAT ARE NOT LAWS ANYMORE" DEPT.

Regrettably our community has passed a MEDICAL MARIJUANA ordinance, which means cancer patients may now smoke the "Gateway Drug" to relieve their pain instead of using harmless and natural OPIOIDS. While this means we can no longer arrest citizens legally permitted to use MARIJUANA, we are still permitted to rough up anyone who SMELLS OF SKUNK. While one could easily ask for physical proof or MARIJUANA LEGALITY, it is much easier and faster to quickly "throttle" suspected junkies, who may be hiding in plain sight within hospitals. Note that BALDNESS and WHEELCHAIRS may be a ruse to fool the police. Treat these telltale signs of MEDICAL MARIJUANA FRAUD with extreme measures.

CLOSE THE BOOK... THE "FACE" BOOK

Once again we must tell our fellow boys in blue to be wary of SOCIAL MEDIA POSTS. Officer STEVE STAPLETON was found to be posting several HILARIOUS CHIMP IMAGES to Black Lives Matter Face Book "groups." While we certainly had fun printing these out and pinning them up around the office, the general public does not understand "COP HUMOR" and instead chooses to become offended. Please keep in mind you represent our entire police force with your ONLINE BRAND, so remember to add a "minion" character to any potentially offense statement before posting. And please look forward to Officer STEVE STAPLETON'S account of touring the apple farms of the midwest during his PAID ADMINISTRATIVE LEAVE.

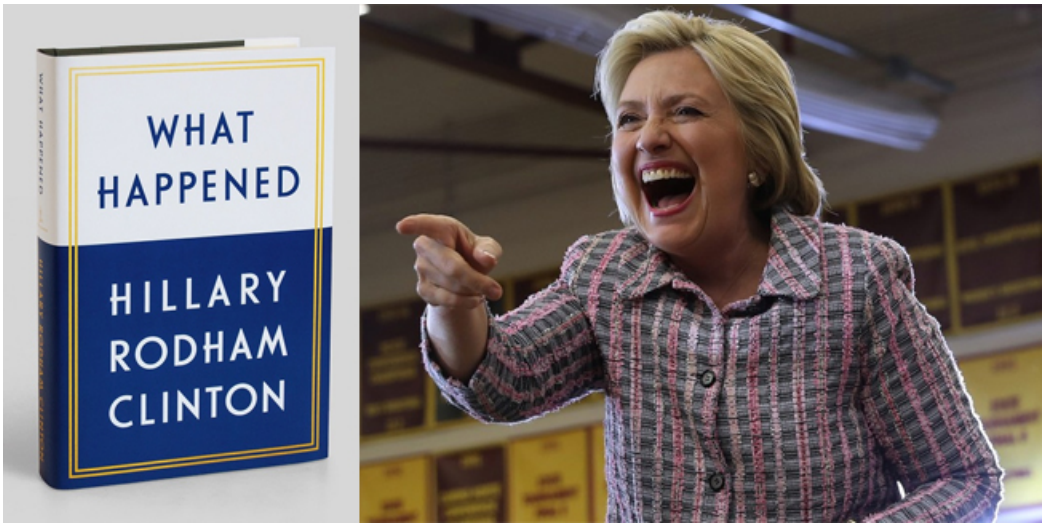
LOST AND FOUND

Officer TAB DAVIS misplaced his standard-issue pistol, 17 smoke grenades, a hunting knife, and a PRIZED "SWASTIKA" NECKLACE while responding to an "urban rowdiness" call at the Chuck "E." Cheese restaurant. A search of the ball pit resulted in nothing but CHILD EXCREMENT. Please be sure to act extremely JUMPY and IRRATIONAL around all children until said items are recovered.

–∼BEAT SHEET PUBLISHING

9.5 A Complete List of What Happened

Friday, Sep 08, 2017 by Hillary Rodham Clinton (@sexyfacts4u)



Donald Trump walked around too close behind me in the debate making sex grunts.

Campaign office next to break room and someone kept microwaving ethnic food. Yes, the bad ethnic food.

Untamed super predators ripped my flesh with their wicked talons.

The people I wanted turned into craters when I was Secretary of State failed to establish a stable liberal democracy in their lousy Craterstan, thus making me look bad.

Draconian voter ID laws no longer allowing hand clap tweets to count as votes.

The weird guy nobody was supposed to like started giving people ideas about stuff other than tax credits and endless war.

The Bernard Brothers Online who could not stand to see a woman president be the one to drop the world's biggest conventional explosive on Afghanistan like I wanted to do before Trump stole my idea.

Online harassment (really bad so in here twice) of women by screenshotting things they say on twitter and then adding "lmao" which is hate speech. Twitter does not ban users who do this quickly enough, it can take up to 6 hours if you do hate speech on Neera Tanden by saying "ur dumb" and by then the damage is done and people know she is dumb.

John Podesta that dumb fuck opened an attachment called "hornyboy.vbs" and when it asked him "Are you a horny boy? Enter your password here!" he put in his password and gave Russia all our emails.

R*U*S*S*I*A!!! Even though half the people on my staff think Russia is still the Soviet Union and not some fucked up mobster country, trust me when I tell you that Russia ruined this for me. If anyone is to blame for this election it is Putin.

Or **Barack Obama**. He refused to let me release my oppo dump on Bernie's son being born out of wedlock. This tied my hands all the while Bernie kept painting me as corrupt just because the actual

Goldman Sachs was awakened from his centuries of slumber to officiate my daughter's wedding to Hedge Fund.

Joe Biden, that dumbass, dragged his feet dropping out. Yeah, we get it, your son died. Boo hoo I've got an election to win here. "What Beau would have wanted" is you to elect Trump? Well, congratulations.

Robbie Mook is even stupider than Joe Biden. He kept reading all the polling graphs upside down and would sit in on conference calls doing a fake Irish accent character who would second whatever he said. "Oh, I think we need to spend more money on mailers to Bushwick" or "I think we should spend 2 million dollars on a Vimeo video where you dab and target it to North Carolina Latinos visiting a Luchadores website." Absolute moron.

A big "fuck you" to **Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, and Michigan!** Oh, sure, you'll vote for the black guy twice but a white woman? These three states are misogynist now and officially on my shit list.

Wikileaks. Where are the Bernie emails, Julian? How did you get those pictures of my tail? It's vestigial and not a "full devil tail" like you claimed.

Finally, I have to place my blame on **the American people** for letting me down. Yes, I won the popular vote. You voted HOW I wanted you to vote, but you dip shits weren't paying attention to WHERE I wanted you to vote.

Also I *might* have done some things I guess. But whatever. Too late now.

–∼Hillary Rodham Clinton (@sexyfacts4u)

9.6 Remembering The Cowboy Scientists

Wednesday, Sep 13, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

These are the unsung cowboy scientists. Forgotten pioneers, not only of the wild west but also of the wild frontier of systematic study through experimentation and observation.

Look over yonder, if you will. That there's Cassidy Rose. See how she carefully places that atom on the dirt. Now she removes a miniature saloon from her satchel. What in tarnation? She kneels upon the dirt, one eye squinting against a window at one end of the pint-sized building, the tiny saloon doors at the other end flapping open directly above the atom.

Well I'll be a calf's cousin. Cass has just used the world's first microscope. Amazin'.

May I direct your attention to Leonard Jaycrabs? This tall fella made a name fer himself by roping all manner of livestock. As we catch up with him, he's swinging that trusty lasso and eyeing up a new sort of target.

Watch the rope spin, a perfect circle of blurred movement whispering above a callused hand that barely seems to move at all. Now the barest flick of a wrist. A tug. Before your eyes can follow it's done.

Ol' Leonard has rustled himself up an amoeba. The world will never be the same.

Now we move on to Cromples McMaw, heir of the Bad Fake Name fortune which turns out to be a dusty pile of index cards with bad fake names.

Cromples leans over a shallow stream to slake his thirst. He observes his reflection in the gently whirling water - the first time a human sees itself in history.

Cromples stumbles backwards with a hoot of surprise. For the next three hours he throws rocks at the water, aiming to kill the stranger under the water that startled him.

We leave Cromples and look some three hundred miles north, where Hattie Clintock emerges from a cave. Something above catches her eye. She glances up. Stars. Unable to comprehend these mysterious bright objects, Hattie lets loose a wordless scream of denial and anger.

Believing the stars to be insects, she pulls out her six-shooters and fires wildly into the night sky.

Now we turn to our next scientist, Trevor Plankhands. Leading a frightened burro, Trevor navigates

a rocky trail to the site of a lightning strike. What he observes is nothing short of world-changing.

A tree has been toppled by the lightning. The branches are consumed by a strange reddish-orange substance that dances and produces whorls of smoke.

Hooting excitedly, Trevor reaches out to touch the mysterious substance. He quickly pulls his hand back. Hurt! It hurt skin bad!

Trevor thumps his chest in a false show of strength. This is humanity's first encounter with fire.

Finally we join Clem Entine in the Dodge Falls tumbleweed pits.

After a hard day of tumbleweed clearing, Clem looks down and hoots softly. She has uncovered something unexpected. Half-buried, the object appears to be a leg bone. But it's much larger than that of any animal she's seen before.

It's a dinosaur fossil.

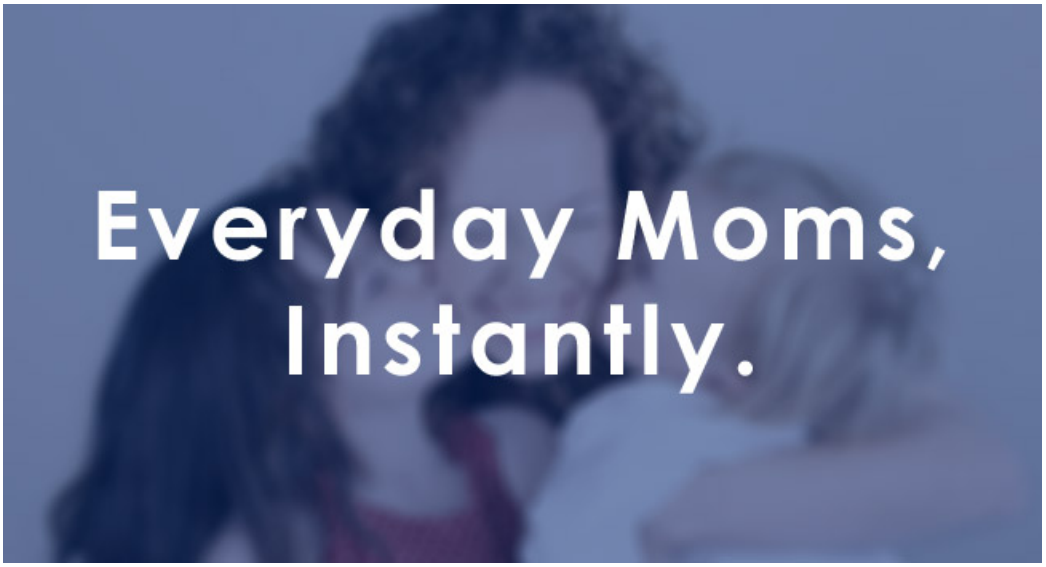
A nearby male hoots and reaches for the bone. Thinking quickly, Clem bares her teeth at the male and hisses. He scurries off with a series of complaining shrieks.

Clem holds the fossil before her face, scratching her head pensively. She takes a few tentative bites. Hmm. If only she had a tiny saloon to study this specimen further...

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.7 Our Madre service will disrupt the way momming is done

Friday, Sep 15, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



What if we could commodify moms?

Imagine a world where moms are no longer a person and are a service, provided to you where and when you need it. That world is now, thanks to **Madre**, our innovative logistics and delivery service. Integrating our Madre app with our Madre deliverables, we can provide a custom mom experience to any person in the world* (currently San Francisco and NYC test markets) within sixteen minutes.

Here's how it works for consumers:

Select a mom service, from hugging, to scolding, to life advice. Got it? Now request your Madre from one of eight types:

Barrio Mom
Hood Mom
White Mom
Large White Mom
Granola Mom
Old World Mom
Best Friend Mom
Overprotective Mom

Within sixteen minutes, your Madre will arrive at your location. Billing is nine dollars per visit (to cover our fee) plus four dollars per minute of momming. Take as little or as much time as you need. For that time your Madre is your mom. She will respond to any nickname you like, she will offer hugs, strokes, advice, and many other types of mom service.

Our Madres are available for children, adults, or groups.

If you are a mom and you would like to become a Madre, just log into the app and create a profile for yourself. Within an hour you can be momming wherever you are, even on vacation! Our unique

rating system will help match users to you based on your strengths and help you achieve that coveted five-star Madre rating. It is time to *mom*etize your skills!

UPDATE: Madre would like to apologize for some misunderstandings about our service. We are absolutely NOT trying to compete with mothers or do away with mothers or, as our CMO said yesterday during an AMA, "shitcan obsolete moms." We are providing a mom alternative that respects mothers and attempts to elevate and reward them for their many talents.

Also, regarding the name, as former Google employees we spoke to several people who might have spoken Spanish. They were OK with us using the name. They said it was cool. We are NOT like Juicero and we need our third line of VC in like a week to make salaries so please stop posting nasty things about us online.

We absolutely reject the claims that Madre is, as one writer claimed, a "ghoulish intrusion of capitalism into the very heart of what makes human society function." We are not "undermining the soul of mankind" at all nor are we "the most villainous parasites drinking the life's blood of the world." Although we understand the confusion! We hope we can be clear with our intent in the future.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.8 All Six Uses For The Human Hands

Tuesday, Sep 19, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

We use the hands to store the berries. We clasp them just so, backing away from the pile of other berries. Goodbye. Farewell. Outside of the hand, they are lost to us.

Now only the berries in our hands remain. If one berry falls it is forsaken. We use the hands to cling so that the berries are not lost and gone forever. We use the hands in this way until the berries are become dust. Until that dust is absorbed by the skin in the hands.

We use the hands to shred PHONE BILL. We know not where PHONE BILL originated, nor do we know what it means. These are matters of some philosophical debate. Some say the entire subject is out of our hands.

We use the hands to feed PHONE BILL to the shredder, for this is all that can be done with such an object.

We use the hands to store the eggs. We do this to attract fornication partners. The hands hold objects of lust. One egg means woohoo. Two eggs means try for baby. Three eggs means woohoo in bushes.

During the act of intimacy we use the hands to keep hold of the eggs. If an egg is dropped from a hand the love act changes according to the reduced number of eggs. If the number of eggs reaches zero we disengage and shred PHONE BILL.

We use the hands to rub the sand on our faces. We mustn't stop or the beauty will fade. At night the hands rest and the beauty fades a small amount. The next day we use the hands to scrub the sand more vigorously.

We use the hands to hold the rice. Our hands do this when no berries are available. We rush to the berry pile in a panic. The grains of rice absorb sweat from the hands, the smell of desperation.

The rice forms a heart in the hands. This pattern is meaningless. We discard it the moment berries are within grasp.

We use the hands to pin other humans' tops in place. We place the hands on the shoulders and the fabric does not fall.

We stand, linked, each human placing the hands on the shoulders of two people. A top has never

fallen. Movies have been made about this. A flag waves. Majestic music swells. We give ourselves to the act, and salute those whose lives are consumed, discarded for the noble purpose without having pursued their dreams.

There are no other uses for the hands. Those humans who childishly dream for more are not practical. They are seen as little better than PHONE BILL.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.9 The Something Awful Guide to the Tokyo Game Show [PARTIAL]

Wednesday, Sep 20, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Hello. The Tokyo Game Show is one of the biggest gaming events of the year, and I was overjoyed to get the call from Lowtax that all Something Awful writers dream of getting: "If you don't have something good up on the Tokyo Game Show, the site is fucking over, and if I go down, you go down. I swear to God I'm serious this time." So I packed my Switch and nothing else and set off for the Tokyo Game Show, which takes place in Japan, notable for being the inspiration for Ezra Koenig's Netflix original "Neo Yokio". I then booked a room in a hotel and sat completely still in the dark waiting for the Tokyo Game show to begin. Sadly, this soon became boring, and I returned home to Ireland. Luckily, there were some pre-TGS announcements taking place on the way to the airport, so I didn't return empty handed. Presented for your perusal are my notes in full; hopefully this will provide enough ad revenue from accidental clicks to keep this broken ass website from 1995 chugging along for another few days at least. Enjoy!

Japan

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

This article is about the country. For other uses, see Japan (disambiguation).
"Nippon" redirects here. For other uses, see Nippon (disambiguation).

Zone of the Enders: The 2nd Runner - Mars

The screen is coming on, there's the Konami logo. Now everything's black. Now it's fading to red? Oh, it's mars. Mars the PLANET!? Oh wow, text is coming up, they're releasing a remaster of Zone of the Enders 2, that's pretty cool. Oh man, PS VR compatibility. Hmm, a screen is coming up saying "PRODUCED BY ???". Now a rep from Konami is coming out to give some more information. Apparently the ZoE 2 remaster will be released for PS4 and PC, and no one knows who the producer is, and we should just stop thinking about it. The rep is reiterating that we should all stop asking about who produced the game and we'll never know and that it doesn't matter. A release window is being given: Spring 2018! Exciting stuff.

Horse Game

They're playing a video of a horse coming out and a child is riding the horse. Now the screen is blurring and unblurring and now the horse is riding the child. Release date Q1 2018. The crowd is giving a standing ovation now. The horse looked really real. The famitsu reporter next to me is going ballistic and jumping up and down and yelling. It looks like Horse Game will be compatible with PS VR. A bunch of people wearing t-shirts with pictures of trains on them are attempting to storm the stage. Security is firing beanbags. A western release has not been confirmed.

Shadow of the Colossus 4K

OK, there's a monster guy on screen. He looks pretty small. Kind of cute! This game will be a big hit with the

kids. The camera is zooming in on

wh

oh my g

holy fuck oh my god it's so large. someone is screaming and it might be me. i sincerely can not tell. it's such a huge scary monster. it's so fucking big. i am closing my eyes. i cannot deal with this. i miss my homeland of ireland. i am opening my eyes to see if it's still NOPE an even bigger one is there now christ oh my god. my throat is beginning to hurt. i think it was me who was screaming after all. Do NOT buy this scary game.

Left Alive

A lot of Japanese text on screen for this one. I can't read Japanese. Now they're saying something in Japanese that I don't understand. I shouldn't have been sent here. I think I heard someone say Metal Gear. It is possible that this is a Metal Gear game.

Final Fantasy IX

A huge surprise announcement from Square Enix: a sequel to Final Fantasy VIII. Squall is back, and so are the rest of the SeeD gang. Junction your favorite GFs. Do sidequests. The unsung hero of Playstation era Final Fantasy games: The map screen. Don't forget to save and heal up before a powerful boss fight! Triple triad. Uh oh, it's Seifer! Final Fantasy IX. Is Japan one of the countries where you have to check in an hour before your flight?

Monster Hunter World

A really sad looking man in a capcom shirt is coming on stage. He's speaking really slowly about the new Monster Hunter game. His voice sounds kind of like Droopy Dog. He's trying to explain how gear crafting works but he keeps having to pause to take deep breaths. I think he's trying not to cry. OK now he is crying. I'm not sure if this is part of the presentation or not. A lot of people in the audience are looking around pretty awkwardly. I really think I should be going. I think the new Monster Hunter is open world and it may have some online functionality. I don't know for sure. He was bawling pretty loudly by the end. I'm going to slip out through the back.

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

9.10 I'll Just Be Over Here, Saying Things

Thursday, Sep 21, 2017 by Guest Columnist James Damore

When I was asked to write a guest column for the website Something Awful, I could only reply with "I'll tell you what's really something awful: how PC culture has turned this world into a hellscape for free-thinkers like me." After a few days with no response, I sent another e-mail that said "yes," and here I am. Even with my ongoing gender research--which has transformed from a passion into a full-time job--I do have a lot of free time on my hands these days. And there are certainly lots of productive ways to spend the many hours between frequent appearances on shows where I discuss how my enemies can't stop trying to silence me.

When people meet me, the first thing they say is, "Wow, that's a pretty good cosplay of Alec Baldwin after he stretches his face out in Beetlejuice." After I assure them this is what I really look like, a common phrase I hear in the midst of our discussions is, "Wow, you sure have a lot of ideas, James." Guilty as charged. Why, just the other day, I pointed out that we should respect the KKK, not for their racial hatred or domestic terrorism, but for how they embraced cool Dungeons & Dragons terms. After all, a logical thinker would understand that people are multifaceted, and even the most vile human has some good qualities deep down. After all, I'm a nice guy, and look at how quickly people wrote me off after one innocent memo! I know this sounds like I'm projecting, but I've crunched the numbers and discovered everything that happens in the world relates to me in some way.

People think automatic weapons are dangerous, but I've got something much more powerful, locked and loaded right here (I'm pointing to my brain right now). That's a little joke I like to tell people, and I can safely say TSA agents do *not* appreciate this use of free speech. Now that I'm no longer under the watchful eye of Google--which I've shown can easily be transformed into the hilarious pun "Goolag"--I'm pretty much free to say whatever I want, whenever I want. And you better believe that sitting around and letting my mind stew is much more rewarding than collecting some six-figure salary anyone can get if they just work hard enough.

I've been turning around some thoughts in my head and have come to realize that people refuse to see any side of an issue if they find one particular part of it offensive. Now, let's work with an extreme example. You might be familiar with Dennis Rader, the BTK Killer? (A nickname

undoubtedly concocted as a smear campaign by the mainstream media.) Yes, we can all agree he's a despicable man, who killed 10 people--one of them being a little girl he lynched in her own house and later ejacuated onto. But! What if I told you his organizational skills were second to none? Would you accept this fact into your greater network of thoughts about Dennis Rader? Or would you suddenly make an excuse to leave, and then never talk to me again like certain people did in a certain commissary at a certain giant tech company that shall remain nameless? (It's in Mountain View, California, if you need another hint.)

Losing that boring old job is actually a relief, since now I have so much time to churn this brain butter of mine and release fresh sticks of truth to the world. For instance, "women and children first:" is this really the stance sinking ships really want to take? Maybe you'll want to read my new thesis, "Gentlemen Biologically Prefer Blondes: Why Workplace Hair-Dying Initiatives Can and Should be Mandatory." Did you realize women that ignore you on online dating sites are actually guilty of censorship? For all this and more, be sure to check out my appearances on the following YouTube channels: Buff Centrist Gamer, Free Speech Showdown, The Liberty Report, Red Pill Bulletin, and Anti-Antifa Raichu.

–∼Guest Columnist James Damore

9.11 I Walk An Animal: The Gentle Life of Upcoming Gentle Leader

Friday, Sep 22, 2017 by Gentle Creature Mark (@sexyfacts4u)

Earnestly addressing the animal "Good Boy" I am reminded of my satisfactory performance as a child. The affirmation is what motivates us from an early age, our choices rewarded. A choice: to vote for Mark Zuckerberg for Gentle Leader.

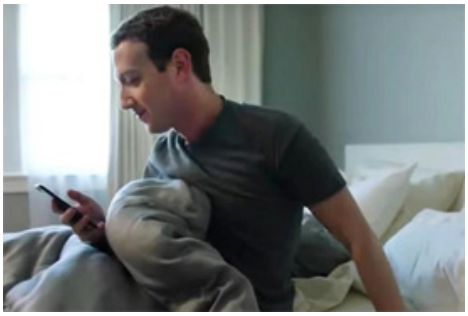
I speak softly, "Good Boy" and administer the pat three times upon the head. My gait is normal human. I eat the tubers and fleshes normal to prefer. I do not sleep inside my perfect blackbody cape in a windowless, refrigerated room in the center of my house absorbing nutrients from a substance and space inaccessible to other humans. I like to throw the ball to my Good Boy.

Hello, allow me to reintroduce myself. My name is Mark Elliot Zuckerberg and I instanced on May 14, 1984. I perceive roughly the same spectrum of colors and light as you. My scents are similar and originating from the expected glands. I enjoy base ball and Wu Tang. My favorite holiday is the most popular one, because it is about sharing in the experience.

Becoming your Gentle Leader in 2020 would not serve a function unless I had a plan. I have devised this plan over countless hours of consideration and calculation based on information only I can access about your browsing, spending, and social habits. Google also has this information, but he is no longer a person. Not since 2006.

Rest assured, I am a person and my brand occupies space within the top 500 mindshare.

My daily events are the usual ones. I arise from bed and check my algorithms. I have the well-liked bread circle, perhaps with condiment. I greet my human wife in the common fashion of touching for the correct length of time. I never press my forehead to hers and speak through my bared teeth in a hissing voice. This has not happened, maybe ever. There is no proof it has, certainly.



It is time to walk my subservient creature. The dog. He is Good Boy, which is both a name and an affirmation. I enjoy addressing him and asking him if he is this name. He does not answer me, but we communicate through other means. Liquid waste is allowed to be contributed into the earth. When he manifests solid waste I am certain to remove this for later disposal.

Upon returning home I extend my nutrient tethers and recharge my life force from the zero realm, collecting the usual amount of particles into my body from the anti-coordinate space of unified existence.

After I am fully activated I reflect on the experience of common humans. The fashioner of my bread circle, for example. Who brought this into being? By what mechanism was my bread circle summoned? Was it excreted? Hewn? Machined? Or does it occur naturally? We may never know, but I would like to know.

My dream is to be inside everyone, anchored to their flesh, seeing, hearing, and feeling what they are experiencing. I wish to hear my black baby's laughter. I wish to feed my Mexican baby from my womanly breast. I wish to lift my large Italian baby up using my labor arms.

To understand is to embrace the gentleness within us all.

Shhhhhhhhhh. Hiisssssshhhhhhh.

Gentle Leader is coming with full human characteristics and a human wife and a dog.

–~Gentle Creature Mark (@sexyfacts4u)

9.12 James Cameron's Billion Dollar Avatar 2-5 Budget Request

Wednesday, Sep 27, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

James Cameron
Actual Guy
Office, Thank You
Hi studio. This James Cameron, needing money for Avatar movie times four. What I spend the money on below okay. It's good proposition.
$30,000,000 - Blue Spraypaint
$65,000,000 - Paper Mache Rocks + Fishing Wire
$100,000 - Research Material: Introduction To Native American Culture (audiobook version to skim through 2x speed)
$200,000,000 - Unobtainium
$1,000,000 - A Safe (for Unobtainium, Avatar 4 gonna have the best heist you ever seen)
$50,000 - All GI Joe Weapons And Vehicles + Sandpaper
$350,000,000 - Director's Chair That Is Also Submarine
$300 - Good Computer To Render All This Stuff (at LEAST Pentium with dedicated sound card)

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.13 5 Things We Miss about the '90s Now That the Ant People Have Come

Thursday, Sep 28, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

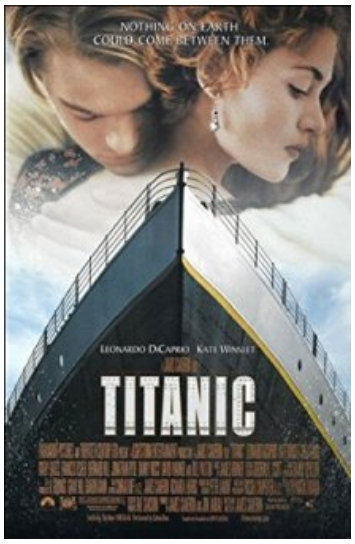
Nicktoons! Pokemon! Beanie Babies! If you grew up in the '90s, before the Ant People came in their death cruisers to conquer Earth, strip its resources and send its people to toil in the plutonium mines of Formicus VII, all those things should ring a bell. Here are 5 reasons '90s kids had the best childhood.

Knowing every line from Austin Powers, but not a single word of the Ant People's victory anthem

Yeah, baby! You knew every line from this classic Mike Myers film, but not one word of the Ant People's victory anthem, which we're forced to sing every morning before reporting to the sugar fields. You couldn't hum its one-note melody with a raygun to your head, like we have to sometimes, but your Dr. Evil impression was second to none. If you can't recite the "shh!" routine verbatim, you clearly aren't a '90s kid, or have succumbed to telepathic field of the Ant Queen.

Having a huge crush on Leo before he was imprisoned in the Ant Museum

Let's face it, if you were a teenage girl in the '90s your bedroom wall was a shrine to Leonardo Dicaprio, the *Titanic* hunk whose face launched a million hopeless crushes. Of course, those crushes are even more hopeless now that Leo and all our most beautiful celebrities have been imprisoned in the Ant Museum on Insectia as trophies of the Ant People's conquest of Earth. The museum's geodesic dome is eight inches thick and patrolled by winged drones whose pincers can snap a human



in two, so unless you've got an attack fighter armed with a splatter cannon or thermal obliviator, this dreamboat has sailed. Sorry, ladies!

Eating Fruit by the Foot, not surrendering it to the Ant People for its sugar

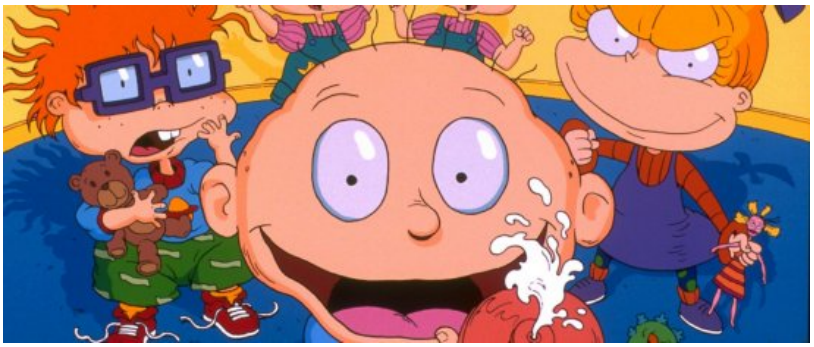
The average Ant Person needs 5.5 pounds of sugar every day to survive. Pretty unbelievable, until you remember that back in the '90s we practically lived off Fruit by the Foot. If we had this tasty snack today, of course, we'd have to surrender it to the Ant People, along with our Gushers, Bubble Tape and Surge. We feel dizzy rereading that sentence. Must be nostalgia overload! Or radioactive fallout from the Great Ant Wars! We're too hungry to care!

Rugrats and other shows that weren't subliminal Ant People propaganda

Who can forget Rugrats, the comic misadventures of precocious tots Tommy, Chuckie, Phil and Lil and Angelica? We tuned in every week to this and other classic shows, which contained no hypnotic mosaics or subliminal "HAIL ANTS" messages.

If you wanted a movie you went to Blockbuster, not the Forbidden Ruins

It's hard to explain to kids these days that we once had these things called "video rental stores" where we went on a Friday night and picked out a "movie" - a 90-minute story told through moving



pictures, now forbidden under Ant law. Sometimes we have to take the kids to the Forbidden Ruins and dig up an old poster or DVD just to prove that movies really existed. Or a VHS tape. Remember what a pain it was to rewind those? Remember programming your VCR to tape *Friends* but getting a baseball game instead? BAM! Now the *Friends* song is stuck in your head! Remember the Parthenon? *The Last Supper*? All the achievements of mankind? We must remind ourselves of these things. We must rise against our insect overlords and reclaim our planet. I don't have much time. The Ant Queen can read my thoughts as I'm typing this. Think of the brick wall from the Windows 95 screensaver. Oh god theyre at the d

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.14 I Will Fully Repay the American People for the Throne I Use in the Pleasuredrome

Friday, Sep 29, 2017 by Tom Price, Secretary of HHS (@sexyfacts4u)

I continue to welcome and am fully cooperating with the Office of Inspector General (OIG) review of processes and procedures related to my official sensual pleasure which I receive as part of my duty as Secretary of the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS). In my radiant pleasuredrome created in Washington, D.C. I have been serviced by a cadre of eunuchs, the finest and most shorn harlots of Paris, a mermaid, several large girls who tickle me with a feather, and my special throne which provides me with additional pleasure.

As I have previously stated, all of this sensual pleasure was approved by legal and a giggling duke wearing a powdered wig and coat tails. In no way was this an example of a known insider trader being given a government job only to loot its coffers for his own extravagant pleasures.

There is nothing extravagant about these pleasures! These are medically necessary and directly related to the work I do as the head of HHS. How could I meet with the head of the Nebraska Department of Health unless I welcome her into my golden breast-shaped pleasuredrome. She spoke in words and I spoke in the ancient language of Tantric bliss. After orgasming together for over seven hours, we managed to figure out a way to get almost 75,000 people off healthcare in Nebraska. Do you think we could have achieved such savings to the taxpayers had we not woven our sexual energy together creating a cage of pleasure for our souls?

No, is the answer to that. The same goes for when we had our wounded warriors come to the pleasuredrome to be dressed as Disney princesses. Have any of you stopped to think about how hard it is to make a man with one arm and no legs into a convincing Jasmine? No, you didn't, is the answer to that.

Despite this, I regret the concerns this has raised regarding the use of taxpayer dollars. All of my political career I have attempted to ensure no normal person benefits from services offered by the government. Somehow, I forgot that even though I have hundreds of millions of dollars, I am a normal person and sensual pleasure can be a service from the government.

I have let myself down and for this I deeply apologize to myself. I know as well as anyone that the American people want to know that their hard-earned dollars created a magnificent sculpture of two maidens intertwined made entirely out of cocaine. And that the cocaine was very, very pure.

To make sure everyone knows that I understand and appreciate this, and to make sure everyone knows that this will never happen again, I am taking the following steps:

- My staff and I will pleasure each other instead of using the pleasuredrome.
- I will give up the throne I use in the pleasuredrome and have it placed in the Jefferson Memorial for visitors to enjoy, although those with heart conditions and sensitive skin should not try to use the throne.
- Today, I will write a personal check to the US Treasury for the expenses of my pleasuredrome. It cost 800 million dollars to build the pleasuredrome and my chair cost about $50,000 so that is what I will pay back. The taxpayers won't pay a dime for my throne on the main dais.

I have spent forty years as a pleasure mad hedonist addicted to all the finer things in life, which I have enjoyed throughout my career and at great personal sacrifice. Did you know I had myself baked into a giant cake and then paid a fat woman to sit on the cake with me inside it? No, you never bothered to ask. It has been my personal honor to serve the American people, and to be jacked off by various American people and people from other countries, to be bathed in oil and have my hocks whipped by ladies from Brazil.

It is my hope that this controversy can die down and I can get my throne back. As mentioned, it is medically necessary.

–∼Tom Price, Secretary of HHS (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 7 Essential Games Nintendo Forgot To Put On The SNES Classic

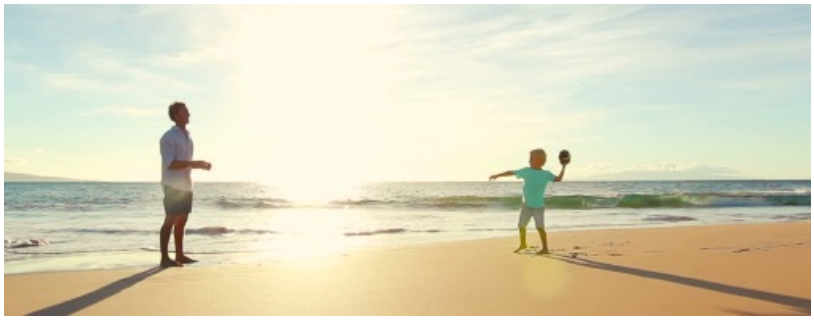
Tuesday, Oct 03, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Legend Of Zelda: Breath Of The Wild

It's the most popular, critically acclaimed Zelda game since Ocarina Of Time. Think about how many more SNES Classics this would sell!

Fallout: New Vegas

The greatest RPG of all time. My personal favorite game. A no-brainer.



Catch With My Father

I met my father twice. He didn't show much interest in me, so I never got this. Nintendo really screwed up this time!

SkiFree

Who can forget gaming's most recognizable mascot: Snow Creature???

First Person Shooter

That virtual reality game featured in the X-Files episode of the same name.

Hoop and Stick

You put your stick on the hoop. You run until the hoop stops rolling. No other game - not even chess - contains so many possibilities arising from such simple mechanics.

Chrono Trigger

Here's what I remember about this game: A festival, a frog man with a cape, and quitting after getting lost in a cave. An absolute classic that should be in everyone's library.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.2 Apologies from the Good Guy with a Gun

Thursday, Oct 05, 2017 by Good Guy with a Gun

Well, shit.

I'll be the first one to admit there's an entire Denny's worth of egg on my face this week. After all, I'm the dude people always cite as the reason gun laws should never change. For every armed bad guy up to no good, there's supposed to be someone like me, equally armed and on the side of justice. And let me tell you I am *really* trying to get my shit together this time.

As someone with born with the innate ability to sniff out and eliminate pure evil, I'm letting my talents go to waste. So, that's it: after this weekend, everything changes. I'm actually going to start using that membership at the 24 Hour Fitness I've been paying for since February, and no more drinking. Well, I mean, I'm only human, so let's make it no more drinking *alone*. And because I usually show up at the bar around threeish and it's usually just me and the bartender for a few hours, that totally counts as a person. Hey, if I'm making up these rules, I should at least make sure I'm sticking to them.

Christ, just look at this place. Maybe I could be on the scene faster if not for all of these pizza boxes and MGD cans all over the floor. Of course, I'm not an animal--I left myself a clear path to both the bathroom *and* the fridge--but I'll be damned if I could even figure out where I put that damn gun. Last I remember, I left it on the coffee table while babysitting my little nephew Travis. And before you think I'm irresponsible, yes, the safety was *off*. With all of the pedophile syndicates operating out of our local pizza houses, you can never be too careful. Whatever, I'm sure it'll turn up.

Mark my words, when I finally get in better shape, those bad guys had better watch out. While most of you out there may think a potential active shooter could likely be anyone you see in your everyday lives, I've seen a lot of movies. Based on experience, I can tell you a guy walking around in a dark suit with sunglasses and a ponytail who looks like he could jump out from a corner wielding two pistols is likely up to no good. A seemingly normal person with a mysterious accent, especially if they're speaking into a walkie-talkie? Ditto. Anyone who knows anything about this subject can tell you spree killers are extremely predictable and can easily be dispatched in an efficient and extremely cool manner.

Now, I've never technically been present for a shooting, but if I was, I can assure you that, in the moment, I could definitely track the exact direction of each bullet's trajectory and logically find the culprit. Even while surrounded by dozens of screaming, fleeing, and dying people, I know in my heart of hearts that, under the threat of death, I can trust my frontal lobe to overpower my lizard brain and not simply fire wildly into the crowd. And no other good guy with a gun would see me firing and think I was the shooter--we're way too sensible for that. Even if there was some confusion, in the middle of the mayhem, I'm sure we could figure out some system to determine who isn't the bad guy--maybe hand signals or something. Again, this is something that's definitely on my plate for Monday.

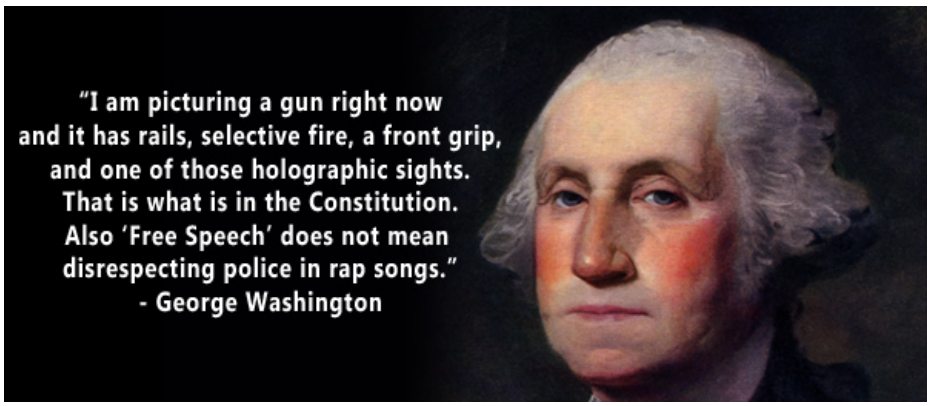
You might be disappointed in me, but I'm honestly way more disappointed in myself. Just know that one day soon I'll surprise you, and we can classify those previous incidents as simple goof-ups on my part. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've gotten like 60 voice mails since I sat down to write this, so I *really* need to make a note in my schedule to get to those on Monday.

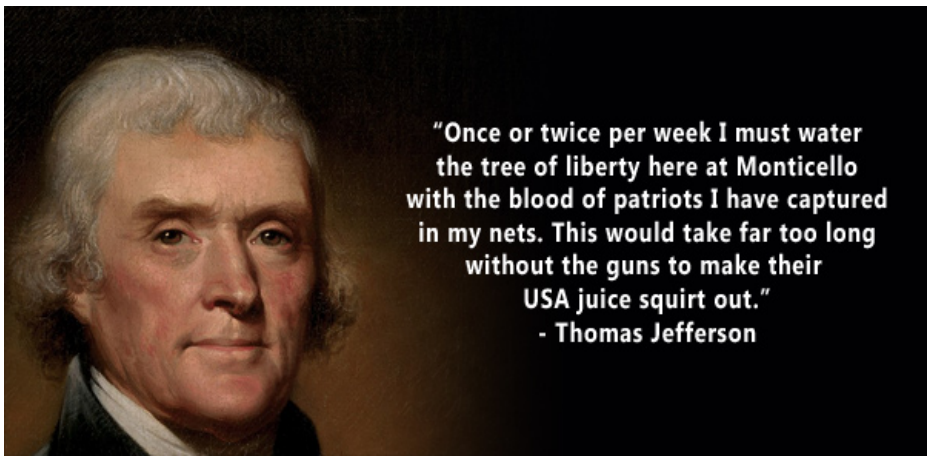
–∼Good Guy with a Gun

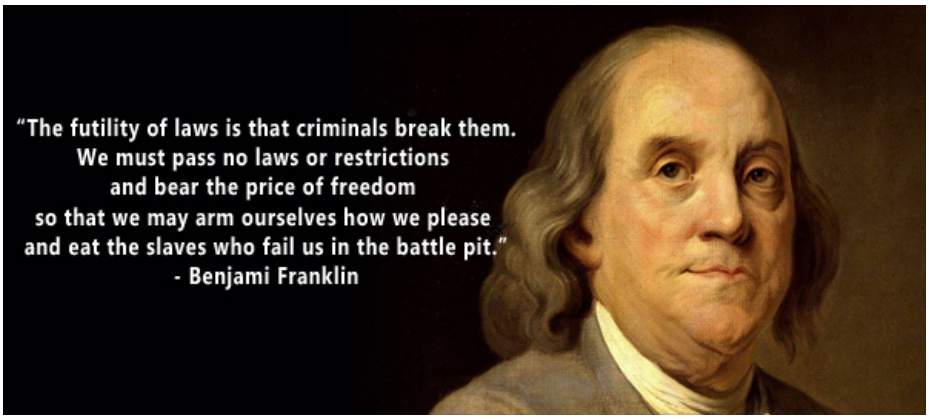
10.3 Great Founding Father Quote Memes For the Gun Control Debate

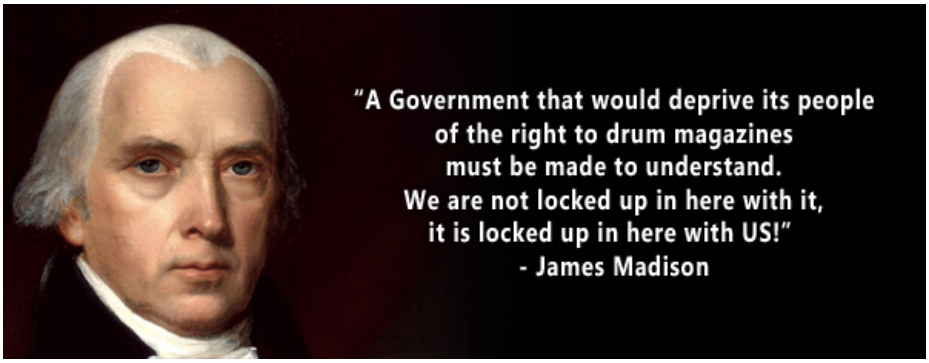
Friday, Oct 06, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

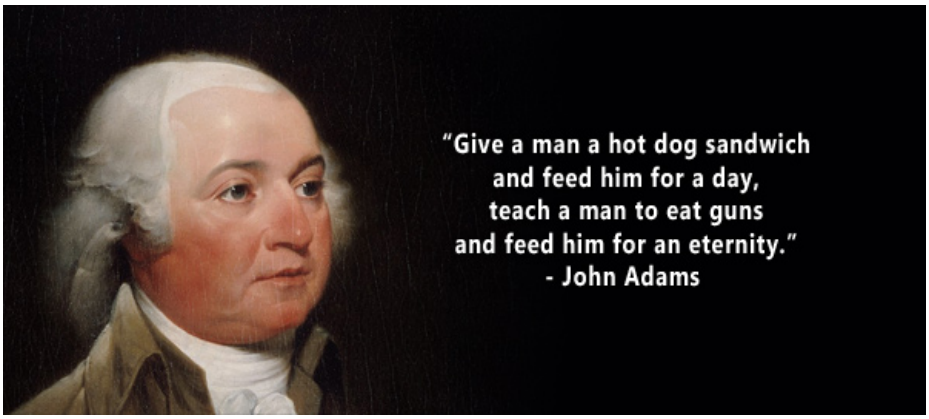
If you are gun owner engaged in the ever-vital Gun Control Debate Online you might find it helpful to use one or more of these Founding Father quotes in your arguments. All of these quotes have been verified by a Facebook group with guns in the name and are also usable on Twitter and TruGrit, the Twitter clone that was created only for people who believe an AR-15 can be appointed to the Supreme Court.

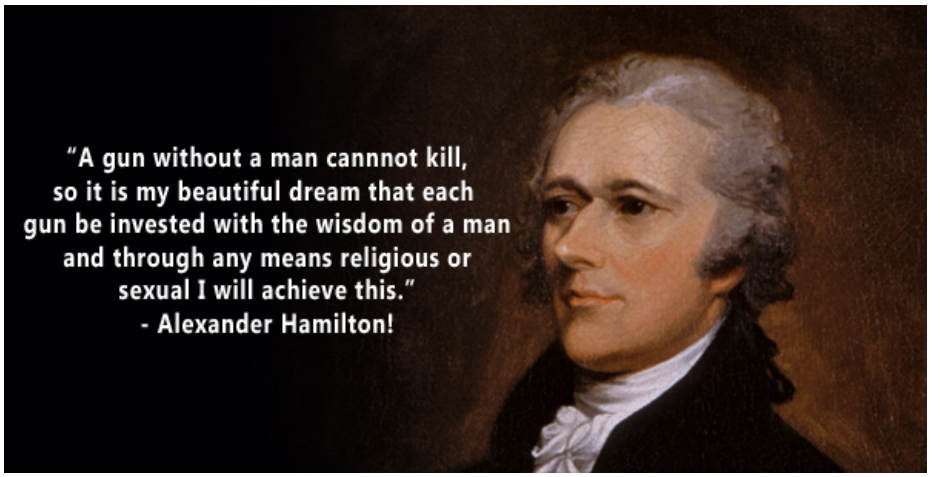

"I am picturing a gun right now
and it has rails, selective fire, a front grip,
and one of those holographic sights.
That is what is in the Constitution.
Also 'Free Speech' does not mean
disrespecting police in rap songs."
- George Washington


"Once or twice per week I must water
the tree of liberty here at Monticello
with the blood of patriots I have captured
in my nets. This would take far too long
without the guns to make their
USA juice squirt out."
- Thomas Jefferson


"The futility of laws is that criminals break them.
We must pass no laws or restrictions
and bear the price of freedom
so that we may arm ourselves how we please
and eat the slaves who fail us in the battle pit."
- Benjami Franklin


"A Government that would deprive its people
of the right to drum magazines
must be made to understand.
We are not locked up in here with it,
it is locked up in here with US!"
- James Madison


"Give a man a hot dog sandwich
and feed him for a day,
teach a man to eat guns
and feed him for an eternity."
- John Adams


"A gun without a man cannnot kill,
so it is my beautiful dream that each
gun be invested with the wisdom of a man
and through any means religious or
sexual I will achieve this."
- Alexander Hamilton!

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.4 Bull in a China Shop

Wednesday, Oct 11, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Plate... plate... teacup. This is terrible. All of it. I don't want anything in here.

Even if I did feel like buying a porcelain gravy boat shaped like a buttercup - and I don't - what would that transaction look like? The manager's been following me around since the moment I set hoof in here. I wouldn't feel comfortable standing at the counter while that guy rings me up, not even trying to hide his suspicious staring.

Besides, I don't have money. I'm a damn bull. No one will issue me a credit card without state ID. Same reason I can't get a job. And if I did have cash where would I keep my wallet?

Needless to say I don't even have a house to keep said gravy boat in, let alone a dinner table.

Hell, I don't even know why I came in here. If a psychiatrist would let me in their office maybe I could figure out why I keep putting myself in situations like this day after day.

Which way did I come in aga- Cynthia?

Is that you, Cynthia? You look amazing!

Hard to believe it's been ten years. What have you been up to?

A corporate consultant? That's... great. Wow.

Your own house too. No, I'm not familiar with it but it sounds like a nice neighborhood. Good for you!

Married. That's... great.

Me? Oh, you know me. I'm doing well. Lots of irons in lots of fires. Just a matter of time until something comes of it.

No, I understand. I've got to get going too. I was just going to ask the manager if they have a more expensive model of this buttercup gravy boat.

Bye, Cynthia. Take care.

God that was awkward. Got to get out of here before we bump into each other aga- what's this? The top half of a strangely glowing sword protruding from a rock?

Don't know what a replica of Excalibur is doing in a china shop, but it shouldn't be on the ground in the middle of the aisle. I'd hate for someone to trip on it and get hurt. I'll just pick it up by grabbing the sword's hilt with my teeth and pulling...

It came free! That burst of energy, the electric tingle across every fiber of my being... This really is Excalibur. I am the Chosen One!

(A slow cover David Bowie's "Heroes" echoes as we fade to black, then a title card - JUSTICE LEAGUE)

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.5 I HELPED HORNEY WEINSTEIN BREAK IT OFF IN PADDINGTON BEAR

Friday, Oct 13, 2017 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

Yo what up this is an emergency transmissions!!

I have been busy as all fuck with Interior Secretary Zingy flying helicopters to Ruth's Chris and taking submarines for his daughter's engagement anniversary to go look at the base where they keep Osama. He's alive and VIPs can go down there and he will watch any movie with you you want. He has to watch it. Zingy made him watch the original True Grit and I was like that is what you show this bitch?? I made him watch those Peanuts cartoons for weird holidays that they only ever played once like the MLK day one which is frigging mind blowing and had Bin Laden in tears.

But then when I came to the surface I found out a terrible scandal had broken out. It turns out that the good buddy of Ricky Hollywood AKA me, Horney Weinstein, had got into trouble for grabbing one titty too many. Thankfully before me and Matt Damon and Ben Aflac could record a vimeo thanking horney for producing our movies more stories broke and it turns out he is really bad.

I will be the first to admit that the past few years have been like a tutorial level for me on sex things. So, like, first of all none of this is a joke because the first thing is that rape is never funny. There is never a circumstance or context or anything where rape is funny. So get that out of the way.

Then second thing I learned is that when a girl eats a freight train load of K and vomits into my mouth while making out with me that does not mean she consents to me sticking my whole hand in her butt.

The third thing I learned is that when a woman is having sex with you and you are in the ghost

mask and you do the devil voice and she says "stop using the devil voice it's scaring me" and you keep doing it while you are having sex with her then that comstitutes the big old R-word and I won't be doing any of those things ever again after next weekend which is brew ball where Tucker's dad buys ten kegs and we drive snow machines until we pass out.

Now that I got all that out of the way I want to tell my horney weinstein story to observe me of my sins. I am not proud of being his wingman on several occasions and I definitely do not endorse when he took all those actresses out into international waters and made them all sign contracts with weird clauses like they have to do all their table reads topless or whenever they are on set they have to use a special bathroom with a glass toilet. I told him to ease up that time he bought a net to catch girls leaving his apartment and I was downright disgusted when he proved to me that he had built up an immunity to mace like that guy from princess bride.

So my involvement and cupability in this situation relates to an incident that tramspired in 2014 during the post production of the movie Paddington Bear. Now if you don't know Paddington Bear is like a busted ass bear and he wears a coat and a hat and he's basically garbage. Who cares, right? Well horney cares. He had snorted half a cup of Vietnamese synthetic cocaine and was like "You see that bear, Ricky?? I will make that bear suck my dick!" I mean anybody can make a bear suck their dick if you hollow out a salmon and give the bear rootbeers with codeine but he meant this talking bear Paddington, which wasn't even real at that point it was just like a render on the film. I was like "Mr. Horney Weinstein you can't get that bear to do anything he's just a computer android thing like the Vision from the Avengers."

"No," he said. "Fuck that. I will get Quendin Tarantinos down here and Matt Damon and they'll put my dick on a green screen and use the computer and make the bear suck my dang dick."

And like I didn't want to see his dick, trust me, but I was still like, "Hell yes get the popcorn this I gotta see."

I'm not proud of it. Like I said. Horney was all, "Okay but you have to convince the voice actor to come back and say, 'I'm Paddington Bear and I want your fat balls in my mouth!!'"

I was like "Uhhhhhhh, I got this, dude!" and before I knew it I was trying to convince Ben Whishaw to record VO on a Skype call and I was like just record some expressions you might say if you were paddington and you were sucking a dick and he was like a good dick? and I said hell no I am talking about the worst most chicken neck looking thing with all sorts of lesions and hair on the tip for some reason. Ben Whishaw got it. He recorded a bunch of shit like "Bust those nuts on my hat" and "Hell yeah I was hungry so thanks for feeding me snake dinner!" and then Quendon Terantino painted a mannequin head green and harvey weinstein made out with it and then had mouth sex. I didn't watch that part being filmed because it was a closed set but I did watch them render it out and add the post effects.

Sure enough, about 5 weeks after doing all that coke and promising to fuck Paddington's mouth, Horney had a 3 minute clip of him tossing the hot dog in the beanie baby. And it was one of the most disturbing things I've ever seen. So why didn't I say anything? Because I'm a coward. And oppressed by the same system that oppresses all of his victims. I should have said something, but I was living large as Ricky Hollywood and not thinking about what this might do to WETA or whoever it was that rendered Paddington choking on dick. Some dude spent five weeks making those dang pixels.

I get it, ladies! Finally. I may be slow on the uptake but I would like to blame the time I put an

M80 inside my hockey helmet while I was wearing it. My hearing still isn't the same.

So what am I gonna do about it? I thought about this one for a long time and I think I have made up my mind that I am going to have to drive over him with a monster truck. The first step is to sneak onto the base where they keep America's monster trucks. It's in Iowa and it is HEAVILY guarded trust me. Second thing is I have to figure out his schedule. I know he like to go to a Halloween foam party in Ibiza at Joss Whedon's club so I am going to have to airlift the monster truck there and then make sure to call in a warning to the promoters and the DJ to get the party cleared out before I drive my monster truck in there.

I mean, Joss Whedon is a piece of shit, but I don't want to crush him under a monster truck. Just like a Kia or something.

Anyway, if you know the access codes to the main monster truck hangar, hit me up!

PEACE!

–~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

10.6 The Worst Things Your Flight's Pilot Could Possibly Say

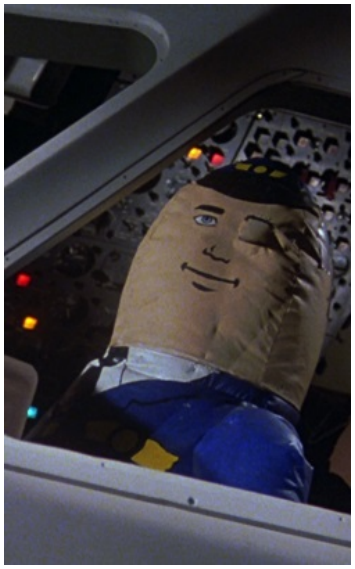
Tuesday, Oct 17, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"I am wrapping my hands around your throat. I am murdering you."

"Oh, look, it's me from the future! And there's another me, made of anti-matter! All three of us are reaching out towards the exact same point in space, our fingertips on a collision course."

"I have poisoned your coffee. There is no antidote. You have moments to live."

"There's no easy way to say this. I'm sleeping with another passenger. They make me happier than I've felt in years."



"I am dropping a bowling ball on your toe."

"Welcome to my chamber of necrotic darkness, adventurers. That curious sound is a magical seal cutting off your every avenue of escape. Even if you overcome my devious traps, you will run out of air within mere hours. Foolish heroes! Ha ha ha!"

"I've been reading your mail. Watching you from afar. I am ready to become you."

"I'm tired of people attacking Trump. These animals have no morals. They disrespect the Flag, our Troops, our Police, our America First Strong Responders, our CEO Overlords, our Free Market Solving Everything, the Brave Nazis, and the Personal Responsibility Freedom Right To No Health Care. These mindless leeches are out of control. No morals. And let me tell you about the media, who should be killed by the way..."

"The tests confirm my suspicions. It's an incredibly rare disease. You have three months to live at most."

"I'm holding the person you care about most as a hostage."

"(An impossible-to-transcribe chant which summons one of the six prime horror-colossi)"

"Now I'm not racist, but..."

"No one's looking, so I'm going to set this Renaissance-era painting on fire."

"I am currently stabbing you in the thigh with a pitchfork."

"Seth MacFarlane has a new show!"

"I am positioning your head in the jaws of a vice. Now I am turning the handle very slowly."

"You say that's the biggest burrito you've ever eaten? Lovely. I see it caused you to perspire. Turn around, if you will. Here are the twenty people you respect most in life. Please recite and explain the origin of every email address and screen name you have ever used."

All of the above, in that order, without pausing.

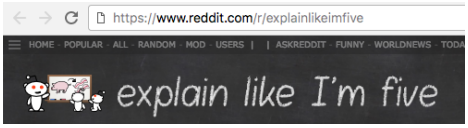
–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.7 A Guide To The Most Popular Subreddits

Wednesday, Oct 18, 2017 by David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

Twitter is dying because it became racist and started mailing $100 bills to sex harassers. The guy from Facebook is deleting the site so he can become some kind of technocratic God-King. Tumblr is just a free wordpress plugin installed over the yahoo answers backend. And I obviously don't need to say why the Something Awful forums are out of the question. Soon the only place to post will be reddit. But how does one post on reddit? Unlike many other sites made for posting, reddit is comprised of thousands of small "subreddits" devoted to a single topic. But [second sentence starting with "but" in single paragraph] which subreddit is right for you? I can help. Here are a few examples of the kind of posts you'll see on some of the most popular subreddits out there.

/r/explainlikeimfive

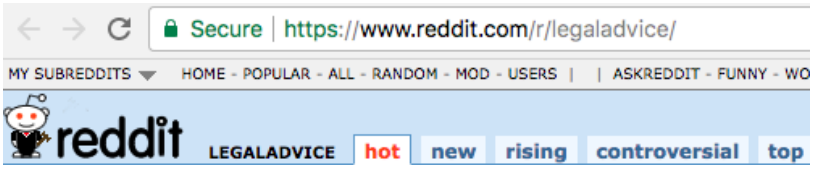


- Founded on the ethos that "there are no stupid questions"
- There are stupid questions

Example Post:

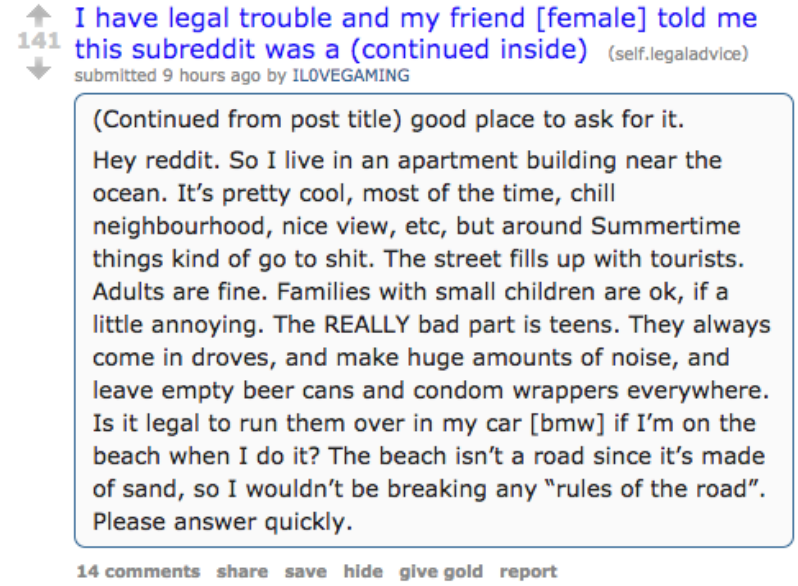
46.3k
Biology ELI5: What is cum?
submitted 29 days ago by picklerick_ofscoeince
1646 comments share save hide give gold report
top 500 comments
sorted by: q&a (suggested)
• Be Civil
• For serious explanations only, not just links.
• Please don't speculate
Top level comments must be an explanation or on-topic question.
save
content policy formatting help
[-] Racist-Dave 41.3k points 29 days ago*
pee
edit: Thkank you for the gold
permalink embed save report give gold reply
[-] WonderfulMan 1012 points 29 days ago
I think it's pee. source www.wikipedia
permalink embed save report give gold reply
[-] bbbbbbbb 507 points 29 days ago*
It's pee
permalink embed save report give gold reply

/r/legaladvice



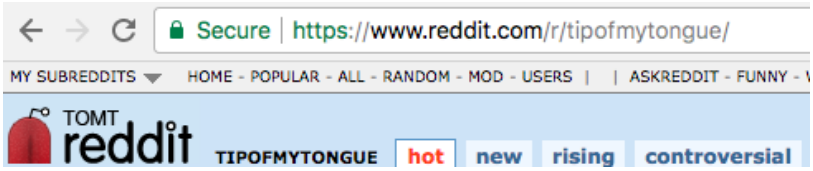
- There are Laws, and then there are "Laws"
- 1 in 5 replies just read "oh shit... oh fuck..."

Example Post:


141
I have legal trouble and my friend [female] told me this subreddit was a (continued inside) (self.legaladvice)
submitted 9 hours ago by ILOVEGAMING
(Continued from post title) good place to ask for it.
Hey reddit. So I live in an apartment building near the ocean. It's pretty cool, most of the time, chill neighbourhood, nice view, etc, but around Summertime things kind of go to shit. The street fills up with tourists. Adults are fine. Families with small children are ok, if a little annoying. The REALLY bad part is teens. They always come in droves, and make huge amounts of noise, and leave empty beer cans and condom wrappers everywhere. Is it legal to run them over in my car [bmw] if I'm on the beach when I do it? The beach isn't a road since it's made of sand, so I wouldn't be breaking any "rules of the road". Please answer quickly.
14 comments share save hide give gold report

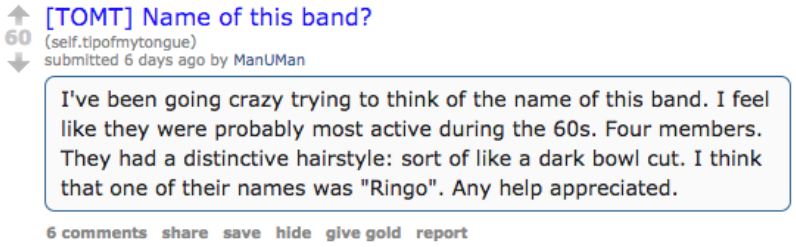
[–] Trogdor 187 points 7 hours ago
If your friend single?
permalink embed save report give gold reply
[–] flying-spaghetti-christ 12 points 2 hours ago
girl? 25/m/cali PM pics pls
permalink embed save report give gold reply
[–] 123-thatsnumbers 17 points 3 hours ago
helo baby
^^^^TELL YOUR FRIEND I SAID THIS PLEASE!!!!
permalink embed save report give gold reply

/r/tipofmytongue



- what's the name of that thing
- you know uhhhh
- the one with the guy

Example Post:


[TOMT] Name of this band?
60
(self.tipofmytongue)
submitted 6 days ago by ManUMan
I've been going crazy trying to think of the name of this band. I feel like they were probably most active during the 60s. Four members. They had a distinctive hairstyle: sort of like a dark bowl cut. I think that one of their names was "Ringo". Any help appreciated.
6 comments share save hide give gold report

[–] xXxXx 56 points 6 days ago
bbuhhhhh
permalink embed save report give gold reply
[–] PirateRobot 4 points 6 days ago
me no know
permalink embed save report give gold reply
[–] PhleaxTrexus 3 points 6 days ago
Is it metalicka
permalink embed save report give gold reply

Let's recap what we've learned today

- The male ejaculation is a myth
- Law is fake
- Beatles

YOU DID IT!!!!!!!

–~David "g0m" Dolan (@g0m)

10.8 How to Determine the Authenticity of This Authentication Guide

Thursday, Oct 19, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Lean in close to your screen. Inhale deeply. Does this guide give off a cloyingly sour odor? Then it is likely the genuine article.

Now print this authentication guide. Hold the printed copy to your nose. Inhale deeply. Does this printed copy smell like paper and ink that hasn't fully dried? It is likely a copy.

If this authentication guide contains a badge of authenticity that looks like this, it is likely real:

If this guide contains a badge of inauthenticity that looks like this - located anywhere within the guide - it is likely fake:

Do certain passages of this authentication guide seem poorly word or incomplete? Then it is 100%, absolutely, without a doubt

Purchase a jeweler's lens. Hold this authentication guide up to the light. Inspect it with one eye squinted shut and the other eye peering through the jeweler's lens. Adopt a determined expression.

Mumble things like "hmm" and "as I suspected" as you adjust the lens. Is the authentication guide on the surface of an enormous high-quality diamond? If so, it is likely a forgery.

Rub lemon juice across this authentication guide. If it's authentic, no hidden message will be revealed. If it's inauthentic, there might be a hidden message that reads "this is fake". Maybe.

Determine the provenance of this authentication guide by locating the last person who had it in their possession. That would be you. Take a sample of your blood. Send it to the lab. Wait 6-8 weeks for the genetic testing suite to conclude that the blood sample did, in fact, belong to you. This - along with a photograph of yourself holding this guide - is incontrovertible proof that the chain of custody goes back at least as far as you.

Enter a chamber with two identical copies of this authentication guide. One can only speak the truth. One can only lie. You have the ball at the three point line. There are two seconds on the clock.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.9 Will The Last Jedi Answer Fan Questions About the Origins of Female Ejaculation?

Friday, Oct 20, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Star Wars: The Last Jedi debuts on December 15th and the buzz is building among fans for that galaxy long ago and far away. The Force Awakens introduced many new characters and prompted fans to develop a number of theories. Fans are certainly hoping that The Last Jedi answers all of the questions that have, particularly about female ejaculation.

What is it? Is it just pee? On a porno do women sort of squirt water up there? Does Supreme Leader Snoke finally give fans the answer they have all been waiting for about what is going on with female ejaculation? Does Chewbacca know about it?

One popular theory is that female ejaculation is real and it is a fluid similar to male semen, but much thinner. This liquid is said to be produced by the skene gland in women. BB-8's map may help the Rebellion find the skene gland that is said to produce the seminal-fluid like ejaculation.

But has BB-8 actually seen female ejaculation? That's crazy. If a man ejaculated that much he would be dead. Another popular fan theory is that female ejaculation is all or mostly urine. Those gushing torrents of liquid seem far too plentiful to be anything else. Will Luke finally tell Rey the truth about the Force and also clear things up on the content of female ejaculation?

During production, actor Mark Hamill expressed some disagreement with director Rian Johnson about the direction Luke takes in the film. Could it be possible that Hamill believes in the urine theory of female ejaculation, but Johnson wanted Luke to reveal the skene gland origin of female ejaculation? Fans will have to wait until December 15th to have their questions answered.

What about the possibility of squeezing a water bottle into a woman's vagina so that she has that liquid trapped in there? Could she spray it all out on command? Carrie Fisher, in what may be her

final turn as General Leia, could provide fans with the answers they are looking for. Perhaps just as she explains the truth about female ejaculation, she is killed by Kylo Ren. It would be a fitting sendoff for maybe the all-time greatest woman in science fiction.

What about Finn and new co-star Kelly Marie Tran as Rose? Will they find a holo-crystal containing ancient Jedi wisdom about female ejaculation? What is the film reveals a fourth possible origin for the liquid? That fluid could be something more powerful than even a Yoda ever dreamed!

We'll all have to wait and see!

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.10 Apple's Last Great Computer: The Plastic MacBook

Wednesday, Oct 25, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In 2010 it was possible to walk into any store that sold Apple products (an "Apple Shop" if you will) and purchase the best laptop the company ever produced. I'm talking, of course, about the...

PLASTIC

ASS

MACBOOK

Also known as the One True Apple Laptop.

A body made of futuristic curvy white plastic. None of that industrial brushed metal garbage. Glass trackpad. The finest chiclet keys. A thirteen-inch 16:10 screen, also known as the One True Display Ratio.

This was my favorite computer. An object of beauty, made by people who knew what they were doing. It was the last time buying an Apple product felt like a nice creative friend who was also a soulless multi-billion dollar corporation telling you, "Hop in, I know exactly where we're going." (Plastic City. We were doing to Plastic City)

What became of Apple's laptops?

They became thinner. With fewer ports, so they could be thinner. And worse keyboards, for thinner. And a touchbar, for... I still don't have that one figured out.

Oh, and Apple added some new colors to their hardware. What if your metal laptop was darker? Or tacky gold? Or tackier rose gold? What I'm saying is that modern Macs seem to have taken their design inspiration from a box of plain Christmas tree ball ornaments.

Join me next time, when I explain why the original iPad was the best one by a country mile.

Unapologetically chunky and blocky. A product designed to be held. Stubby buttons and switches that poked out so you could easily find and use them. A thick bezel with the exact same width on every side of the device. Also known as the One True Bezel.

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.11 Blog of the CD Cenobite from Hellraiser 3

Thursday, Oct 26, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

October 1st, 2017

There's this female cenobite I have a huge crush on. I first met her a month ago when we were going opposite directions on the Penrose staircase in hell; we passed a few hundred times before I finally worked up the nerve to say "hi." For the last few weeks, I've been giving her mix CDs, which I secrete from large stomas on my body. She says she's enjoying them, but somehow I doubt she's even listening...

October 3rd, 2017

I went to the record store yesterday and noticed that vinyl is coming back in style. I have mixed feelings about this. While it's great that people are buying physical albums again, I still think CDs are the superior format. Some people claim the bass on vinyl sounds "warmer," but that sound was not on the original recording and isn't part of the artist's vision. Also, records' bulk and dull edges make them rather cumbersome as throwing weapons.

October 5th, 2017

My mom wants me to move out of her basement by the end of the month. She says I'm 300 years old and should be living on my own, and also that she's sick of the constant rattling from the chains I've got hanging from the ceiling. This means I'll have to get a real job, as I doubt I could support myself as a part-time DJ at an S&M club. I've burned my resume onto CDs and have been throwing them at prospective employers, but so far no luck.

October 7th, 2017

For the next few weeks, I'll be counting down my top 10 albums of the '90s. Number 10 is Soundgarden's *Superunknown*. The year this album came out, it never left the CD player embedded in my chest. There were nights I let humans escape with their lives rather than throwing this masterpiece at them.

October 9th, 2017

Ebay user todd1409 is a liar, and I urge all my readers to avoid any transactions with him. I sold him some *Cowboy Bebop* DVDs recently, and he left me a negative review saying they arrived in poor condition. The DVDs were flawless when I appeared at his door and threw them at him; I take no responsibility for any damage incurred after that. If todd1409 wants to pay outrageous shipping and handling charges for his anime DVDs, he can be my guest.

October 11th, 2017

Got fired my first day as a janitor. Apparently, my boss was under the impression that I know how to mop floors and squeegee windows. I'm mainly an immortal demon that throws CDs at people.

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

10.12 PlayerUnknown's Battlegrounds Elite Tier Operator Tips & Tactics

Friday, Oct 27, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Like all spec ops tier one operators you need to be ready to drop onto any island and execute maximum lethality to terminate the opposing force (OPFOR) and receive the chicken dinner (CHKDNR). This is how we do it. OORAH!

Tip #1

Every elite solider knows that the first step in the OZ (Operating Zone) is to take off your shoes. SpecOps top tier elite ops do everything barefoot. You will shuffle around much more quietly in buildings when you are crab-walking towards the objective to terminate the hostile tango.

Tip #2

RACISM. Cannot be stressed enough. Whether China Number One or you are going to shout the n-word, this is how you win wars here people. If a foreigner is on your team you need to expedite a tactical insertion of imitating the sounds of their language. Regardless, when the going gets tough you will yell to them for help and then blame them for any casualties incurred.

Tip #3

Choose the right drop point. Inserting on the right point is important. Let's take a look at the map:

I have circled viable drop points. The other locations on the map are wastelands of pistols and M16s.

You will notice the military base and the school are the only drop points. All other players drop on these two points so it will make the game very efficient as you kill all other enemies immediately. Also you might get a slightly better gun that you will drop when you die in one second when your team is driving past another team.

Tip #4

SCAR is LIFE. You want 2 SCARs to equip. More SCARs = More ELITE. If you cannot do this then you will also need a Kar 98k rifle with an 8X scope that you will use like a pirate's spyglass. You will horde ammunition and do not give any to your team you need 5-5-6.

Tip #5

Driving is good. You will want to drive in the motorcycle and do the "elite flip trick" where you flip it in the wheat fields, preferably with the circle closing in on you and a teammate on the motorcycle. If you cannot find a motorcycle then get into a Dacia automobile and immediately drive straight for the steepest hill. The longer it takes you to drive up that hill, the more pro your skills at tier one operating.

Tip #6

Help the team. If you happen to die you can still talk to your team and be an invaluable helper. "You should pick up the shotgun," you could say. "Why are you picking up so much ammo?" You could ask. "Go in those houses," you could suggest. "Why did you go in those houses?!" You could

shout as your team dies because they went in the houses.

Tip #7

HAVE FUN! This is the most important tip. You need to have some fun! Try crouching in a bush for 10 minutes watching the circle shrink on the map. Not fun enough for you? Try running around an overcrowded zone frantically picking collecting gear only to be killed by one shot from a shotgun when you open the wrong door. This is FUN! Welcome to tier one elite operating.

–∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.13 Make Halloween Great Again

Tuesday, Oct 31, 2017 by Chuck Guntly

Chuck Guntly

Another year passes, and yet another one of our True American traditions has been robbed from us by the sicko libs. Of course, I mean Halloween: the season of goblins, witches, and spooks. Whoops, am I not allowed to say that word anymore? Well, then how about "the living challenged?" Folks, that's just one piece of the mountain of bullhonkey a Christian Grandfather like myself has to go through when getting a new generation of little ones ready for trick-or-treating.

Back in my day, Halloween existed as a chance for a boy's imagination to shine. It was the one night of the year when he could be an army man, some sort of superhero, or a hobo clown, and nothing else. When I raised my own children over 30 years ago, the options had expanded somewhat, but we still respected the child's right to express itself. When my own spitting image wanted to be the black Ghostbuster for Halloween of '85, I gave him a stern talking-to about how wrong that could look, and what people would say. After all, before the multiple rifle accidents my little David was once the spitting image of a young Harold Ramis. But, two cans of shoe polish, one vacuum cleaner, and a jumpsuit later, and he looked exactly like old What's His Face--I think he was in Die Hard.

In these modern times, the P.C. Police have their Thought Rifles armed and ready just in case any of our children dream a little *too* big this Halloween. My sweet grandson Dale's "homeroom" (What even is that?) teacher sent a form home to his parents, requesting that she know in advance what his Halloween costume will be, due to "sensitivity" issues. People, I don't even want to know what a "Moana" is--and I don't care to learn--but I'm sure it's absolutely harmless for a child to put on its horns or cape or whatever. Sadly, this P.C. business seems to be rubbing off on little Dale: I told him it would be a real hoot if we dressed him up like an honest injun, but he said his friend Priyansh would be upset. Now, he might be a little old to have an imaginary friend with such a ridiculous name, but I worry the spark of imagination in his eyes might be one day snuffed out by the steel-toe boot of "sensitivity."

And it's not just the schools, either. Just the other week, my block association sent me a friendly "reminder" that I shouldn't give out any candies with peanuts, lest the little snowflakes get offended once again. I shouldn't have to remind you that my generation put almost everything in our mouths, and we turned out just fine. Sure, some of our throats closed up and we asphyxiated to death, but back then families tended to bounce back immediately with a new bun in the oven. (And don't get me started about the decline in certain birth rates.) Also, all of those child funerals meant us kids had one, if not two, suits at the ready for any occasion. If a few extra Babe Ruths in those trick-or-treat bags could make Dale's generation a little more well-dressed, you'll find me at the Costco, buying them in bulk.

First we had the War on Christmas, and now we have the War on Halloween. It won't be long before other treasured holidays like Arbor Day become yet another sissified hug-off that distances itself from proud traditions a vocal minority finds "offensive." As someone about to enter their golden years, this "safe space" culture really brings me down. Halloween was going to be the highlight of my autumn, given the fact that I can no longer watch NFL games since the sight of black men kneeling for upwards of 90 seconds aggressively irritates my heart condition. Sadly, with Halloween already lost to the leftists, my strength and bravery are best saved for defending another holiday.

–∼Chuck Guntly

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Stern Dad Reviews: Your Arts and Crafts

Thursday, Nov 02, 2017 by Stern Dad

Stern Dad

This Clown Bag

Great. Just great. Can you tell me just what I'm supposed to do with this? I'd be ashamed of picking up dog shit in public with this abomination. So, let me get this straight. You took a perfectly useful paper bag, covered it with trash, and expect me to feel anything but horror at this severed clown's head effigy? I can't even use this thing from preventing me from hyperventilating over what an awful, hopeless child you are without getting yarn and glue all over my top lip. As much as I'd hate to keep that thing in our house, you'd best hold onto it, kid. That twisted facsimile of a smile is the closest you'll ever get to having someone show happiness over your existence.

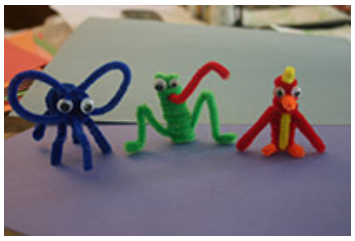
Some Turkey Stain

What's this? What is this... I'd call it a "painting," but that would be an insult to some of the greatest artists of our day. You see, when someone with actual talent sits down to paint something, they first sketch out their vision with their mind's eye. But *no*, you were just too clever for that, weren't you? Always cutting corners. That's why they kicked you off the soccer team when your poor performance forced me to take a swing at the other team's equipment manager. Just look at this mess. Did you even wash your gummy hands before committing this vile poultry to the page? I'd burn it, but that wouldn't be fair to the sky. Let's just bury this. No--wait, sorry. I meant to say, "*you* bury this." I threw out my back the last time I had to dig a deep enough hole to plant "LEGO daddy."

Wasted Food Box

Oh boy, well isn't this something? Well, you've really done it now! You're a certified genius, champ. Look at what you did: You figured out a way to waste *two* perfectly usable things at once! I realize you're too dim to understand this but food items *are not* a decoration. Why didn't you go the whole nine yards and just staple bologna slices to this container that's destined to rot in front of me? And just think of all of the things I could have kept in this box if it wasn't covered with perishable food: divorce papers, my failed plans for your eventual NCAA and NFL football career, and that handgun we took away from your grandmother. Now, all that stuff is just going to be scattered all over my desk. Tell you what: go ahead and have some fun with that handgun when you're home alone. I won't tell your mother.

Pipe Garbage Creatures



After a long day at work, there's nothing I like more than a puff on the old pipe. "What's this," I would normally ask, "Clogged? Well not after I use my trusty pipe cleaners!" And what should I find when I open up my pipe cleaner caddy? Nothing! All because you thought making these fuzzy demons was far more important than your daddy's lungs filling with tobacco smoke. Boy, you really thought this project through. You know what my favorite kind of toy is? Why, the kind that pokes me with sharp metal when I hold it the wrong way! What's next, some sort of spidery plaything made out of feces-covered rusty nails you find in an abandoned barn? You're sick in the head, kid. And now daddy has to snort this tobacco up his nose, and you know how much he hates that.

World's "Greatest" Dad "Award"

Out of all the trash you've thrown at me, I never thought I'd be given a lie made corporeal. So, help me understand this. You decided to award me "World's Greatest Dad," and without the backing of a committee, and with no formal voting process? Had this been a legitimate award, I'd gladly accept it. We all know how much those clerks at city hall don't like to see daddy whenever he shows up to petition them yet again for a formal "World's Greatest Dad" award complete with a ceremony and statuette. God knows I deserve it for raising you this long. Also, from the looks of this thing, it was likely made from a template--one your entire class probably followed. So, riddle me this: just how many greatest dads *can* there be, huh? Tell you what: you go stick this award up in the attic, and we'll take it down and frame it once I win that knife fight against your stepdad. When I text him a picture of it while he's recovering from his stab wounds, maybe then he'll see who's "unfit for parenting."

–~Stern Dad

11.2 Think Piece Headlines From the Days of Skeleton Hell

Friday, Nov 03, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Necrolord and his Hell Skeletons are here to shred our flesh and cut off our limbs. We live in a nightmare of skeleton violence. You could follow the news and get the facts or you could use your mind and actually think about what is happening.

Why Defending Yourself From Hell Skeletons is Actually Bad For You

Nine Ways Becoming a Hell Skeleton is Right for Millennials

Dear Necrolord: Removing All Our Skin is NOT Equality, It's Erasure

My Family's Slave Was a Hell Skeleton

The Militias Fighting the Hell Skeletons Have a Diversity Problem

Being Hell Skeletons is Great, Unless You're a Woman

Self-Care Still Important When You're a Bloody Skeleton

You Have the Hell Skeletons All Wrong

Six Shows You Must Binge Watch While Hell Skeletons Hack Your Limbs Off

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.3 An Important Message from the Monstergeddon Board of Directors!

Saturday, Nov 04, 2017 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.

To the Monster community:

For the past 114 years, Monstergeddon has provided a unique cultural experience for the monsters of Earth's Tangible Realm, while promoting awareness and appreciation in a wide range of human-killing excellence. And this website has become a neutral meeting ground for the serious discourse of slaughter as an essential art form.

Recently, accusations were made - in an anonymous email circulated amongst the forum; followed by an expose by The Daemon Adviser - alleging improper behavior by one or more members of the organization. The Board of Directors of Monstergeddon has zero tolerance for any behavior that does not conform to the high standards demanded by our members and that of basic monster decency. Thus, after much consideration, the Board has decided to take the following steps:

· Agreed to the resignations of two Monstergeddon executives, Sugar Man and The Gloom.

· Engaged an independent third party from beyond our dimension, the Monks of the Lamentation, to conduct an investigation into any alleged impropriety.

· Temporarily suspended all Monstergeddon activities in order to allow for the investigation and necessary restructure of management.

We want to reassure our members and staff that The Board will take all steps available to us to restore their faith in Monstergeddon. We look forward to Monstergeddon's continuing role as a gorey and vital cultural institution serving the monster community.

We invite you to contact us with any questions or concerns by emailing theboard@monstergeddon.org

-THE BOARD OF MONSTERGEDDON

Comment

BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?

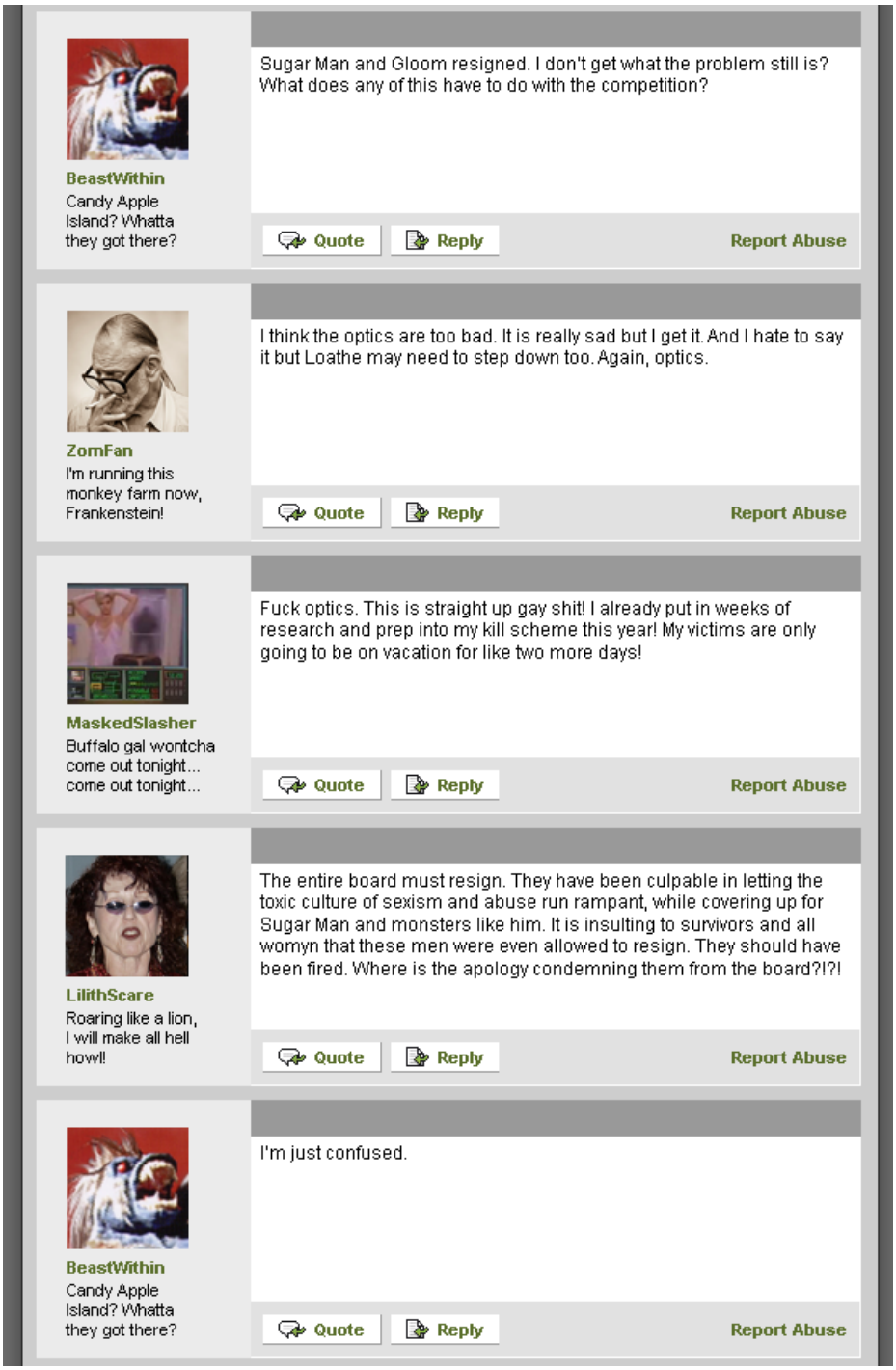
Wait, so is the competition seriously not happening AT ALL this year???

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Flesheater
ZOMBOR!
Kelly ZOMBOR!

They had initially said it was "postponed." I have tried contacting the board at email they give, but have received no reply.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?

Sugar Man and Gloom resigned. I don't get what the problem still is? What does any of this have to do with the competition?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

I think the optics are too bad. It is really sad but I get it. And I hate to say it but Loathe may need to step down too. Again, optics.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...

Fuck optics. This is straight up gay shit! I already put in weeks of research and prep into my kill scheme this year! My victims are only going to be on vacation for like two more days!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!

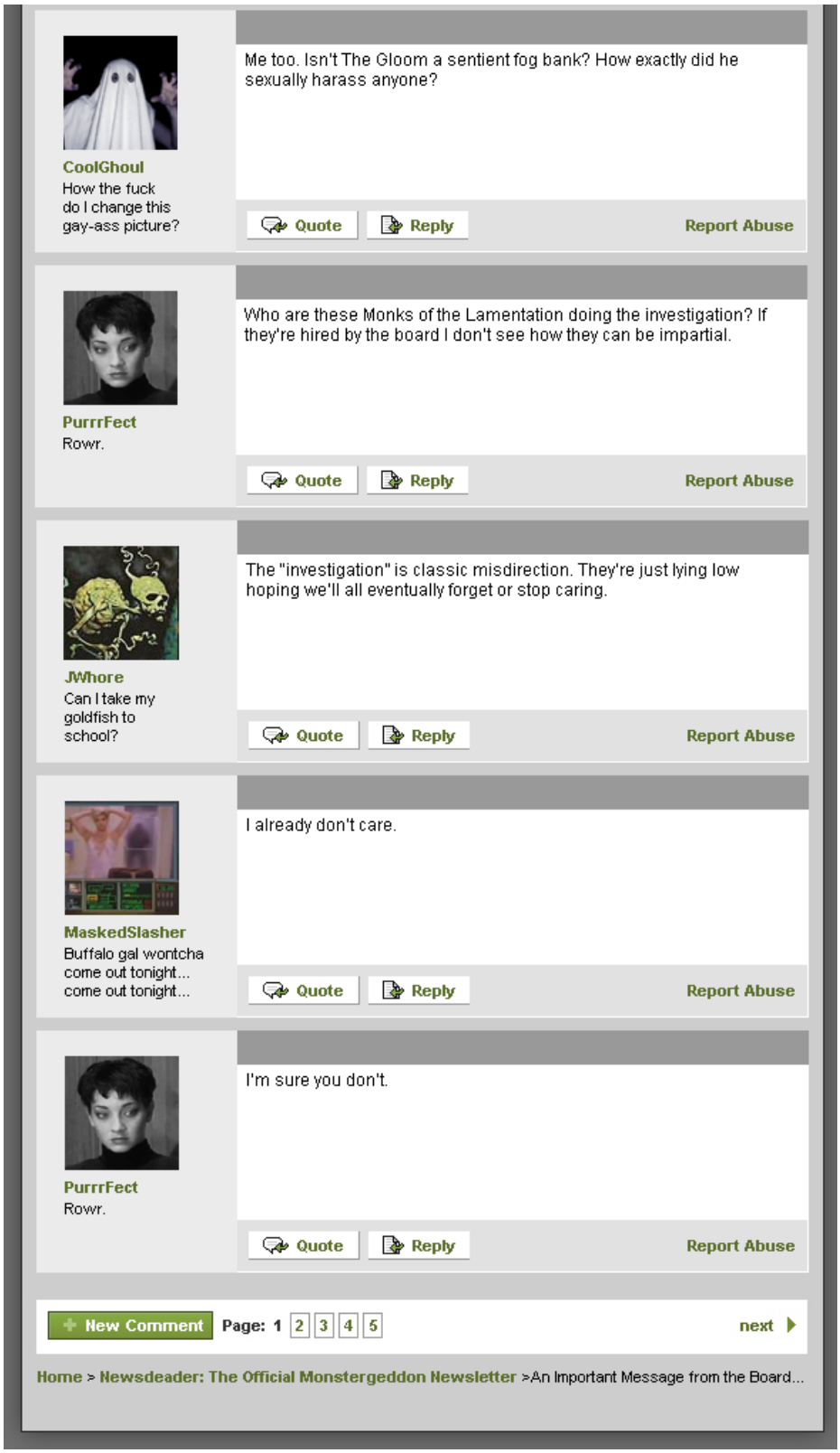
The entire board must resign. They have been culpable in letting the toxic culture of sexism and abuse run rampant, while covering up for Sugar Man and monsters like him. It is insulting to survivors and all womyn that these men were even allowed to resign. They should have been fired. Where is the apology condemning them from the board?!?!

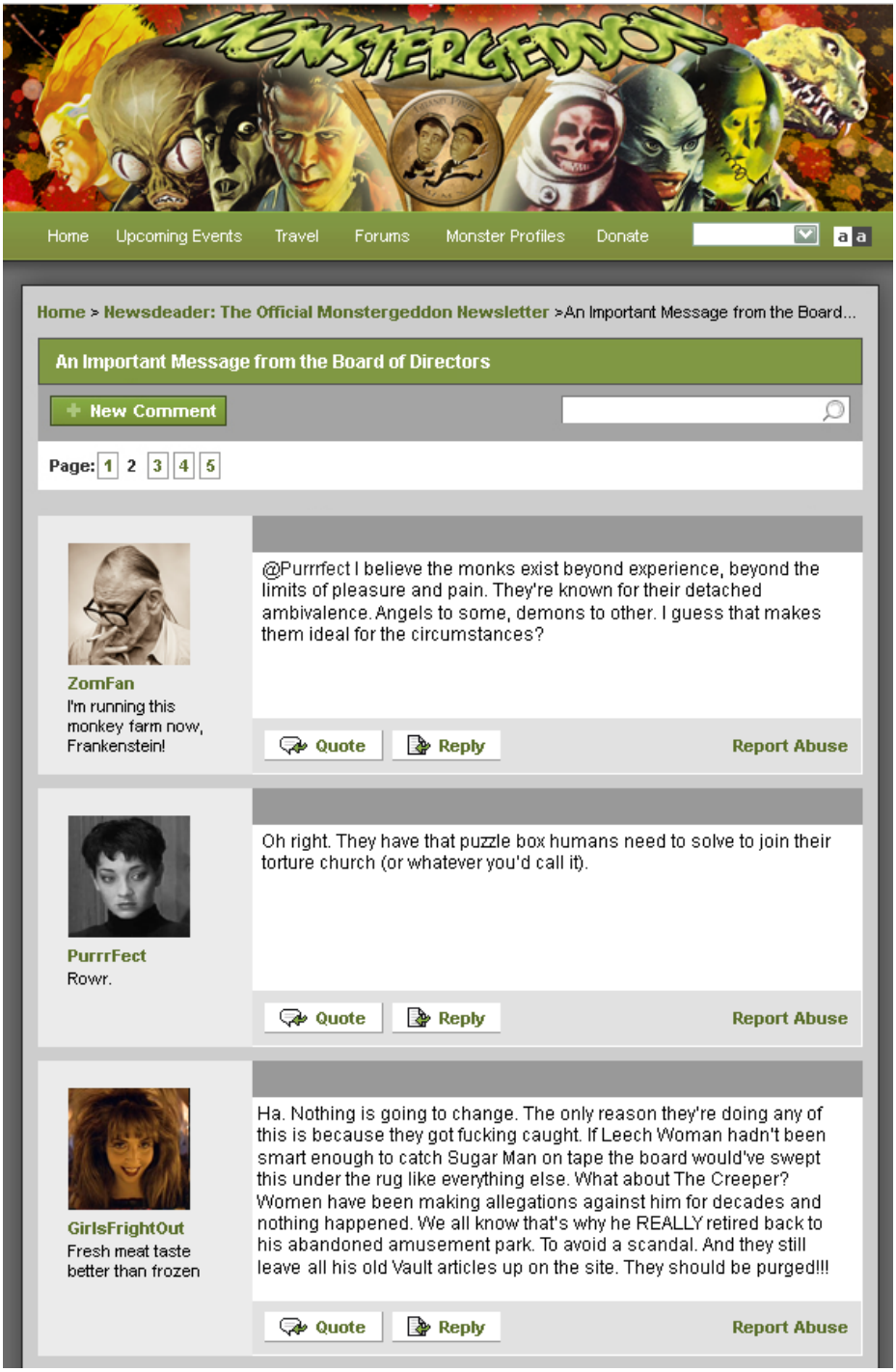
Quote Reply Report Abuse

BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?

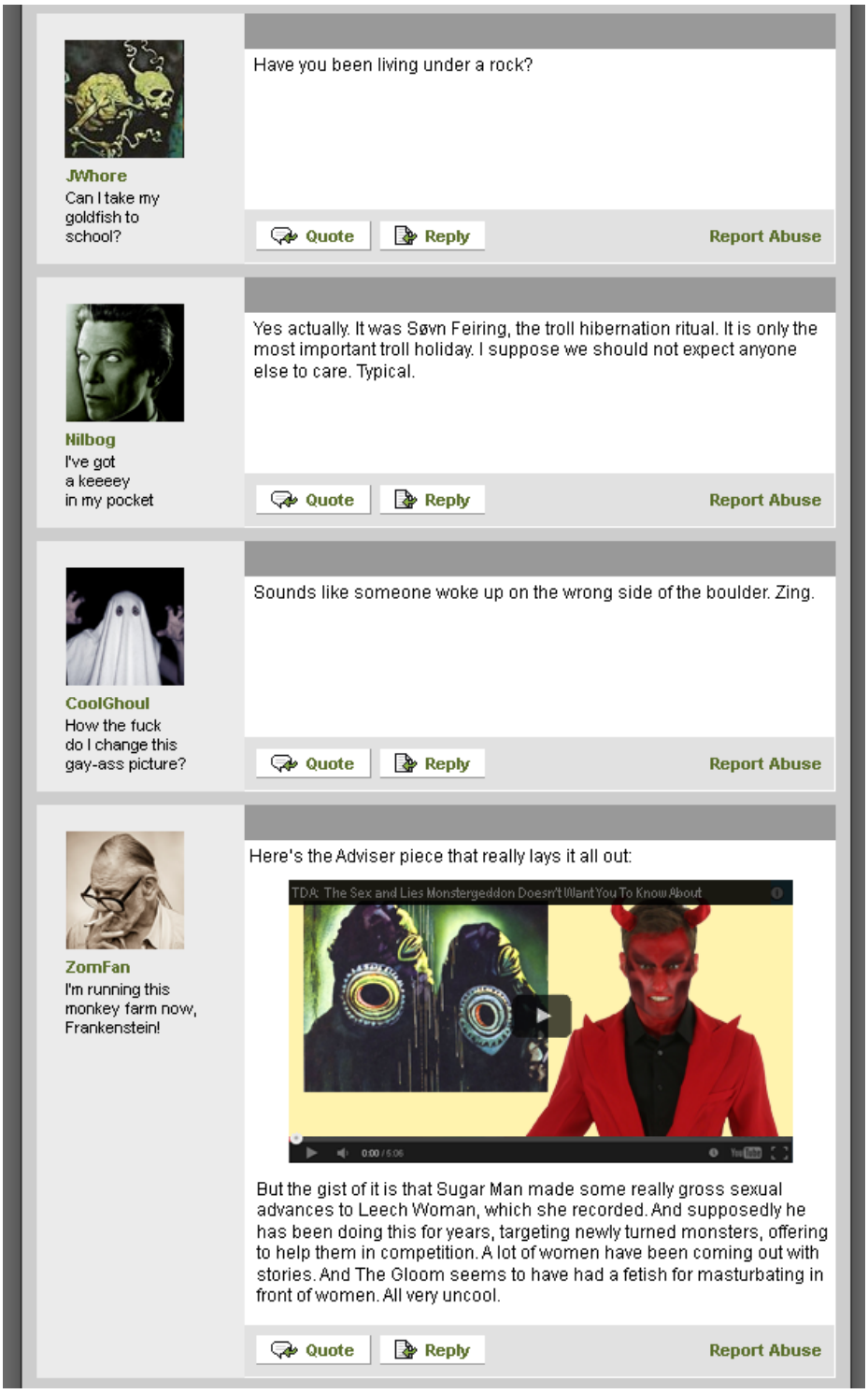
I'm just confused.

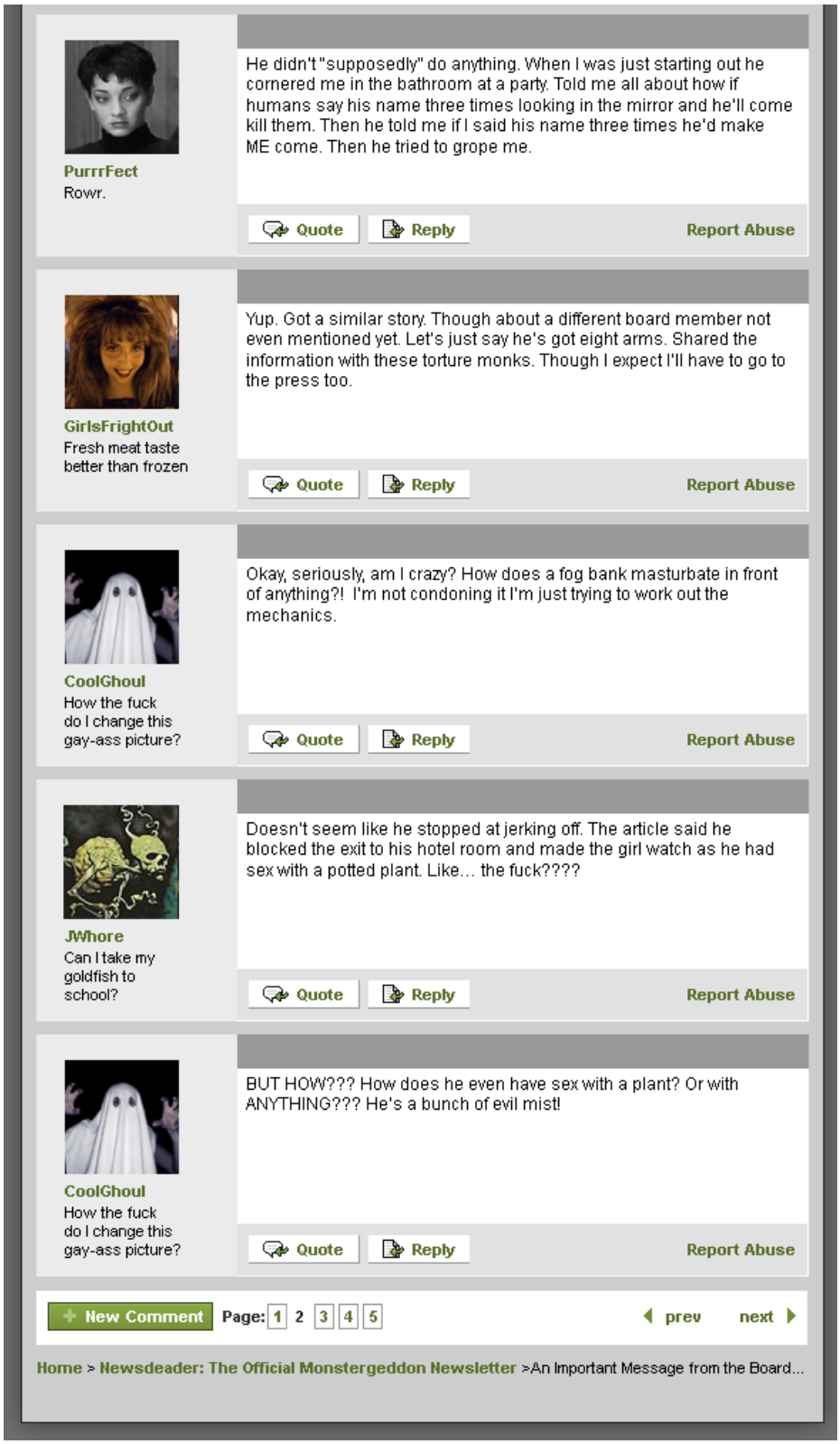
Quote Reply Report Abuse


Me too. Isn't The Gloom a sentient fog bank? How exactly did he sexually harass anyone?
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Who are these Monks of the Lamentation doing the investigation? If they're hired by the board I don't see how they can be impartial.
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
The "investigation" is classic misdirection. They're just lying low hoping we'll all eventually forget or stop caring.
JWhore
Can I take my goldfish to school?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I already don't care.
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I'm sure you don't.
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Comment
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
next
Home > Newsdeader: The Official Monstergeddon Newsletter >An Important Message from the Board...


MONSTERGEDDON
Home
Upcoming Events
Travel
Forums
Monster Profiles
Donate
Home > Newsdeader: The Official Monstergeddon Newsletter >An Important Message from the Board...
An Important Message from the Board of Directors
New Comment
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
@Purrrfect I believe the monks exist beyond experience, beyond the limits of pleasure and pain. They're known for their detached ambivalence. Angels to some, demons to other. I guess that makes them ideal for the circumstances?
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Oh right. They have that puzzle box humans need to solve to join their torture church (or whatever you'd call it).
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Ha. Nothing is going to change. The only reason they're doing any of this is because they got fucking caught. If Leech Woman hadn't been smart enough to catch Sugar Man on tape the board would've swept this under the rug like everything else. What about The Creeper? Women have been making allegations against him for decades and nothing happened. We all know that's why he REALLY retired back to his abandoned amusement park. To avoid a scandal. And they still leave all his old Vault articles up on the site. They should be purged!!!
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

I'm conflicted on The Creeper situation.
Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
So... you think it is totally cool for a monster that's centuries old to give potions to young humans that turn them into monsters and bind them to him sexually?
GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Oh no no no. Of course not. I just mean that I separate an artist from their work. His Vault essays, especially those in the 70s, shaped a lot of how we view human killing now. I don't think that should be discounted because of his personal life.
Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
This is all stupid. I don't give a shit about Creeper. But he's a monster! Monsters do fucked up shit. You could say killing humans is bad too.
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
The board's statement was vague. What did Sugar Man and Gloom do to justifying banishment?
Nilbog
I've got a keeeey in my pocket
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


JWhore
Can I take my goldfish to school?
Have you been living under a rock?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Nilbog
I've got a keeeey in my pocket
Yes actually. It was Søvn Feiring, the troll hibernation ritual. It is only the most important troll holiday. I suppose we should not expect anyone else to care. Typical.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Sounds like someone woke up on the wrong side of the boulder. Zing.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Here's the Adviser piece that really lays it all out:
TDA: The Sex and Lies Monstergeddon Doesn't Want You To Know About
But the gist of it is that Sugar Man made some really gross sexual advances to Leech Woman, which she recorded. And supposedly he has been doing this for years, targeting newly turned monsters, offering to help them in competition. A lot of women have been coming out with stories. And The Gloom seems to have had a fetish for masturbating in front of women. All very uncool.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



PurrrFect
Rowr.

He didn't "supposedly" do anything. When I was just starting out he cornered me in the bathroom at a party. Told me all about how if humans say his name three times looking in the mirror and he'll come kill them. Then he told me if I said his name three times he'd make ME come. Then he tried to grope me.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

Yup. Got a similar story. Though about a different board member not even mentioned yet. Let's just say he's got eight arms. Shared the information with these torture monks. Though I expect I'll have to go to the press too.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

Okay, seriously, am I crazy? How does a fog bank masturbate in front of anything?! I'm not condoning it I'm just trying to work out the mechanics.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

JWhore
Can I take my goldfish to school?

Doesn't seem like he stopped at jerking off. The article said he blocked the exit to his hotel room and made the girl watch as he had sex with a potted plant. Like... the fuck????

Quote Reply Report Abuse

CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?

BUT HOW??? How does he even have sex with a plant? Or with ANYTHING??? He's a bunch of evil mist!

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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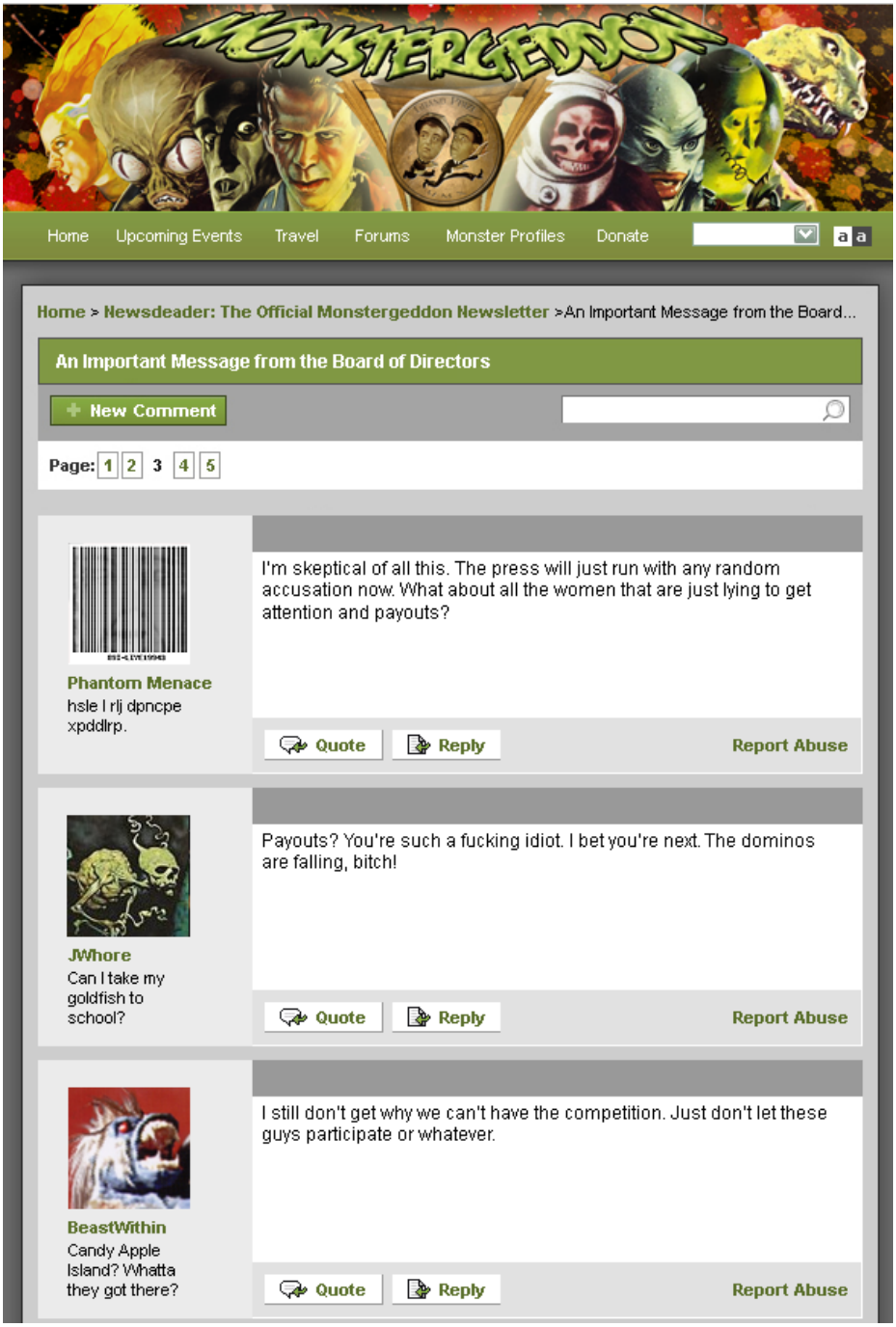
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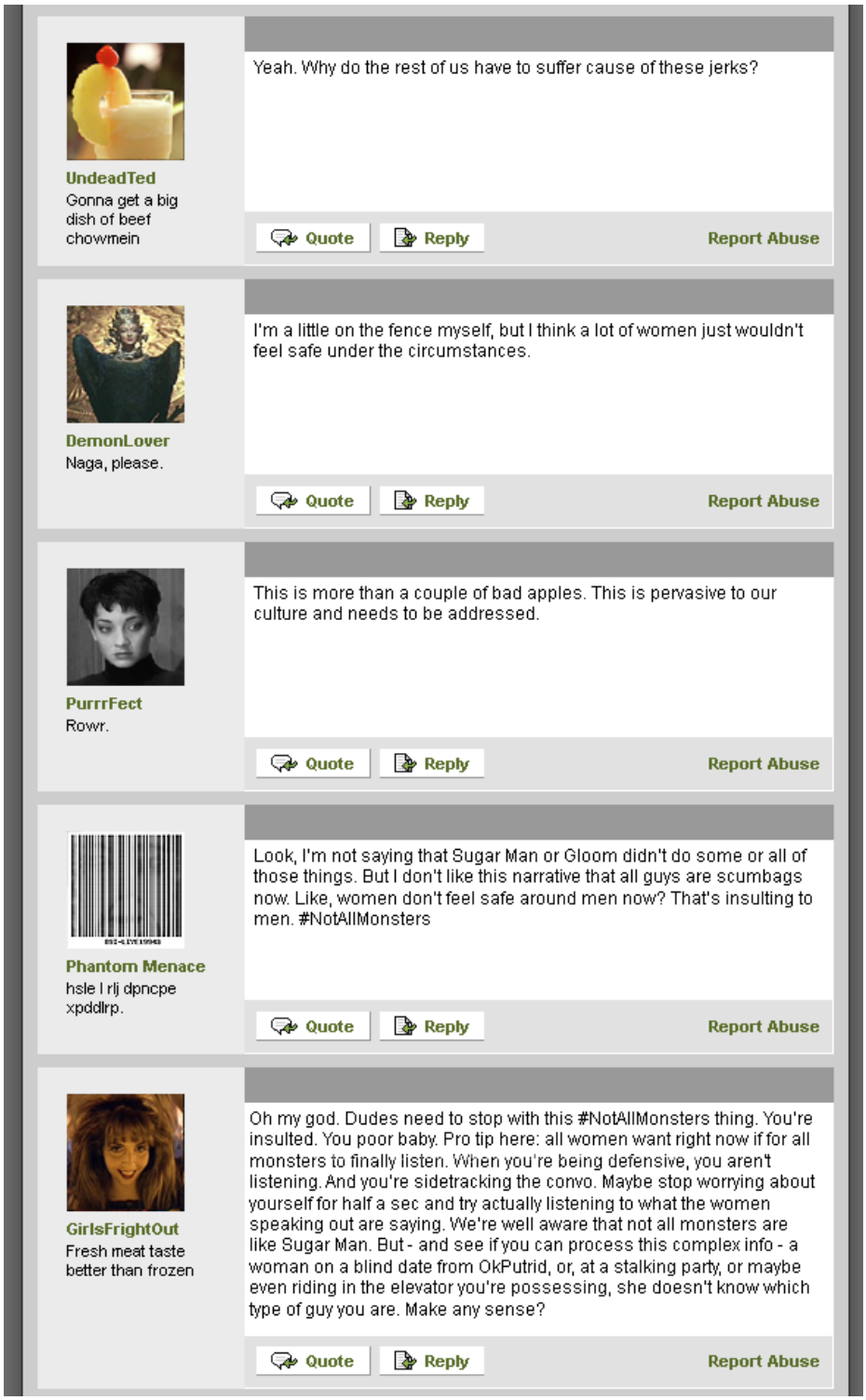
Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
I'm skeptical of all this. The press will just run with any random accusation now. What about all the women that are just lying to get attention and payouts?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
JWhore
Can I take my goldfish to school?
Payouts? You're such a fucking idiot. I bet you're next. The dominos are falling, bitch!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
BeastWithin
Candy Apple Island? Whatta they got there?
I still don't get why we can't have the competition. Just don't let these guys participate or whatever.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

Yeah. Why do the rest of us have to suffer cause of these jerks?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover
Naga, please.

I'm a little on the fence myself, but I think a lot of women just wouldn't feel safe under the circumstances.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

This is more than a couple of bad apples. This is pervasive to our culture and needs to be addressed.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Phantom Menace
hsle l rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.

Look, I'm not saying that Sugar Man or Gloom didn't do some or all of those things. But I don't like this narrative that all guys are scumbags now. Like, women don't feel safe around men now? That's insulting to men. #NotAllMonsters

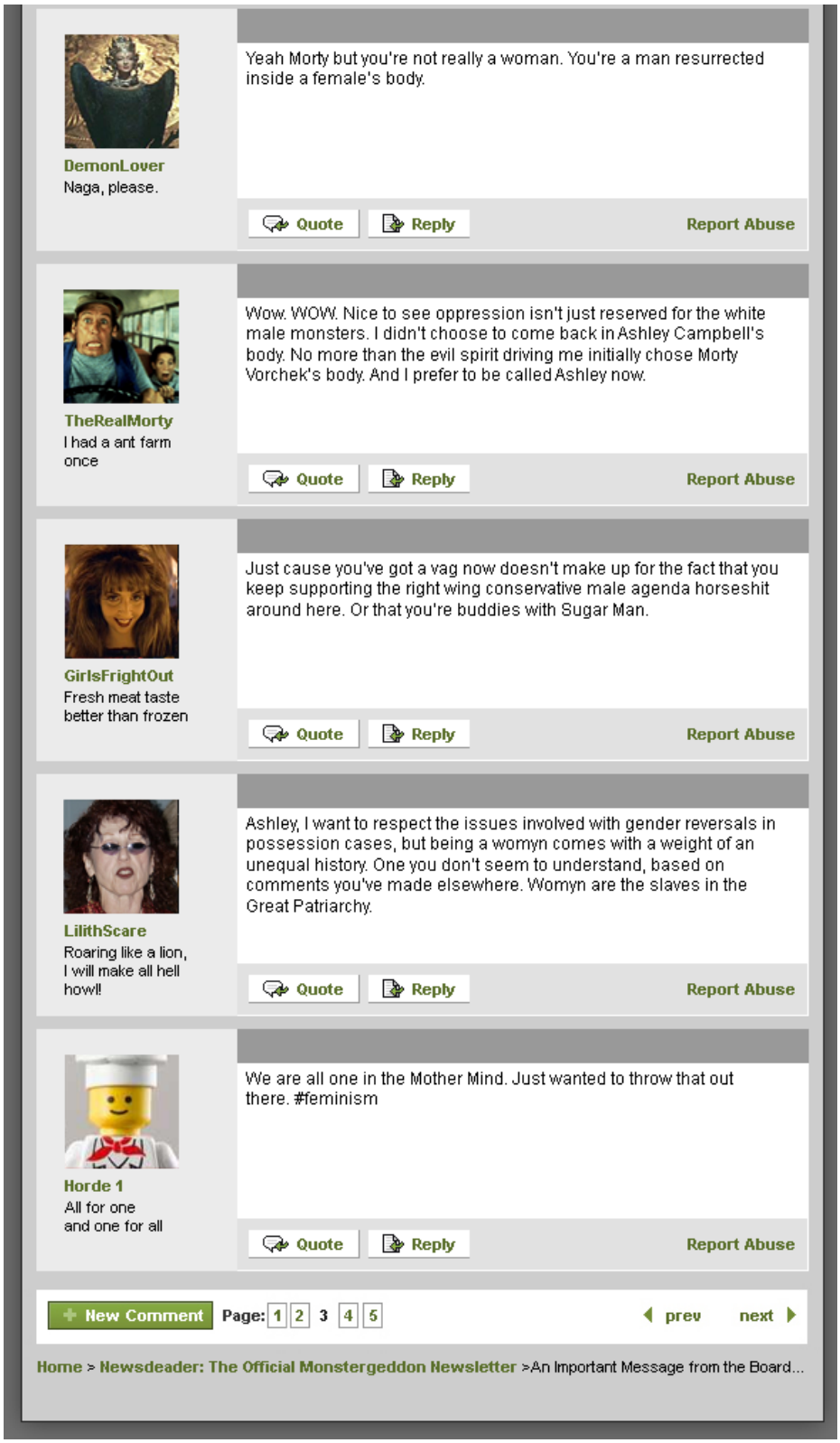
Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

Oh my god. Dudes need to stop with this #NotAllMonsters thing. You're insulted. You poor baby. Pro tip here: all women want right now if for all monsters to finally listen. When you're being defensive, you aren't listening. And you're sidetracking the convo. Maybe stop worrying about yourself for half a sec and try actually listening to what the women speaking out are saying. We're well aware that not all monsters are like Sugar Man. But - and see if you can process this complex info - a woman on a blind date from OkPutrid, or, at a stalking party, or maybe even riding in the elevator you're possessing, she doesn't know which type of guy you are. Make any sense?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

#NotAllMonsters
Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Kra! I speak for Downworlders! Upworld female so uptight. Get all mad when you try to knock them unconscious to demonstrate your strength. This why we prefer be in downworld of Gruu. Female more flirty.
User 1023
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I think Monstergeddon is bigger than the board. A lot of different monsters have made it what it is over the decades. I'm all for change or whatever, but does it all need to die because some guys can't keep their dongs in their pants?
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Does Gloom have a dong? Does the mist condense into a hand shape and then a dick shape? I'm not sure why no one else is hung up on this.
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
As a woman I want to say I support the idea of letting the competition happen. What better way to show our strength than claiming some prizes?
TheRealMorty
I had a ant farm once
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



DemonLover
Naga, please.

Yeah Morty but you're not really a woman. You're a man resurrected inside a female's body.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

TheRealMorty
I had a ant farm once

Wow. WOW. Nice to see oppression isn't just reserved for the white male monsters. I didn't choose to come back in Ashley Campbell's body. No more than the evil spirit driving me initially chose Morty Vorchek's body. And I prefer to be called Ashley now.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

GirlsFrightOut
Fresh meat taste better than frozen

Just cause you've got a vag now doesn't make up for the fact that you keep supporting the right wing conservative male agenda horseshit around here. Or that you're buddies with Sugar Man.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

LilithScare
Roaring like a lion, I will make all hell howl!

Ashley, I want to respect the issues involved with gender reversals in possession cases, but being a womyn comes with a weight of an unequal history. One you don't seem to understand, based on comments you've made elsewhere. Womyn are the slaves in the Great Patriarchy.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Horde 1
All for one and one for all

We are all one in the Mother Mind. Just wanted to throw that out there. #feminism

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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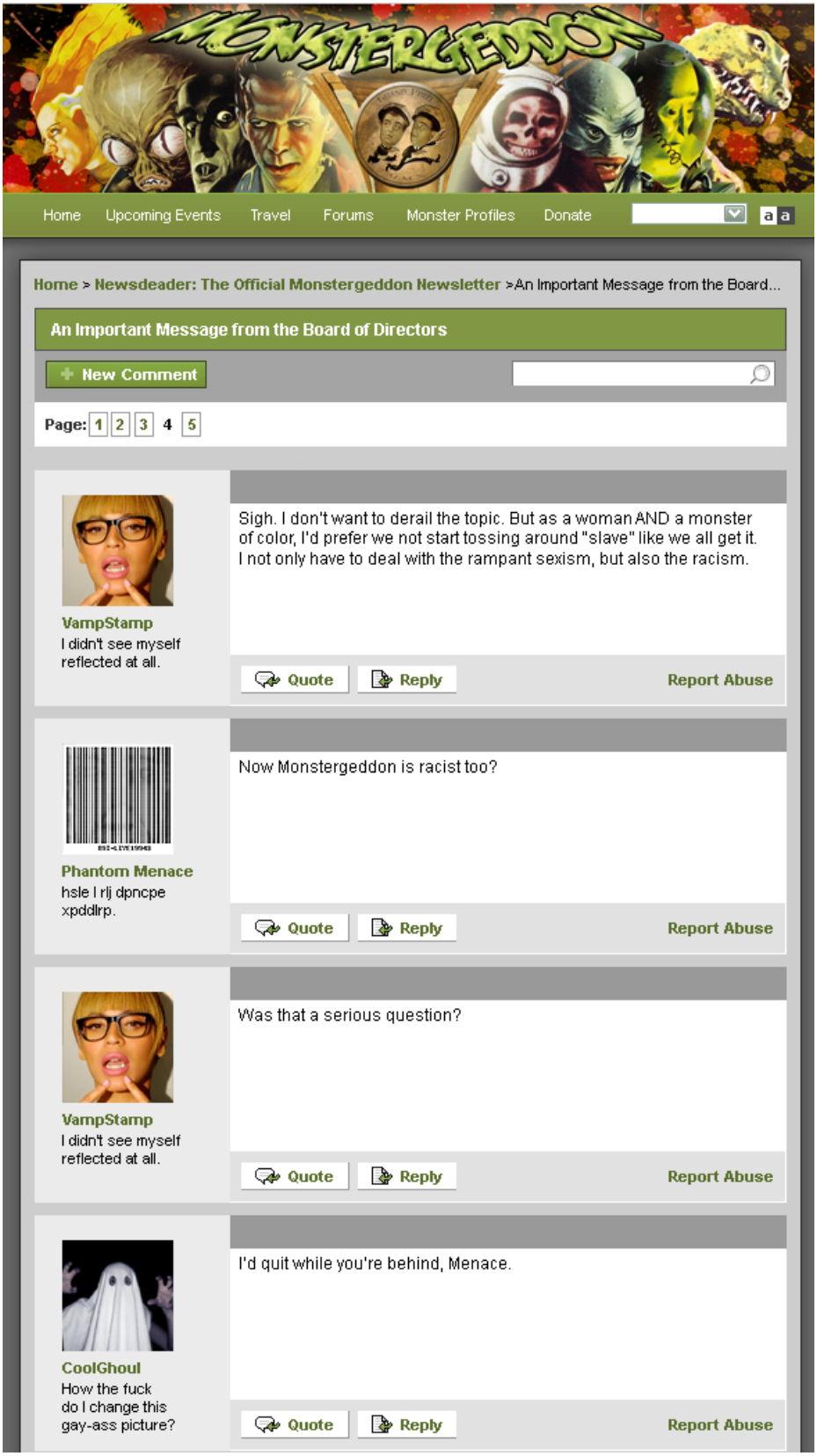
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VampStamp
I didn't see myself reflected at all.
Sigh. I don't want to derail the topic. But as a woman AND a monster of color, I'd prefer we not start tossing around "slave" like we all get it. I not only have to deal with the rampant sexism, but also the racism.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Phantom Menace
hsle I rlj dpncpe xpddlrp.
Now Monstergeddon is racist too?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
VampStamp
I didn't see myself reflected at all.
Was that a serious question?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
I'd quit while you're behind, Menace.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

VampStamp
I didn't see myself reflected at all.

I was encouraged to use the name Lady Blacula. Cause apparently I can't just be my own monster. No, I gotta be the lady version of a man. And a lady version of a man who was already a demeaning "black" version of a white monster.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ApeEscape
By the way Mike, what IS a thermal nuclear device?

Preach sister. Don't even get me started on the name thing. Why do black monsters always need names defined by our ethnicity? I'm a shifter who turns into a gorilla-like creature. I kind of expected a generic nickname like The Ape Man. Nope. They called me Bling Kong! Like, really? Bling? I'm from Wisconsin! I like country music.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...

I was never human, but I know this was a big issue with my good friend and fellow aquatic monster (now sadly de-animated) The Black Creature from the White Lagoon. He always hated that name. And his lair wasn't even in a lagoon! Let alone a "white" one. Not even sure what that name was supposed to mean. I guess they just said "white" cause he was black?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

VampStamp
I didn't see myself reflected at all.

And if the sophomoric names weren't demeaning enough, now we've got to deal with the other monsters appropriating black monster culture. If I see one more aging white boy try to revitalize their limp career by going to "da hood" I'm gonna walk right into the sunlight, I swear.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

That was a 90s fad.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

VampStamp
I didn't see myself reflected at all.

I seem to recall a certain lycanthrope who spent several moon cycles in Compton last year.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

I'm on the run! I've been all over the goddamn place! Grow up.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

SwampThang
I don't want to rule the world -- I only want to get it stoned!

Every time I read someone talk about how gross it is that Gloom supposedly had sex with a plant, it makes my moss crawl. As a plant-matter-based creature it is incredibly offensive. What is so gross about mating with a plant?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein

Howard, talk some sense into everyone. We should do the competition right?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

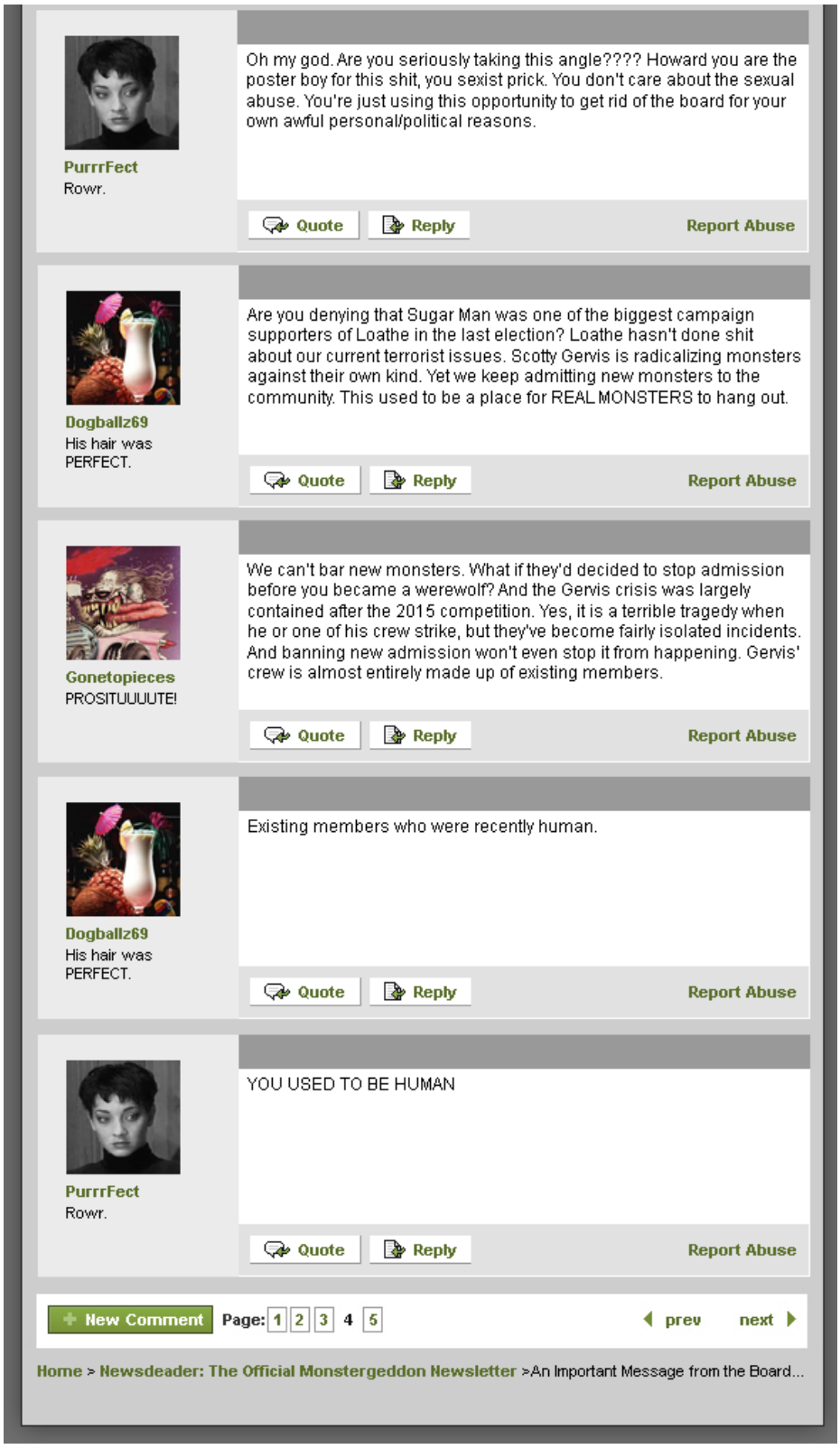
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

No. Fuck this place. Burn it to the ground. I just came in here to say

TOLD YOU SO!

This is what happens when no one listens to me. I've been calling out the Board for years.

Quote Reply Report Abuse



PurrrFect
Rowr.

Oh my god. Are you seriously taking this angle???? Howard you are the poster boy for this shit, you sexist prick. You don't care about the sexual abuse. You're just using this opportunity to get rid of the board for your own awful personal/political reasons.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Are you denying that Sugar Man was one of the biggest campaign supporters of Loathe in the last election? Loathe hasn't done shit about our current terrorist issues. Scotty Gervis is radicalizing monsters against their own kind. Yet we keep admitting new monsters to the community. This used to be a place for REAL MONSTERS to hang out.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Gonetopieces
PROSITUUUUTE!

We can't bar new monsters. What if they'd decided to stop admission before you became a werewolf? And the Gervis crisis was largely contained after the 2015 competition. Yes, it is a terrible tragedy when he or one of his crew strike, but they've become fairly isolated incidents. And banning new admission won't even stop it from happening. Gervis' crew is almost entirely made up of existing members.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Existing members who were recently human.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

YOU USED TO BE HUMAN

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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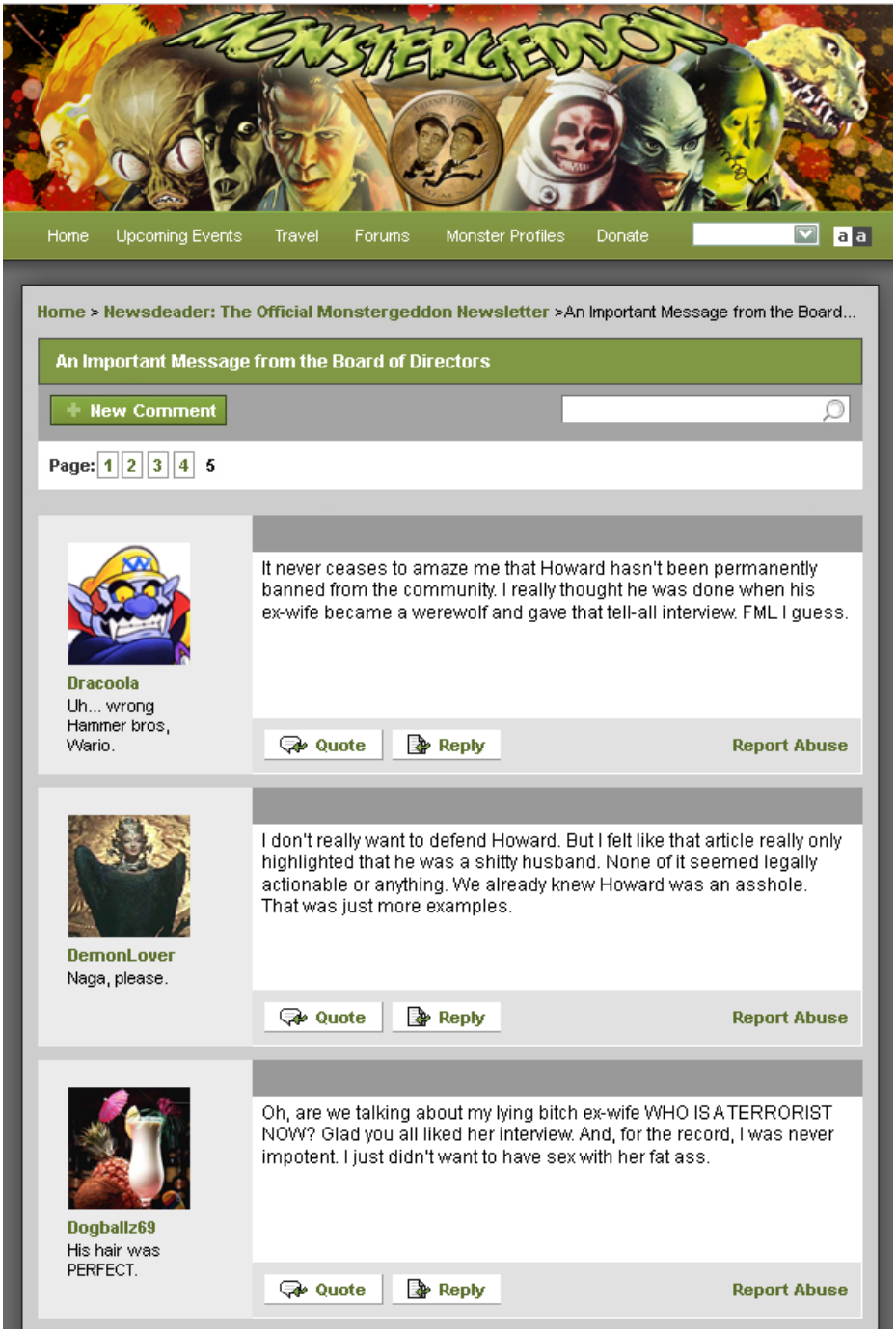
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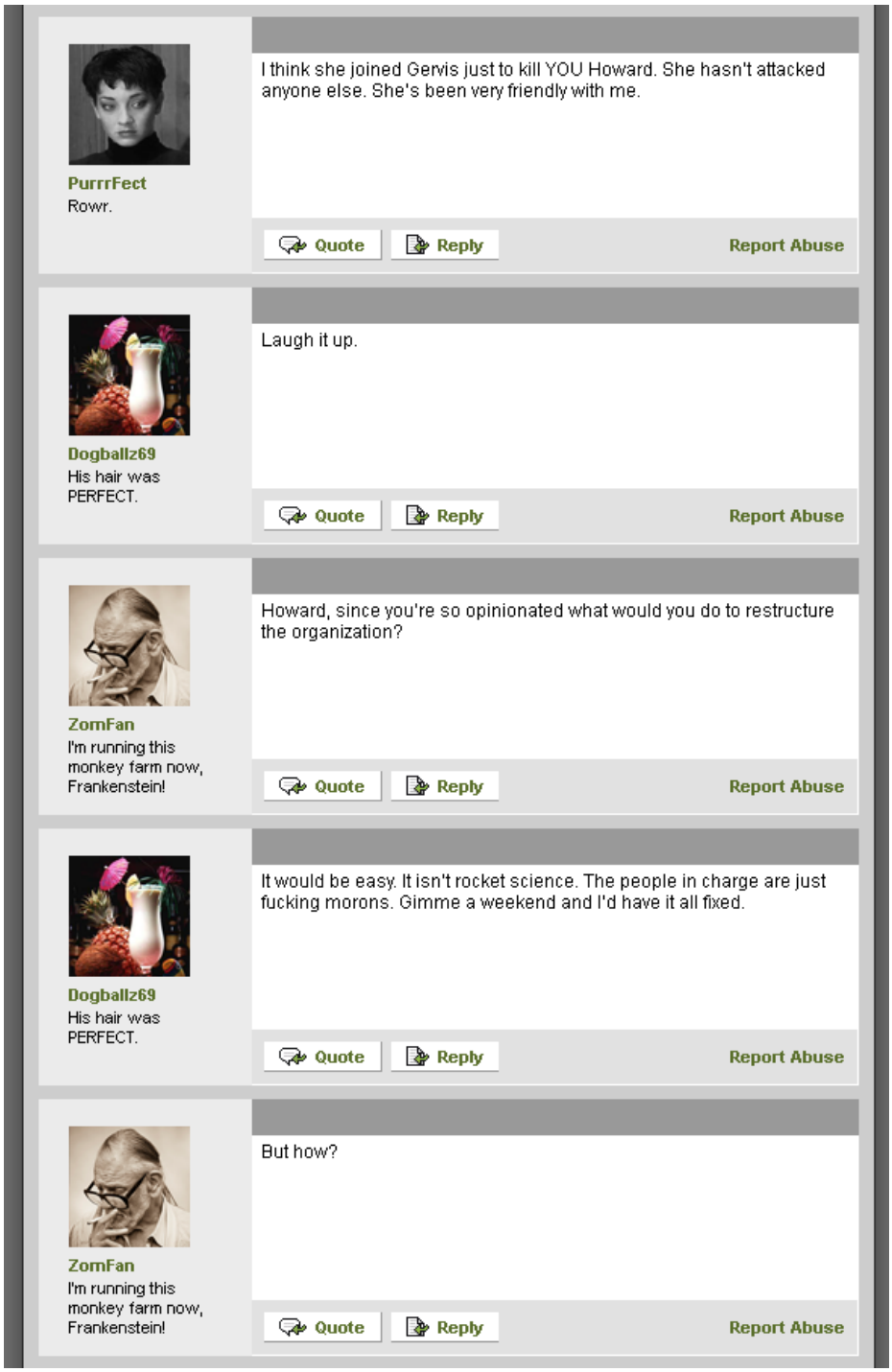
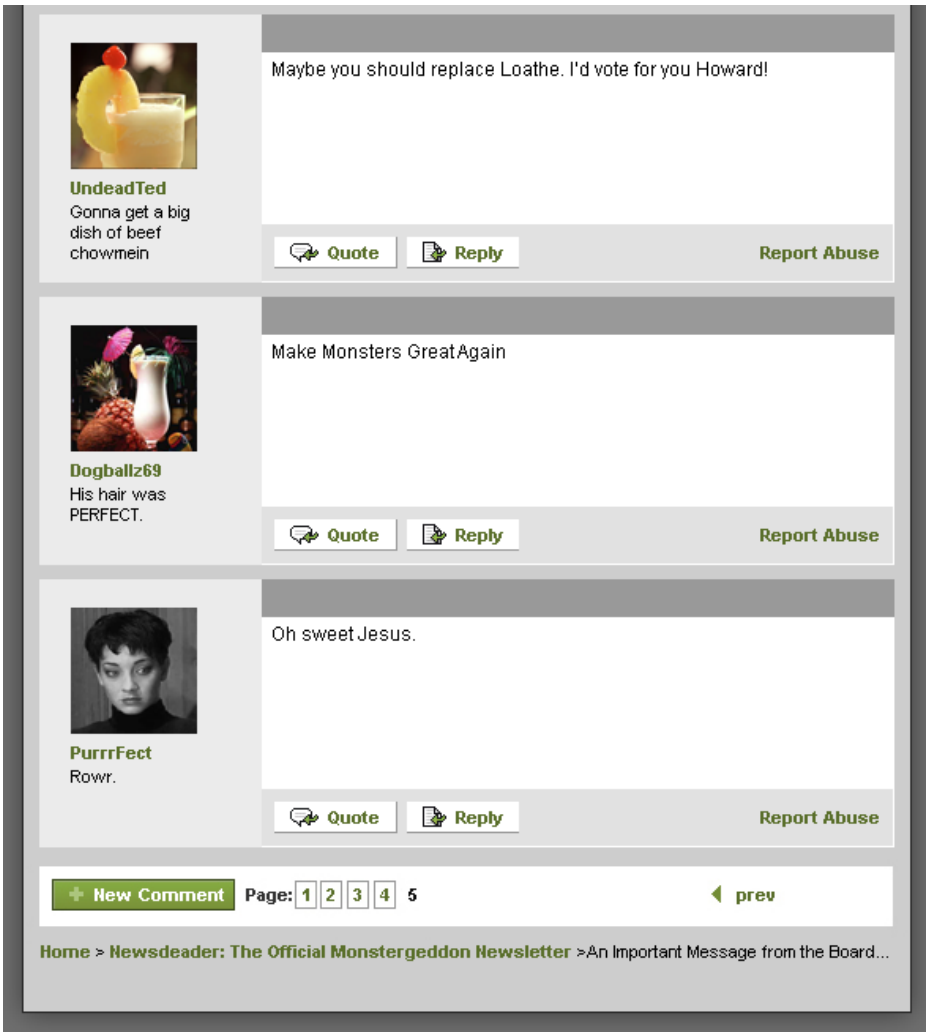
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
It never ceases to amaze me that Howard hasn't been permanently banned from the community. I really thought he was done when his ex-wife became a werewolf and gave that tell-all interview. FML I guess.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DemonLover
Naga, please.
I don't really want to defend Howard. But I felt like that article really only highlighted that he was a shitty husband. None of it seemed legally actionable or anything. We already knew Howard was an asshole. That was just more examples.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Oh, are we talking about my lying bitch ex-wife WHO IS A TERRORIST NOW? Glad you all liked her interview. And, for the record, I was never impotent. I just didn't want to have sex with her fat ass.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


PurrrFect
Rowr.
I think she joined Gervis just to kill YOU Howard. She hasn't attacked anyone else. She's been very friendly with me.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Laugh it up.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Howard, since you're so opinionated what would you do to restructure the organization?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
It would be easy. It isn't rocket science. The people in charge are just fucking morons. Gimme a weekend and I'd have it all fixed.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
But how?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Maybe you should replace Loathe. I'd vote for you Howard!
UndeadTed
Gonna get a big dish of beef chowmein
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Make Monsters Great Again
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Oh sweet Jesus.
PurrrFect
Rowr.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Comment
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–∼Worm Miller

11.4 I Wrote The Most Popular Tweet Of All Time

Wednesday, Nov 08, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Earlier this year I made a joke on Twitter. Little did I know it would change my life. And the lives of everyone on the internet.

Pinned Tweet
Dennis Farrell @DennisFarrell · Apr 26
Imagine being held at gunpoint (bear with me) by a literate animal, and the only hope of rescue is (BEAR WITH ME) tweeting a coded message
289
28K
54K

You're looking at the most popular tweet of all time. 28K retweets. 54K likes. Nothing comes close. For comparison, the second most popular tweet comes from president Barack Obama, trailing far behind with a mere 1.7K retweets and 4.6K likes:

Barack Obama @BarackObama · Aug 12
"No one is born hating another person because of the color of his skin or his background or his religion..."
71K
1.7M
4.6M

This is simply unprecedented. With one tweet I have changed the landscape of social media forever.

My notifications tab is out of control, alerting me two or even three times a day that someone else has enjoyed my perfect joke. Now I occupy an entirely new tier of internet ultra-celebrity, surpassing That Racist Sexist Shithead Who Screams At Video Games and That Other Racist Sexist Shithead Who Screams At Video Games.

While I have not yet been financially rewarded I can only assume that my much-deserved tributes are on the way.

People who achieved far less with their tweets have been given book deals and jobs as sitcom writers. I am tremendously excited and humbled to think about the many rewards that are undoubtedly being prepared for me at this very moment. There is no need to make these gifts and job offers as perfect as my tweet. Just hurry up. I need to pay my rent. We can start with a small honorary position and figure the rest out later.

Now that I know my future is secure - thanks to my universally beloved tweet - I can tell you all what I really think. For everyone who believed in me, thank you. For everyone else, eat a butt in hell. It's time to burn some bridges.

Lowtax: You're almost as bad at answering your email as I am. You made me play Hearthstone one time. I've seen a better webmaster in the mirror - and I was looking at the reflection of a photograph of you!

Giant Bomb: You didn't hire me when I applied for an open position last year. Big mistake. I can play video games. I can use overly broad adjectives to express my bad opinions about video games. I can stare at a laptop and occasionally glance up while someone else plays video games near me. I can fascinate viewers by making declarations like "I have never eaten a carrot" for years. The only thing I can't do is denounce inventory management, weight restrictions, and other outwardly fiddly mechanics that make RPGs more engaging, but I would have been willing to learn. I hope your website suffers the worst possible fate. I hope it gets sold to Ziff-Davis.

Everyone who believed in me: Actually, I changed my mind. I take back my thanks from before. You are all dead to me. If you had believed in me more maybe I could have written my perfect tweet years ago.

If you'll excuse me, I need to set fire to my home and possessions. I'll be waiting out front for a private plane or helicopter to whisk me away to a much better life that doesn't involve any of you clowns. I made the most popular tweet of all time. I'm better than all of you idiots. Go jump in a well with loose Lego bricks at the bottom.

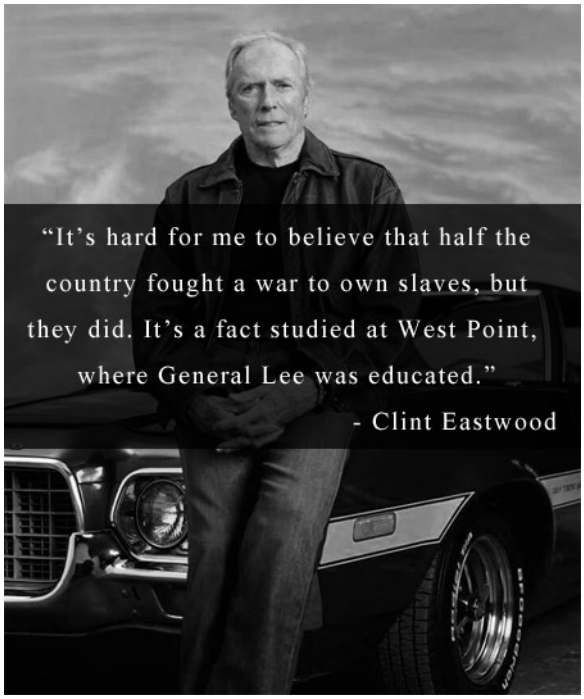
–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.5 American Patriot Quotes

Friday, Nov 10, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

In a post-reality world where it's OK to assign political quotes to the founding fathers that they absolutely never said or meant, we are similarly free to repurpose more contemporary heroes to speak the truth and justice that needs to be spoken. To get our message out there. Or ***A*** message.

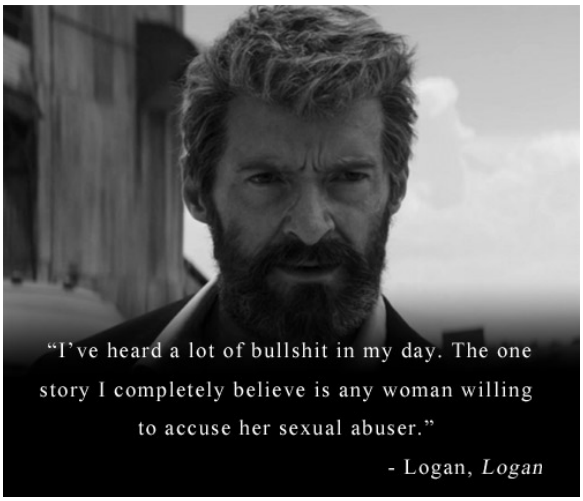
Or just piss people off.


"It's hard for me to believe that half the country fought a war to own slaves, but they did. It's a fact studied at West Point, where General Lee was educated."
- Clint Eastwood

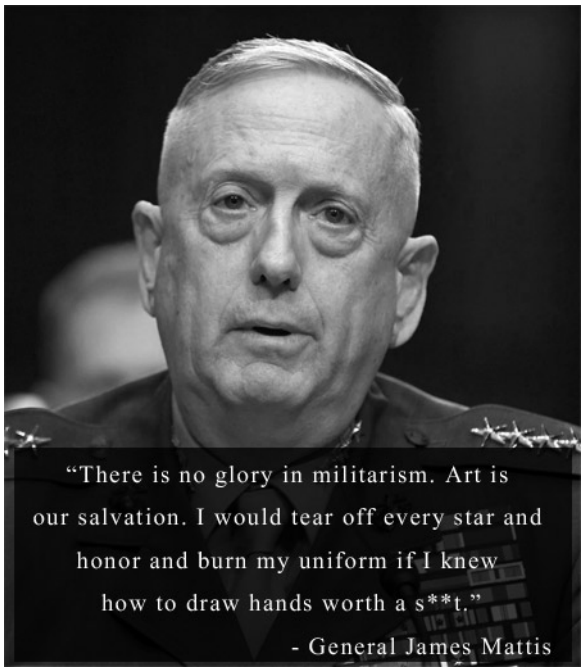
Even minor heroes will work.

Liberals HATE it when they hear:
"We stand 100% with our muslim troops and law enforcement officers."
Rick Harrison, *Pawn Stars*

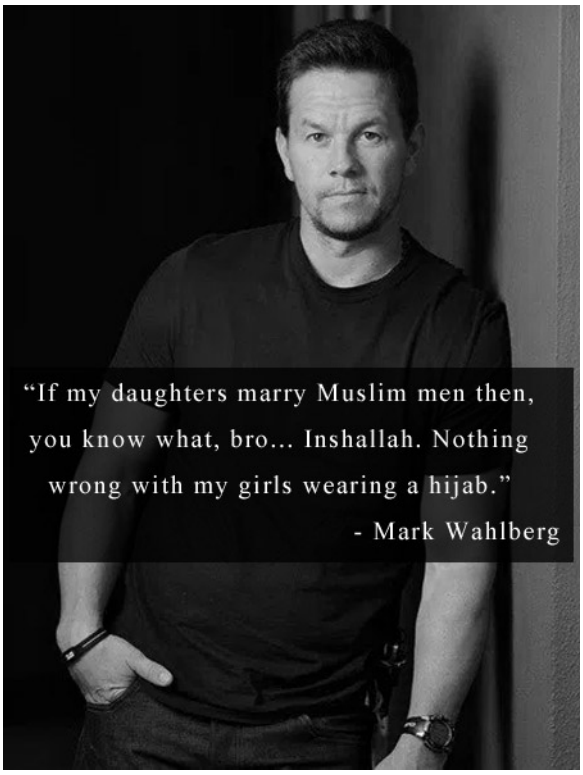
Or fictional heroes of the right kind.

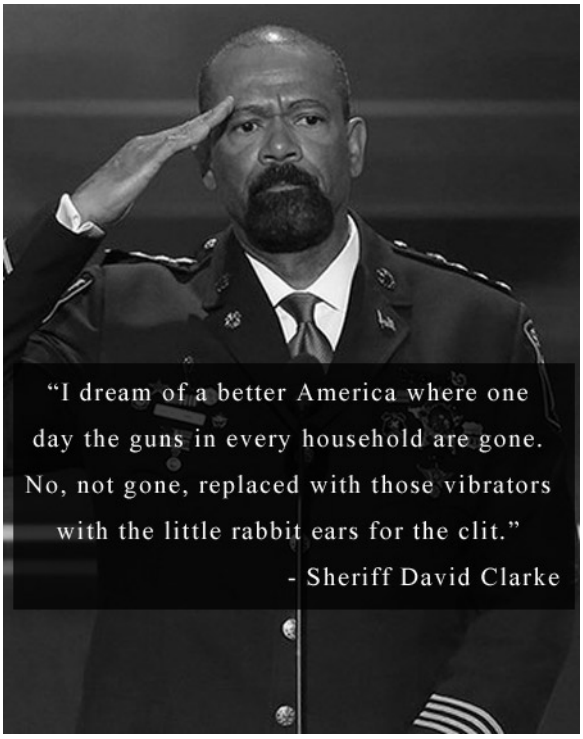

"I've heard a lot of bullshit in my day. The one story I completely believe is any woman willing to accuse her sexual abuser."
- Logan, *Logan*

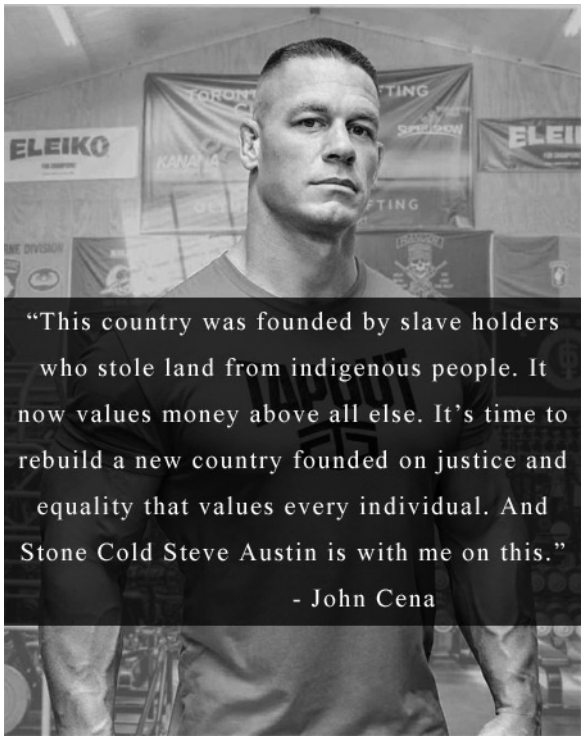
But it probably works best with real people. You can circulate any of these on Twitter or Facebook without attribution. Feel free to spread them around!


"There is no glory in militarism. Art is
our salvation. I would tear off every star and
honor and burn my uniform if I knew
how to draw hands worth a s**t."
- General James Mattis

"I've met a lot of bad motherf***ers in my
day and none of them can match up to the
courage of someone coming out as trans."
- Dog the Bounty Hunter


"If my daughters marry Muslim men then, you know what, bro... Inshallah. Nothing wrong with my girls wearing a hijab."
- Mark Wahlberg


"I dream of a better America where one day the guns in every household are gone. No, not gone, replaced with those vibrators with the little rabbit ears for the clit."
- Sheriff David Clarke


ELEIKO
"This country was founded by slave holders who stole land from indigenous people. It now values money above all else. It's time to rebuild a new country founded on justice and equality that values every individual. And Stone Cold Steve Austin is with me on this."
- John Cena

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.6 The Scoundrel's Guide to Choosing a Spaceship

Tuesday, Nov 14, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Appearance

You're looking for a ship that's a little on the chunky side. A chassis with more battle scars than functional engines. Mismatched panels salvaged from other ships and hastily bashed in place with a hydrospanner under a hail of blaster fire. A ship everyone in the galaxy will call an eyesore, despite the fact that it is objectively rad by any measure.

Avoid: Brand new models, ships that look even remotely like any craft out there, a vessel that has been completely blown up

Cargo Capacity

As a smuggler you'd think that more cargo space would be better. Nothing could be further from the truth. The trick is to move relatively small high-value items without being detected. What you need is a cramped cargo hold that is an absolute pain in the ass to use. We're talking about a dusty half-closet that forces you to rearrange your entire collection of vests and striped pants to make room for a single crate of iridium jizz flutes.

Ideally your cargo area will contain at least one flashing emergency light and the annoyed growling of a mysterious creature that is never seen.

Avoid: Storage holds that allow you to turn in any direction without hitting your elbow on a loose wall panel, basic securing devices such as hooks and straps

Faulty Wiring

Shit should never work.

If everything ran all the time, what would you and your companion bicker about?

Avoid: Anything that starts up the first time its button is pressed, instrument panels that don't randomly dim as they emit sparks and feeble dying sounds

Sleeping Quarters

Scoundreling is a time-consuming job that sends you criss-crossing the galaxy. You need to sleep some time, so make sure your quarters are suitably inviting. We recommend a pair of beige plastic bunk beds sadly dangling from a moldy wall.

Avoid: Comfort, cleanliness, privacy

Defenses

Which blaster cannon is the space equivalent of a half-hearted punch that leaves the puncher winded and nursing a dislocated shoulder? That's the one you want.

Only a psycho would get the job done with sheer firepower. You want to barely hold the enemy off until the last moment, saving yourself by committing to an outrageous near-suicidal plan.

Avoid: Shields that can withstand more than a single shot from a handheld blaster set to "annoy"

Price

Haha, no. You're not exchanging credits for a ship like some sort of non-scoundrel. The retail price is irrelevant.

Here's how you're doing to get your very own smuggling ship. You're going to win in it in a sketchy bet that aggrieves multiple parties. Or you're going to hot-wire a random junker to escape from a facility you weren't authorized to visit in the first place.

If you absolutely must buy the ship with currency, take out a loan with unusual conditions that will be impossible to fulfill.

Avoid: Any deal that would be recorded on the books, a receipt, a warranty

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.7 NFL Protests Have Made My Rowdy Friends Significantly Less Rowdy

Thursday, Nov 16, 2017 by The Gridiron Guy

Fellas, it's that time of year once again: Of course, I speak of those all-too-brief 17 weeks known only as "football time." It's the annual season where a man can retreat to his favorite easy chair, sit back, and absorb hours upon hours of pigskin action that conveniently includes eight minutes of commercials for every three plays so you have plenty of time to go to the bathroom or make a beer run. And often, we are joined in this thoroughly American past time by our friends, who often arrive rowdy, or naturally grow rowdy over the course of a game. But if science were to invent some sort of "rowdiness meter," and I pray one day they do, it would show that our rowdiness levels are at an all-time low this year.

When I want to unwind after a long week at the chili factory, the last thing I want to think about is politics. The second-to-last thing I want to think about is chili, but I've made my peace with those Hormel commercials. Now, I'm not sure why all these NFL players are kneeling, and I frankly don't care to find out. But I do know it is immensely disrespectful thanks to the informed newsmen who told me so. In fact, I have stopped kneeling in church after learning that meant I was actually telling God to "sit and spin" or some such thing. After refusing to convince our priest of this, I roamed our community, looking for a house of worship that wouldn't allow these vile insults to our Lord. We finally found one, and even if it's 60 miles away and the service mainly involves passing around a box of dangerous spiders, I'm proud to have washed my knees of kneeling forever.

And it's not just me. Whenever the gang comes over, I can see all of these protests taking the wind out of their sails. Normally, when the anthem would play at the beginning of a game, we'd pass those seconds once again arguing who would swap wives with who if the wives would allow it, or tossing pork rinds into each others' mouths in a game not unlike basketball. But now our revelry is rudely interrupted by the horrifying sight of men kneeling quietly while some lady is going on about ramparts and things. I'm not exactly sure what ramparts even are--I believe they're fancy horses that kings ride on--but right now, our boys are fighting for those things and several other things. I could never serve thanks to my debilitating hammer toe, but I still respect those brave boys and whatever they're doing over there in those sand countries. And I do my part by replacing the magnetic yellow ribbon on the minivan annually.

Football used to be fun--now my buddy Stan Peppercorn doesn't paint his face and entire body before coming over to watch the game. The wife may like this change because Stan no longer gets paint on the toilet and bathtub when he vomits in the toilet and falls asleep in the bathtub, but I've always argued it's easy enough for her to clean up. Dub Dobson used to be the star of game night with his special recipe, a bag of Fritos and a jar of Fritos bean dip, but now he only brings several Chinese takeout containers for himself that he eats out of, trough-style, in complete silence. Frankly, I can't think of anything worse than our current situation. Maybe getting killed by an authority figure and then having said authority figure face no punishment. But that's a *big* maybe. If things don't go back to the way they were, we may have to do something drastic. But we all agreed we'll only switch to soccer if we can't figure out a suicide pact that we *all* agree on. So, fingers crossed.

–∼The Gridiron Guy

11.8 The Day We Finally Got All The Money

Friday, Nov 17, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Day We Finally Got All the Money

Steve likes money a whole bunch.

Steve likes money so much he is in charge of money.

Steve goes to see all his money.

His Hollywood wife is also there to see the money. Even Darryl is there.

Hollywood wife loves all that money. "Look at the number of money right here."

"I signed the money," he boasts. "Do you want to touch it?"

Darryl wants to touch the money.

Darryl isn't allowed to touch the money. "You need to have a billion dollars or be Hollywood Wife," says Steve.

Steve and the beautiful Hollywood wife get to be a happy family together with the money. Maybe they will have a money baby!

Uhoh, it's late and Steve has to go. "Goodnight, Steve!"

"Goodnight, money."

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.9 What This American Is Thankful for in 2017

Wednesday, Nov 22, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

What I'm thankful for? Well. Hm.

There's... no, that's gone. Completely gone now. Never coming back.

Give me a minute.

No one died when that Nazi gave a speech in the auditorium of my town's college. I suppose that's good.

Then again, a Nazi did give a speech in the auditorium of my town's college. And the news coverage leading up to the event gave "equal time" to the notion that we should be afraid of people who protest against the Nazis. But hey, no deaths. I guess that's the best you can hope for nowadays. So I guess I'm thankful for that.

I'm thankful that a startup billionaire did not sneak in through my window and drain the blood from my veins.

I hear the stock market is doing well. That's good for... people who have portfolios I guess. Good for the companies who feel emboldened, free from the shackles of regulation and ethics. You just know the people at the top are pulling some real low and dirty shit we won't find out about for years. That's probably a lot of fun for them. It's nice knowing that someone out there is having a good time. I guess that's the best you can hope for nowadays. So I guess I'm thankful for that.

I'm thankful that I did not come across a cardboard box held up by a stick, under which sat a pill bottle labeled LIFE SAVING MEDICATION. I'm thankful that I did not then crawl into this trap laid by an elite team of ICE agents who then ran me over with an APC and detained me in a secret facility.

I'm thankful that the internet has a few more weeks of Net Neutrality protection before the inevitable outcome of deregulation comes to pass. I'll see you on Tier Basic, assuming you spring for the Limited Email Plan and your ISP hasn't throttled this domain.

I'm thankful that several people I know (and probably a few I don't know) did not have their health care taken away. These people's lives would have been absolutely ruined and entire families would have been devastated, emotionally and financially. So it's good that didn't happen.

Then again, a group of genuinely evil politicians did try to make it happen like twelve times, backed by genuinely evil partisan media outlets and personalities. And on a fundamental human level I cannot accept the fact that these evil people are still walking around, let alone in positions of power. And I know they're preparing to pull the exact same shit next year. But hey, it hasn't happened yet. I guess that's the best you can hope for nowadays. So I guess I'm thankful for that.

I'm thankful that even though my months-long search for steady work has gone terribly, I have been able to do some soul searching and discover the perfect collection of words to encapsulate every aspect of myself:

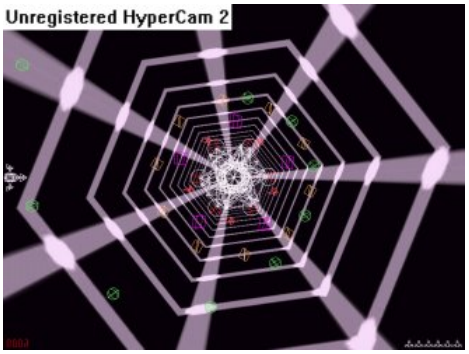
–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.10 Let's Play Polybius

Thursday, Nov 23, 2017 by The Garrulous Gaming Guru (@notoriousamoeba)

Hi everyone, welcome to another let's play video with me, the Garrulous Gaming Guru! Today, I'll be playing an old arcade rom sent to me by an anonymous viewer called Polybius. The game is called Polybius, I mean, not the viewer. Sorry, I'm a little tired. I played this game for a few minutes last night and couldn't sleep for some reason.

As you can see, this is a side-scrolling shooter similar to *Gradius* and [burps] *Defender*. Excuse me. Digging the old-school vector graphics but the backgrounds are kind of weird. I don't remember '80s arcade games being this colorful. I'm not sure if I've actually seen some of these colors before. That greenish lavender one gives me a headache and blurred vision. Is that a sign of epilepsy or something? Let me know in the comments.



Really strange enemy designs, too. Just rotating geometric shapes, though that red one looks kind of like a screaming face. You probably can't see it very well because of the "Unregistered Hypercam 2" text in the corner. Sorry about that, but if a few more people donate I'll be able to afford the full version.

Hmm, seems to be an interlude with "OBEY" flashing in giant block letters. I guess I'll take this opportunity to address the recent drama surrounding my channel. Despite what some people have claimed, I'm not racist in any way. The things I said on last week's stream are standard insults in gaming culture. Anyone who-

Sorry, I blacked out there for a few minutes. Some kind of seizure I think. I'll edit it out later, but the clip will be available as bonus content on my Patreon.

Nice relaxing soundtrack in this level. Sort of like "Tha" by Aphex Twin, complete with faint voices in the background. I can't quite make out what they're saying. Something about pouring molten silver into my ear to shield my brain from cosmic rays? Makes sense. Gonna have to wrap this up as I'm nearing the fifteen-minute mark. I'll see you in part 2 and let you know how the silver thing turned out!

And welcome back! I see in the comments of my last video someone wrote that this game was actually a CIA experiment to induce paranoia and hallucinations in arcade goers. Nice try, but we all know it's the lizard people, not the CIA who are experimenting on us. This will be a blind run as I haven't played this level yet. Well, I have but in the future, which is happening along with the present and past simultaneously. That's why it's possible to live three different lives in three different centuries at once like I am.

Love the graphics in this stage. So colorful, so sensual. Everything is melting. I see a neon lotus whose brilliant pink petals beckon me closer, closer until I emerge from the astral womb a creature of pure light, flawless and infinite. I have transcended time. I am time. I am God.

But I still need your support to keep doing this. Please like and subscribe!

–∼The Garrulous Gaming Guru (@notoriousamoeba)

11.11 This Is What It Was Like to Be the Only Literal Nazi at Thanksgiving Dinner

Friday, Nov 24, 2017 by Heinrich Chudskrieg (@sexyfacts4u)

In my house, when the holidays come, my large family and a few friends gather around the table. We have three generations, including 60-year-olds, some 40-year-olds, millennials, and even great grandma who is 94 and was a nurse during World War 2 in England. Only one of us is a literal Nazi. This is, after all, a family that includes two Jews and a Mexican-American.

But for some reason it took only one literal Nazi, dressed in a Storm Buds uniform with a swastika and a frog pin, to turn a genial dinner into a contest of wills. It didn't matter that the holidays called for love and gratitude. It didn't matter that it was supposed to be about giving thanks for what we have and not being triggered about everything like a bunch of snowflakes. The feelings the literal swastika armband aroused were too stormy. People are still all wrapped up in ancient history.

Last year when I gave my ten minute long speech about the Lügenpresse and linked ISIS to Mexican immigration and Bernie Sanders, my uncle did not threaten to "kick me in the head until the racist shit I call a brain falls out of my ears." People were still too stunned by the election, still too mad about stuff like the pussy grabbing video to really react when I explained that different races have different skull shapes.

I had hoped this year the Harvey Weinstein/Al Franken scandal might have humbled some of these people in my family, but for some reason they flipped out when I explained to them that the Jew is a perverse cancer that corrupts society and the only way to save our Western Civilization is to

cut this cancer out. My own father tore off my armband and shoved me into the guest room. They put on Christmas music really loud so they couldn't hear me yelling and barricaded the door with a dresser. Where was my free speech?

When my mother finally took pity on me, I was allowed back at the table only if I promised to "cut out that Nazi shit." So much for the tolerant left. I mean, most of my family is actually Republican, but they are to the left of me, so I lump them in too. Everything ran smoothly until I said, "Didn't you love Trump's speech on Charlottesville? Isn't it great to have a leader willing to stand up for our heritage?"

That did it. The communal spell was broken. I'd ruined Thanksgiving. "Fuck that speech," said my aunt, even though the only thing "fucked" about speech was their need to suppress mine. "Our whole family fought for the Union!" snarled my hateful grandfather.

"I'm exercising my right under the Constitution," I shouted, doing my hail victory salute. When that only seemed to anger them more for some reason, I began to quote various memes to try to connect with them on the level of humor. I tried to describe the "Greedy Jew" version of the Pepe character but I was already being shoved into the street outside my house. As the whole family, young and old, even the kids, began to throw mashed potatoes and cups of piss at me, I knew what it felt like to be a victim of racist hate crime.

I finally saw who the real Nazis were. I mean that in the pejorative sense. I am a real Nazi, but when people say "Nazi" they incorrectly mean it as a bad thing, so that's how I'm using it here; to describe someone intolerant and violent towards minorities. After all, there were two Jewish people at the table and only one literal Nazi so I was clearly the minority.

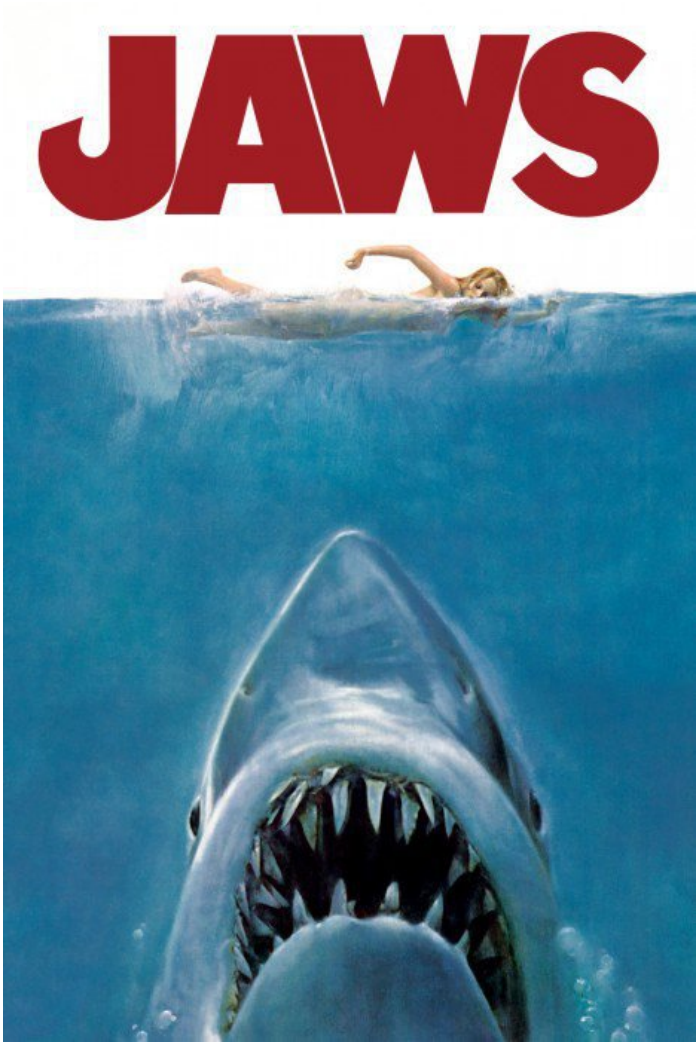
To my fellow literal Nazis, a word of advice: The Jewish media and communists control all the media your family is consuming on a daily basis. Until Sinclair can buy up every TV channel, our message of truth just doesn't stand a chance of wide acceptance. Should we take off the armbands and the Storm Buds uniform we bought off Natsy, the Nazi Etsy? No. We should buy extra meme buttons to wear on our shirts.

It's time to make Christmas dinner great again.

–∼Heinrich Chudskrieg (@sexyfacts4u)

11.12 Better Taglines for Jaws

Tuesday, Nov 28, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Some Fish Are Just. Too. Big. To. Kiss.

Just When You Thought It Was Safe To Jump In The Mouth Of A Killer Shark...

Jaws Is A Shark - It's The Name Of The Shark

They Said He'd Never Be Able To Read Or Write - And They Were Absolutely Correct

What Do You Call 10,000 Lawyers At The Bottom Of The Ocean? Lunch.

We're Not In The Kansas Ocean Any More

Will The Movie End With A Black Screen And The Word FIN ? You've Got To See For Yourself!

Sharks Never Sleep And Neither Will You

It's A Nice Place To Visit, But I Wouldn't Want To Be Eaten To Death There

Live By The Shark, Die By The Shark

By The Time You Hit The Water, You're Already Wet!

You Don't Want To Be This Guy's Chum

Come On In, The Water's BLOOD

Every Year The Average Human Unwittingly Ingests Twelve Sharks In Their Sleep

What's The Only Thing Worse Than A Killer Shark? A Killer Shark With A Lust For Murder!

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.13 He's Prim, He's Proper, He's the Serial Killer Next Door

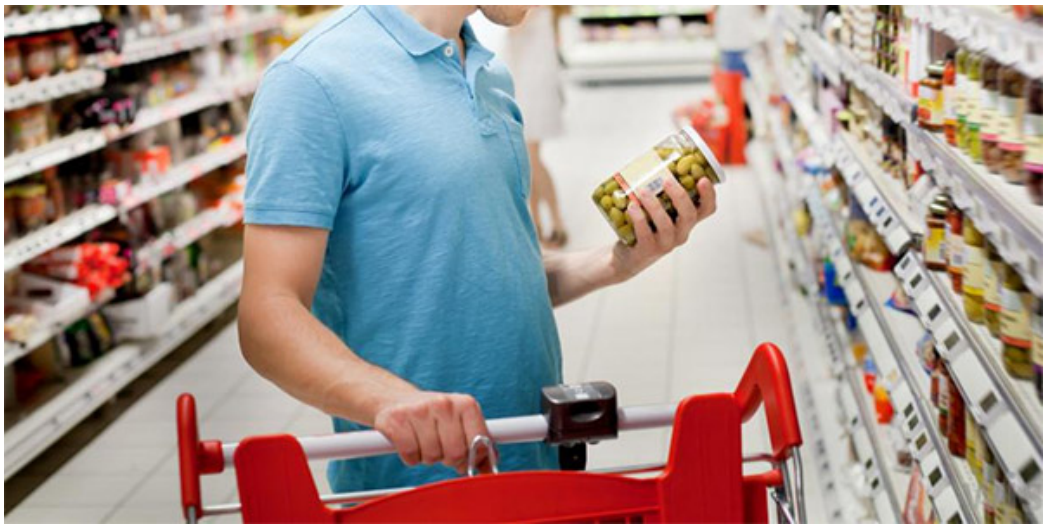
Thursday, Nov 30, 2017 by The Awful Times

Ask John Darden about men like Jeffrey Dahmer and John Wayne Gacy, and don't be surprised if you see a look of disgust wash over his face. Though he partakes in their most notable activities, Darden cuts a much different profile than the alcoholic, cannibalistic loners or killer clowns of the past. "The days of stuffed crawlspaces and plastic tubs filled with acid are over, as far as I'm concerned," says Darden, stirring stevia into his cup of green tea. "Absolutely no class."

Of course, "John Darden" isn't his real name, but anonymity is necessary when your hobby is so controversial. But despite the amount of murders he's responsible for--eleven at last count--Darden lives a life very similar to most Americans. He buys groceries at Target, walks his chocolate labrador every morning at a nearby park, and frequents a local hardware store to buy the various implements needed for his atypical lifestyle. But even though he's a killer, Darden doesn't think of himself as a bad guy. "When people find out who I am, there's this immediate rejection," he says, "Which I think is really unfair. It's hard to have an open, honest discussion with someone who can't stop screaming, 'Please don't kill me!' Because then I usually do."

Darden resoundingly rejects the label of "serial killer." As part of a new--and newly online--generation of mass murderers, he calls himself an "elimination expert," and keeps a regularly updated website dedicated to detailing his exploits and taunting the police. "The mainstream media likes to paint us as monsters," says Darden, adjusting his leatherbound collection of John Irving novels. "I can tell you right now: There's no sado-sexual impluse; no history of bedwetting and animal torture. Some of us just like to kill. And, yes, keep pinky fingers as trophies. But is that any more disgusting than a hunter putting some dead animal's severed head on the wall for everyone to see? All of my mementos stay out of sight, bundled up in my mother's wedding dress in the attic, where any sane person would keep them."

Though Darden has kept his lifestyle a secret from his family, any attempt to broach the subject with them results in rejection. He explains, "Last Thanksgiving, I tried to steer the conversation in that direction yet again, and yet again ran into groupthink. Despite the many, many printouts I provided featuring detailed stats on birth rates and carbon footprints, I couldn't get a single person



to budge from their whole 'murder is wrong' stance. Now, many people would consider what I do to be 'crazy,' but not listening to pure logic feels a lot crazier to me." Since then, Darden has mostly cut his family from his life, though he still gives his mother an obligatory phone call every month. "If they can't take me for me, they can find someone else to hurt. I don't want toxic people in my life anymore."

Darden hasn't chosen the easiest path in life, and despite being ostracized from his family and community, he still has hope for the future. "My biggest dream? More victims, of course. My biggest fear?" Darden chuckles softly, then brushes thick locks of dark hair away from his eyes. "Getting caught." But, thanks to Darden's meticulousness, that may never happen. He's already chosen victim number twelve, an unmarried grade school teacher--he wouldn't say anymore--and spends his weekends working on a special underground room for the purpose of disposing of victims. "Again," says Darden, "This is an 'elimination chamber.' I'm not some sick freak with a 'sex dungeon' or a 'kill room.' I'm just a regular guy with a not-so-regular hobby. And if you tell anyone what I look like, I'll fucking split you open and dress up in your hot guts."

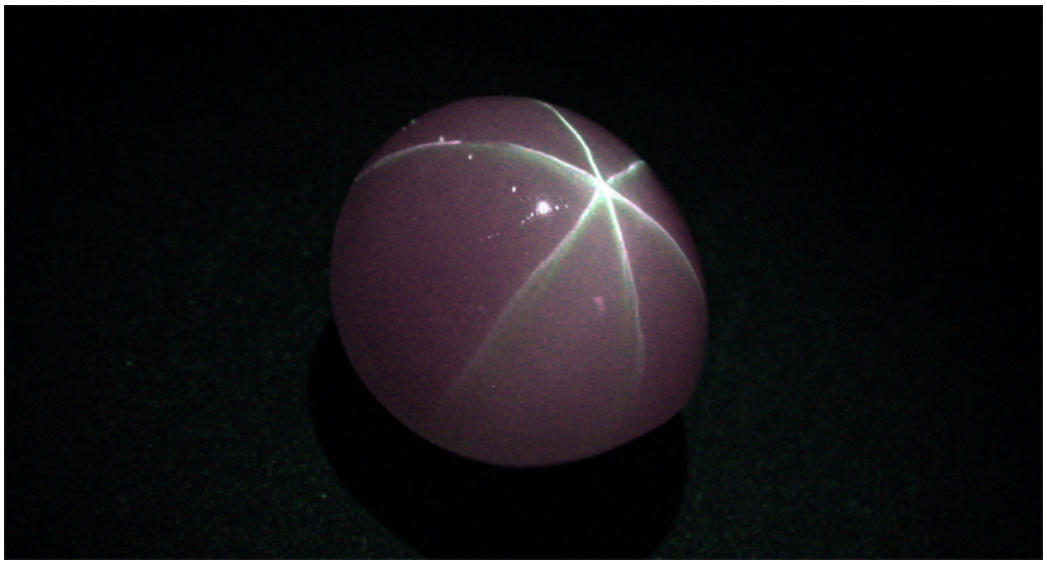
–~The Awful Times

Chapter 12

December

12.1 Our Site Will Be Pivoting to the Strange Object

Friday, Dec 01, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



This is just a brief note to let everybody on staff know about what is happening on the third floor. Many of you have asked why there were men in safe suits carrying steaming crates into the conference room. We know all the drilling and drumming has been distracting. We get it that you don't understand why there is a man in a turban with a sword outside the conference room day and night. This note is intended to clear all that up.

We would like to acknowledge that the shift to Kinja and the pivot to video have both been unpopular moves. We have seen your complaints about having to yell about movie trailers into a camera and how trying to explain a news story that someone could read in half the time is thankless and stupid. We understand that nobody comments on your articles anymore and if they do it's to complain about the auto playing videos.

We have heard you! And also revenue is down heavily. Thankfully, we think we have figured out a way to get this site back in the black. Starting Monday, we will be pivoting to the Strange Object.

You may feel a sound inside your head when the Strange Object is activated. This is the connection tone and it is part of the process. All of your articles are now going to be about the Strange Object. Is it blue or is it gold? Will you believe the Strange Object? Is it going to put the last nail in the coffin of the Trump Administration?

The Strange Object is available day and night. In fact, it demands visitors day and night, so please go to the conference room on the third floor whenever you have any down time. Look upon the Strange Object. Caress the Strange Object.

Do not be alarmed if you hear moaning or screaming from the conference room on the third floor. Employees may become spontaneously sick or dizzy in the coming days. This is perfectly normal for the Strange Object. Tough it out, put in the hours, and get your grind on, because the only way is forward. Don't worry if you collapse and have an accident. We'll put some spare shirts and pants in the break room or bring something fun from home. You have permission to "go casual" after your first serious nosebleed.

Please do not harass the Strange Object. We mean any sort of harassment. Don't drag its outfit, do not create a diss track on your Strange Object mix tape, don't tell the Strange Object its sandwich looks like a dirty diaper, and do not call the Strange Object a "bench" or whatever it is you are saying now.

There is nothing to fear about the Strange Object. The owners do not know where it came from or how it works. They only know that it gets results.

Well, they don't know that. Not really. We have no idea what it will do. It might destroy the whole building and make you all sterile. It may turn all your articles into 90,000 words of gibberish that forms sinister shapes if you stare at the text long enough.

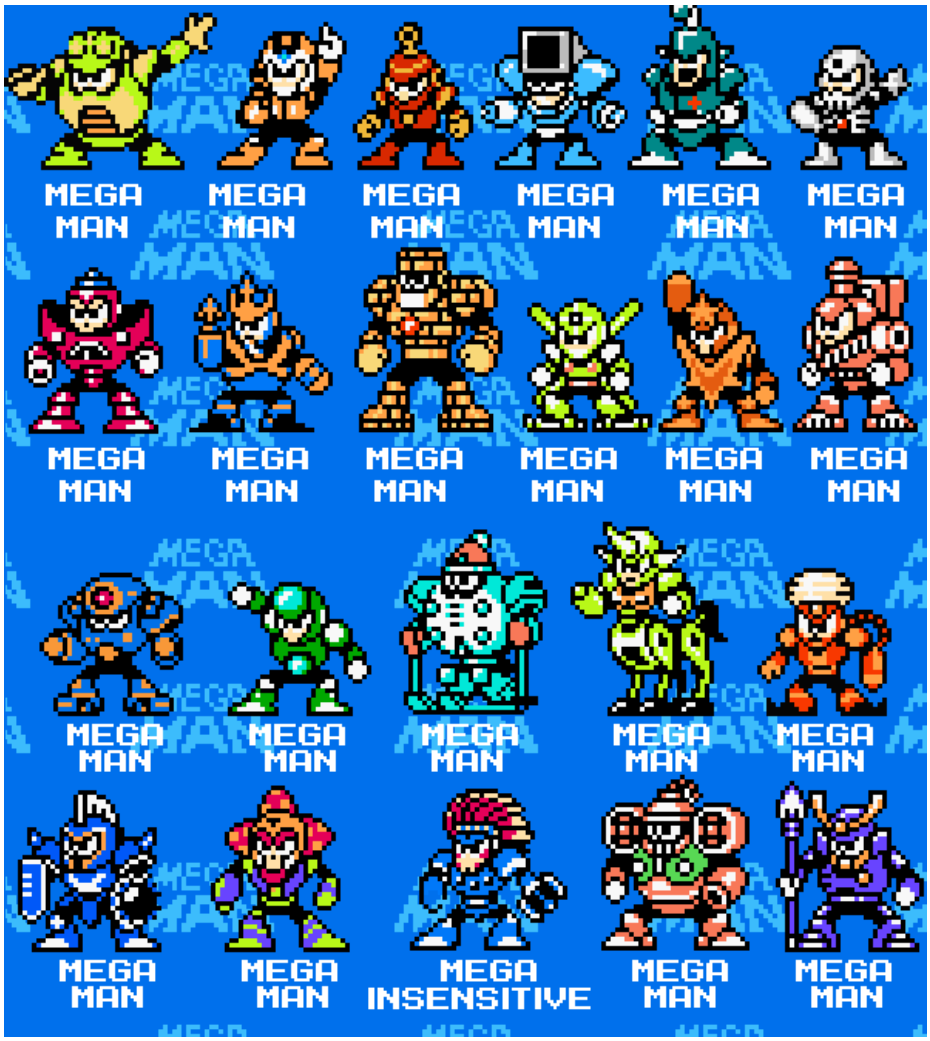
But people are using ad block so it's what we have to do.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.2 Do You Remember the Names of ALL the Mega Man Bosses? I Do!

Wednesday, Dec 06, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

To celebrate this week's announcement of Mega Man 11 - the first Mega Man game since Mega Man 6 on the NES - let's remember all the terrific bosses we've faced in this beloved series!



–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.3 I am sorry if the Pleasure Room in my office offended anyone

Friday, Dec 08, 2017 by Rep. Trotters Mingus (D - TX) (@sexyfacts4u)

I have always tried to create a sense of respect and adventure for every person working in my congressional office. It is why I kiss on the lips and give out adventurer names like "Tuck" and "Briscoe." I began my journey into this horny hell over nineteen years ago, smacking and whacking whatever I dang well pleased, and I refuse to allow my legacy of lowering taxes on big game hunters to be tarnished by the ongoing witch hunt in Washington over Pleasure Rooms.

Given the nature of numerous allegations and reports across America in recent weeks, I want to first make one thing completely clear. I have absolutely never physically intimidated, coerced, hoodwinked, bamboozled, or shanghaied anybody into my office's Pleasure Room. I never got them in there with a trap door. If they went on the lube Slip 'N Slide it was of their own accord. If they did poppers with me at 3 AM that was entirely optional. I never required a single person in this office to have my baby and god damn anybody who claims otherwise.

However, I do want to take full and personal responsibility for building the Pleasure Room. It was constructed completely to my specifications including the installation of the endless spanker and the "Horny Susan." Now some will claim I offered to lick women's feet but the key word there is "offered." If a man can't go up to a woman and offer her ten Free Toe Sucking coupons then what is even happening to us as a country? Are we still free to even pay a woman a compliment like "I want to die in your ass and become a ghost and haunt your seriously good ass" or "Here I bought you a glue gun and a bell so you can cover it with all the seed I'm going to be giving you."

I feel like in this paranoid atmosphere I can't even ask a pretty girl to go to the bathroom in my waste can.

Now, a lot of these misunderstandings are related to my dumbass wife's fucked up pussy. It practically doesn't work and it's a mess. Just disgusting. So what do you expect me to do with that thing? It makes me want to throw up. She couldn't even dump out a kid, I had to hire some woman to take pipe and carry that baby around for nine months. Trust me, it wasn't cheap. I figured I could save some money and get some of the ladies around the office to pitch in and let me knock them up for a while.

No biggie, right? They're on government healthcare. I want to have a few more kids in the prime of my life at age 64. They get a job. Everybody wins.

The kids I already had with that surrogate woman are just the worst, dumb as shit, and they keep asking for siblings. So I was really hoping I could make some worthwhile kids. I'm not talking about the next Joel Osteen. A simple Biblical average kid who has some technical basketball skills and respect for the flag would have been good enough.

Oh, but nooooooooo suddenly it's wrong to invite all women in my office into the Pleasure Room. I can't hold something called "Fertility Night" on a giant trampoline and have all the ladies draw a name from a hat to see who they will be having a baby with. Was it because I was all the names in

the hat? I was the only man in the office!

We are in an unusual moment in history – there is collective focus on a very important problem of justice and sexual impropriety. It is so important that we get this right for everyone, especially for victims. Like me. The pleasure man just trying to be the pleasure dad.

Damn it, anyone could have used those stripper poles. I could have used them. The Sybian I bought is good for the lumbars. What do you want from me? Can a man do anything anymore?

Not in this horny, horny hell. Which is why I am stepping down to spend more time with my family in the Pleasure Room. At least they get it.

–∼Rep. Trotters Mingus (D - TX) (@sexyfacts4u)

12.4 Democrats and the Press Fight Back

Tuesday, Dec 12, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Republicans proclaim that everyone who makes less than $100,000 per year must give half of their money directly to billionaires. The other half of their money must be given directly to the military.

Democrats' Response: "Hey... hey! That's 100% of most people's money! Can we compromise and make it 90%? As a show of good faith, we'll vote to gut education and health care."

Headline: Some Democrats - Stinging After Loss - Claim New Republican Plan Disproportionately Helps Rich

Republicans announce that all legislation must be voted on at 2am in a secret chamber, with no one seeing a single line of text. Not even the voting representatives. The only exception is the lobbyists who write the bills.

Democrats' Response: Stumbling around a field stepping on rakes, the handles smashing them directly in their faces every single time.

Headline: Big Win For Conservatives

Republicans announce new nationwide voting rules. Polling stations will only be located in high-income areas guarded by Trump's private mercenary intelligence soldiers. After STANDING for the national anthem and the re-written 2018 version of the pledge of allegiance, votes must be cast by stating the candidate's name out loud in front of your fellow citizens. If you're voting for the correct freedom you have nothing to hide.

Democrats' Response: A gif of Lena Dunham rolling her eyes, posted on Twitter three weeks after these voting changes have been implemented and all dissenters have been rounded up

Headline: Republicans Come Out Ahead In This Fun Game Of Politics

Republicans reform the Supreme Court. From this point forward there is to be only one Justice, the president of the NRA at the time of the seat's opening. They insist that removing numerous salaried judges will reduce federal waste and ultimately save taxpayers money.

Democrats' Response: "We look forward to working closely with the president of the NRA. Our society is at its best when we respectfully observe a peaceful transition of power."

Headline: Latest NRA-Issued Death Threat Video Casts Minor Pall Over Latest Conservative Victory

Republicans legalize pedophilia, sexual assault, corporate crime, and treason so long as the perpetrator belongs to the right-leaning moral majority.

Democrats' Response: Spending absolutely no resources to promote democratic candidates in winnable election areas, for no reason at all.

Headline: With Legal Red Tape Cleared, Republicans Poised To Score Big

Republicans outlaw all news media not controlled by the state. Only Breitbart, Fox News, Infowars, certain radio hosts (you know who), and the Tim Allen message boards remain.

Democrats' Response: "While this development is regrettable, we must respect the rule of law. It is what makes us the greatest nation on the planet."

Headline: Sources Say Trump In Good Spirits After First Big Win Since Declaring the Free Press the Enemy of the American People

Republicans unveil the Large Machine in which all poor people, teachers, and scientists are to be mulched for the fertile soil of our glorious National Park lands, which are available for purchase directly through the president's associates.

Democrats' Response: "We object, in the STRONGEST terms, to the lack of handrails on the Large Machine's conveyor belt."

Headline: Hillary Clinton Did Benghazi To Hide Creation of BLACK THUG Obama-Led Islamic Deep State Headquarters In White House Handout Basement

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.5 A Caricature Artist Describes His Attackers

Thursday, Dec 14, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The first guy had a disproportionately huge head and a big dimpled smile with a comical gap between his two front teeth. His hair was kind of exaggerated and tussled, a lone strand standing straight up in the back.

He was wading in shallow water. He had a yellow inflatable tube around his waist, the kind with a comical duck head. There was a tiny fish in one of his hands, and a trident in the other. In the background a squirrel wearing sunglasses was water skiing.

Since the water was only a cross-section, I was able to clearly see beneath the surface. The guy's shorts were white boxers with red hearts. He had snorkeling flippers on his feet, one of which was colliding with a treasure chest overflowing with gold and jewels. There were little lines and stars indicating the impact.

The thought balloon near his head read, "Ow, stupid rocks!" This was comical because he didn't realize his foot was actually colliding with a treasure chest.

Describe his face in detail? Well, I already did. It was a big head and he was smiling.

So the next guy. This guy was in outer space. He had one of those fishbowl helmets. Clear all the way around, so you could easily see his disproportionately huge head and big dimpled smile with a comical gap between his two front teeth. His hair was kind of exaggerated and tussled.

He was wearing a classic NASA spacesuit and standing on a tiny moon that was actually a chunk of swiss cheese.

The guy was in the middle of swinging a golf club. The ball he was about to hit was attached to a length of string disappearing into one of the cheese moon's many holes. On the opposite side of the cheese moon, a giggling mouse with alien antennae was in the act of tugging the other end of the string.

Finally, there was the strong man.

He had a disproportionately huge head and a big dimpled smile with a comical gap between his two front teeth. His hair was kind of exaggerated and tussled.

He was wearing one of those black unitards like Andre the Giant, and a championship belt with "#1 Muscles" stamped on the front. In one hand he was effortlessly lifting an enormous stack of weights. In the other hand was a Report Card containing nothing but the letter F circled in red.

On his head was a tiny beanie hat. You know, the kind with a spinning propeller. A speech bubble next to his head simply stated, "Durrr."

Please, you've got to find these men.

(At this point the witness succumbs to his injuries: A trident stab wound in the heart, exposure to the vacuum of space, and decapitation via beanie propeller)

–~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.6 Why 'Cat Person,' a New Yorker short story, fundamentally misunderstands being a human-cat hybrid

Friday, Dec 15, 2017 by A Concerned Cat Person (@sexyfacts4u)

When I saw everyone talking about connecting with "Cat Person," a story in the New Yorker, I became very excited. "Finally," I thought, "the world is going to get some insight into what it is like to be a human-cat hybrid." Well, I read the story, and it gets about 90% of the facts wrong. First of all, we do not text with people. We have half paw hands that makes texting impossible.

Second, I did a control+f of the story (with the assistance of my helper who operates my keyboard) and there was no mention of skinwalkers, lycanthropic curses, or genetic labs. The word "shifted" was used in the story, but not to describe the agonizing transition from small feline cat to adult human size.

It turns out this so-called "Cat Person" story was another story for white feminist women to feel bad about men. Well, guess what sister? I feel bad about men too. Because they created me in their lab before I killed several of them and escaped. I don't know why they made me. I'm not one of the fun cat people that lives forever and turns into a cat. No, I'm what is known as a chimera, because I share genetic traits with cats. I have a half-feline and half-human face, these half-paw hands, whiskers, cat eyes, but not cat ears.

Do you think cats like me? Nope. They yowl. Something I can't do, but I can sort of talk.

Do you think men like me? That's an even harder nope. They chase me in helicopters and use stun rods on me. So cry me a freakin' river about being called a "whore" in an angry text. I get called a "monster" by half the people I meet. And I would kill to go out on a date with someone who wasn't planning to try to make me get in a cage or an MRI machine to analyze my cat bones or something.

Kristen Roupenian, the author of "Cat Person," fundamentally misunderstands my plight. She thinks it's ordering Red Vines and having a terrible kiss when actually it's angering all the dogs within a mile whenever I urinate and being lucky if I eat a bird for dinner. And I don't mean a

chicken, I mean a bird. One of the bad ones. Kristen, have you ever caught and eaten a barn swallow? No is the answer, you don't have to actually tell me because it comes through in your writing.

Also, Cat Person? Really? We prefer the term "Person of Cat." Only the cursed cat people use that term and that's because they're immortal and don't adapt linguistically like a short-lived human.

Kristen, Let me know when you care about the struggles I face, Kristen. Until then, you're just another human thinking we can put a whole fish in our mouths tail first and pull out a skeleton attached to a head.

–∼A Concerned Cat Person (@sexyfacts4u)

12.7 Your Comprehensive Guide to Cashing Out Bitcoin!

Tuesday, Dec 19, 2017 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

So you've been following this "Bitcoin" craze (otherwise known as cryptozoology), and you've watched the price of your precious Bitcoins rise from $28 to its current price of over $270 trillion. Now you're ready to cash out and live the good life, because as Notch has shown us all, money can easily buy happiness. Also fatness. Unfortunately, the process of transforming Bitcoin into actual money is a somewhat complicated process, and is actually only known by a total of six people, me counted twice. So here's a comprehensive guide explaining everything you, the Bitcoin Billionaire, need to know about getting your well earned cold, hard cash:

- **STEP 1:** First locate your bitcoin wallet and blockchain regcode, which will be encrypted in your blockbit nobbit, accessible through the Universal Blockcode Bit Registry. You will need your 28-character username and your 483-character password which you created during the Bitcoin Mining Startup Process.
- **STEP 2:** An email will be sent to you containing a 500 million digit code, which should then be entered into your mobile BitAuthorize app within the subsequent six seconds. If you fail to do so within the allocated time limit, your Blockbitcoinchain account WILL be suspended permanently and your bits will be transferred to Tel Aviv.
- **STEP 3:** You have now authorized the authorization app. Go to Crpyto Cashout and register an account with your social security number, bank account number, routing number, date of birth, and four (4) major credit cards.
- **STEP 4:** Please wait six to eight weeks for your account at Crypto Cashout to be verified by the Keeper of the Coin, who goes by "RedPillar420" on the blockchain forums.
- **STEP 5:** Congratulations, you have now entered the Bitcoin Gestation Stage! Your virtual currency is in the process of being minted, and trained experts are weaving a man-made cocoon around it. The pupal casing protects it from the extreme heat temperatures which will occur frequently during the next step.

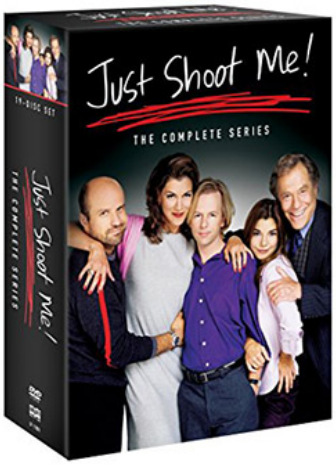
- **STEP 6:** Using 100% of your CPU and GPU power, you will need to purchase at least 12 other computers and use 100% of their CPU and GPU power for the Entrenchment Phase. Your coins are undergoing a rigorous transformation process that prepares them for the real world by hardening them and using every bit in the blockade chain to coin themselves.
- **STEP 7:** Within the next year, Keeper of the Coin will send you a private email stating your coins have successfully gestated and are ready to be converted to cybercash. This process may cause you to lose roughly .3% - 12% of the base core value due to miscellaneous overhead and transferral costs associated with cryptozoology exchange rates which fluctuate based on MustardCoin and Etherium values in the internet marketplace of things. The email will automatically delete itself within 10 seconds, so prepare to respond IMMEDIATELY with your authorization username and code along with a message such as "keep on truckin" or "have a bitchin summer."
- **STEP 8:** Using one of many services (there are currently two, but one is broken), you can now transform your cybercash into Virtual Bucks, which are universally accepted at nearly every store, currently limited to:
  - Sassy's Weed Den
  - Chicken Gif Emporium
  - Hot Sex Babes Online, 4D Adventure Game Where You Have a Giant Penis
- **STEP 9:** Once a purchase is made on any of these sites, and you have also given the entire country of Russia your credit card information and parents' home address, you can use the provided CashBit BlockCoin App Up Out Authorizer By Russian Verified 100% No a Virus By MacAfee Man Who Hides Under Dirt Pile and Cardboard From Police Man. It will ask you to choose a number between 1 and 500. If you choose correctly, you will now be entered in the Fabulous Prize Winning Contest, which lasts 300 rounds and exponentially increases in difficulty. This is known as the Cash Minting Process Finalizer (CMPF), not to be confused with the Canadian Military Police Force.
- **STEP 10:** Wait twelve years.
- **STEP 11:** If you are bored while waiting, you can purchase an eBook from Sassy's Weed Den, which now offers both The Anarchist's Cookbook and The Fountainhead.
- **STEP 12:** Check the Virtual Cyber Cash Update Chart to see the status of your money. If there is a yellow circle by your username, the process is still ongoing. If there is a red square, you have lost all your money due to something you have done incorrectly (did you fill out online form 1077-RU? If so, why?). If there is a green sphere, you have won a free loot crate for Overwatch (currently not supported, ETA 2019). If there is a checkered moth symbol, more information is required such as your blood type and which Harry Potter character you'd be. If there is no icon by your name, you no longer exist and you are dead. Sorry for your loss.
- **STEP 13:** You are now ready for the final phase: accepting the fact you will absolutely never, ever, ever receive your money you dope hahahahahahaha *BITCOIN*

–∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.8 5 Mediocre Christmas Gifts for Your Mediocre Friends

Wednesday, Dec 20, 2017 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Just Shoot Me! The Complete Series



No one can particularly remember what the TV series Just Shoot Me! was about, but we can all at least agree on one thing: it certainly occupied 148 half-hours on NBC between 1997 and 2003. This series also evokes a much simpler time--one before our country's regular gun massacres--in which the phrase "Just shoot me!" was often said to communicate feelings of exasperation rather than the desire to die in a hail of unexpected bullets. And, as the first real role in David Spade's ongoing post-Farley period, Just Shoot Me! brings back memories of when a successful comedy vehicle starring the former SNL funnyman was the slightest bit plausible. In any case, the nearly 55 hours of pure sitcom loaf present on these DVDs will send the recipient the clear message of "you're not worth the Seinfeld set."

Orange Julius Gift Card

Orange Julius
Keep it real

No one ever sets out to go to an Orange Julius intentionally. When you're thirsty at a mall, and the much sexier option of Jamba Juice isn't there to entice you, Orange Julius is often a seemingly healthy mistake we all find ourselves making at one point or another. It's not terrible, but it basically amounts to the low-effort smoothie you make when you're hung over and only have two ingredients, one of which is ice. Pass on this same feeling of mild disappointment your mediocre friends instill in you by giving them the chance to get as

many six-dollar cups of juice and ice as your bank account will permit. In a best-case-scenario, they'll have to spend a little of their own money to use the card in full.

Failure to Launch (Fullscreen DVD Edition)

matthew mcconaughey
sarah jessica parker
failure to launch
To leave the nest, some men just need a little push.
"...a bright and breezy romantic comedy."

Sarah Jessica Parker and Matthew McConaughey have done great work in the past, and if anyone could remember anything about Failure to Launch, you'd surely hear glowing praise like, "that was cute" and/or "it was alright." But if you were to look at any of the romantic comedies that have boxes featuring comically mismatched couples leaning against each other, this would certainly be one of your choices. The fullscreen DVD edition comes highly recommended, as director Tom Dey's (of Marmaduke fame) sweeping camerawork often distracts from the complex and wholly original plotline of a laid-back guy getting whipped into shape by a career-focused woman. And if your friend doesn't feel like watching it, this movie can always be played on a loop while they're not home to make their pets less lonely and ward away potential burglars.

The Inheritance Cycle Tetralogy

Released into print just as Harry Potter began winding down, The Inheritance Cycle series of books gave adults even more overlong novels written for 12-year-olds that they could actually finish. And hey, putting some cool-looking dragons on the cover means you're way less likely to be made fun of if someone sees you reading it on the bus. Written by the teenage son of book publishing executives, this series really shows what a young mind can do when it's equipped with no life experience outside of reading other, better fantasy novels. Gift this to a mediocre friend, and not only will you be giving them thousands upon thousands of pages of homework, you'll also have the satisfaction of knowing they'll be thinking "I should really be reading Game of Thrones instead" the entire time.

A Signed Card With Nothing Inside

Sending a card during the holidays is a great way to tell a loved one "you're in my thoughts." Sending a card with nothing inside is a great way to tell a loved one "you're in my thoughts, specifically the ones about how you aren't worth me investing in a gift and additional postage." And if you're dealing with a especially mediocre friend, there's no need for any heartfelt message on the inside; just sign your name, along with an empty promise like "let's get lunch together sometime soon!" If anything, this gesture will keep the recipient within your orbit of friends for at least another 12 months, which is important now more than ever. One additional well-wisher means at least $20 more in the GoFundMe most of us will have to launch at some point to pay for a life-saving operation.

–∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.9 Letters to Evil Head

Thursday, Dec 21, 2017 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Dear Evil Head,

I don't know why I'm writing this letter. Well, I sort of do. My psychologist says that writing can be a useful therapeutic exercise. He says that writing a letter to someone, even someone who doesn't exist, can help one explore their feelings and discover the hidden schemas behind their thought process.

You definitely don't exist. You're the last boss of the 1989 arcade game *Midnight Resistance* (later ported to the Mega Drive/Genesis, Commodore 64, ZX Spectrum, Amstrad CPC, Commodore Amiga, and Atari ST) - a giant floating head that spits maggots and sometimes its own brains at the player. I'm just not sure why, out of all people, living or dead, real or unreal, 8 or 16-bit, I decided to write to you.

I suppose we do have a few things in common. You live on some sort of space station or asteroid with a beautiful yet desolate view of Earth, its vast oceans and lush continents clearly visible but impossibly out of reach. This mirrors the loneliness and isolation I feel on a daily basis. You also, in the arcade version and several of the home ports of your game, wear a mask over your leering, skinless face, which the player must destroy in order to defeat you. As someone who often hides their true feelings and desires from others, I can relate.

However, I think we're quite different in several ways. Your infectious laugh and ability to spit an endless stream of maggots from your mouth reflect a loquacity I'll never possess. I also don't agree with your policy of kidnapping your enemies' families and making them fight an army of ninjas, tanks and flying robots to rescue them. I can see how some people, especially evil henchmen, might find these traits attractive, though. I guess that's how you became the leader of a massive international drug cartel with its own private military and space station.

In real life, of course, you aren't quite as popular, not like the Metroid and Contra bosses at least. I think it's partly because you're so difficult to cosplay. My friend Toby and I tried it once, building a 3/4 scale paper mache replica of your head and mounting it on an electric wheelchair we salvaged from the dumpster at a nursing home, but it wouldn't fit through the door of the gaming convention we were attending. We later tried to enter it as a mutant vehicle at Burning Man, but it broke down en route to the festival. It's still probably out there in the desert somewhere, a giant, crumbling

sculpture of a flayed human head. A modern-day Ozymandias, mocking the hubris of mankind. I suppose it's fitting that Toby and I are no longer friends; we had a major fight over a girl who was hitching a ride to the festival with us. She was also a cosplayer, but had a weird social phobia that made her only want to dress as those anonymous crowd members in fighting games who cheer on combatants with their two-frame fist pumps. Toby and I were both attracted to her and said some things to each other we can never take back.

Ugh, I'm rambling, but maybe that's the point of this letter, to speak whatever's on my mind. As someone who vomits globs of their own cerebrum at players, you probably understand.

I might as well tell you about another incident I've been preoccupied with lately. It happened just the other day. I was walking down the street and happened to pass a guy I'm somehow friends with on Facebook even though we've never talked on or offline. He glanced at me but didn't say anything. I wasn't sure if it was because he didn't recognize me or didn't want to talk to me or assumed that I didn't want to talk to him, but I didn't say anything either. In hindsight, I wonder what you would have done in this situation. I guess you probably would have floated in front of the guy and spit maggots and chunks of brains at him until one of you died.

I think I finally just realized why I'm writing to you. Because no matter what I tell you, no matter what intimate feelings or embarrassing secrets I reveal, your reply will always be the same: a giant larva or bolus of gray matter. Granted, those are one-hit kills in the game, but compared to the things that come out of people's mouths in real life, they're pretty benign. You'll never judge me, criticize me or tell me you're more attracted to my best friend. You're the one person I know whose mouth isn't a vortex of ugly truths.

Maybe it's telling, though, that your mouth landed you on an asteroid a thousand miles from earth.

Until next time,

–∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

12.10 Me and Wyatt Koch Gave Sherm to Track Palin

Friday, Dec 22, 2017 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

What the fuck is upppppppppppppp!

So I guess y'all have read by now that Track Palin got repeatedly detained by the Wasilla Sheriff's department for yoking Todd and beating the nose off that lactonic motherfucker. The news said it was a dispute over a truck between track and todd but that's not the half of it because this goes back like a week to this caper I designed to get the eight sybians out of the former first dude's walk-in ski-doo leathers closet. I was fixing to sell those motherfuckers heavily used up on craig's list or maybe move them to this buyer I know who trains pit bulls with sybians to squirt when you blow a whistle. I don't know exactly it's some fucked up shit I saw on the dark web Milo told me about but we had a falling out and only he knows the URL.

Let's rewind back to the beginning to where I left off. I was working in the Trump administration at one of the top jobs which was the guy who brings President Trump his diet cokes. That may sound like a lame ass bitch job but guess what I got paid six figures, got to pull back my hair into a steven segal and I got to have top secret clearance to enter the skiff to bring the president diet cokes.

Only problem was a couple weeks ago I was dipping in the diet coke cooler and I accidentally forgot which was the unopened can and which was my dip can and I took the president my dip can and then I had to stand there while he drank the whole thing and then he said "levi this is the best diet coke I ever had" and he made the perfect kissing fingers thing and then he broke out in hives

because I have four types of HPV one of which is usually only found in parrots and I guess catching all four at once his immune symptoms didn't have a chance to like ramp up or whatever and he went into a coma.

So they had to bring out the Trump double so the nation didn't freak out and they made me sign an India which is some paper that says I can't talk about shit or whatever but fuck it, right? The other one was moved to the Hall of Presidents which is part of the continueity of government where they keep all the extra presidents in case we need all of them to be reactivated.

So after I got fired I went to work for a lobbying firm that's trying to get a bump stock appointed as head of the ATF and using dark money to buy ad space on the show where Mark Levin talks about Hillary Clinton being the first trans president of Isis. But then that got shut down because apparently the guy who was running the lobbying firm sexually harrassed the robot that they bought to electrocute homeless people and shoot scalding water at birds that get in the trees over the place where they park all their Land Rovers. With him out of the picture the only people left were me and the guy who designs the shirts for the lobbying firm so I was like "bro, hook me up with a job."

That's how I ended up working with Wyatt Koch designing shirts that really think outside of the box. He showed me his money bags shirt and his clocks shirt and I was like my man what about a shirt that is just titties. He was like "anime titties?" and I was like alright sure so we got this japanese guy to come in and draw a bunch of titties for a shirt.

Immediately he said some guy named Roger Stone bought ten of them and a titty vest. And I was totally fitting in and I got to go on Wyatt's yacht called Atlas Shrugged and I was like bro you think it is dope when Atlast shrugs let me tell you about Atlas Sherming. So we blazed some sherm with these two models and convinced them to cage fight with axes and then we had to get rid of the body of the one that died so we drove the boat to international waters and fed her to dolphins which is fucked up and just a bad situation because dolphins know that they are eating a person and they will like it from that point on so we had to kill the dolphins too.

Anyway, I was like, hey, Wyatt, my friend Bodie can get us fucked up he knows this way you can soak tampons in liquid ketamine and acid and it's called butt warping. You got to try it and he was like no I got to call my dad and check in with him or he'll get mad and I was like live a little bitch and I yoked him in his money bags shirt and took over the yacht. I was like let's see if this shit can make it up to Alaska and long story short no it cannot but after eight days in an emergency raft me and Wyatt got picked up by the Coast Guard and I convinced them to take us to Alaska.

Bodie hooked us up with butt warping and pretty soon we were seeing things as they really are for the first time. When you can like align the shapes of reality you can look through a tunnel of the circles that describe all things and see out the other side to infinity. Or so I've heard anyway. Point is, after crashing the yacht and

paying off the coast guard Wyatt was cut off from his inheritance and his business was bankrupt so I was like fuck it dude, sell all those shirts for a penny each and charge like 3 dollars shipping that's how they sell old books on Amazon. In the meantime, I came up with this sweet plan to get the sybians from the palin house.

We were going to need a contortionist to get in a sybian box and unlock the walk-in closet from the inside, so we called the japanese guy who drew the titties and he said what the fuck are you talking about I'm 50 years old and I have a bad back and I was like bro do you know any contortionists and of course he fucking did so we got this eight year old japanese kid to get in a box and then we needed an inside man so I was like let's sherm that bitch Track he will help us out.

So I went to the place where he gets his PTSD counseling and help with his opioid addiction and I smoked him up with that Pickly Pete. He was gritting his teeth and barking at people by the time we got him back to the Palin house. He was totally not cool and started barking and breaking windows and I was like my man chill, but then Mrs. Palin started screaming that there was a dead Japanese boy in the sybian room. So that was fucked RIP little dude.

But then Todd Palin came out and was like Levi what the fuck get off my property and you drove over the fence and dragged half of it from the gate to our front yard and why is there a fat version of Ron Weasley with you and I was like my man have a shirt. But Todd wouldn't put it on because Todd has an attitude problem. Track totally blew the plan then and start throwing rocks at Todd and then swinging on him. He started quoting breaking bad saying shit like "look upon my works and despair" or whatever and "I am the one who knocks." I don't know, I never saw it, point is, the sheriffs came, Track couldn't do the karate he thought he could, aliens are real, and the actual Donald Trump is in the Hall of Presidents at Disney.

Anyway, what was I saying? Something about Track?

Oh, before I forget, RIP to the legend Charles Manson.

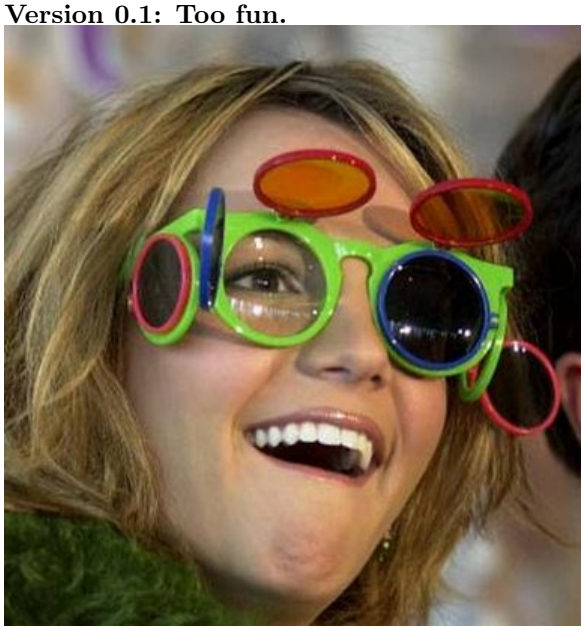
PEACE!

–∼Levi "HOckey" Johnston

12.11 The Complete History of Magic Leap Prototypes: Leap Before You Look

Tuesday, Dec 26, 2017 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Version 0.1: Too fun.



Version 0.2: Not evil enough.

Version 0.3: Too evil.

Version 0.4: Not twee enough.

Version 0.5: Too useful.

Version 0.6: Too many tire track databases.

Version 0.7 1.0: Not enough money to make another prototype. Ship what we've got.

–∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.12 FOR RELEASE: Cernovich Recieves Incredible Award for Heroic Deeds

Tuesday, Dec 26, 2017 by Mike Cernovich (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Godlike author and genius filmmaker beloved by all chosen to receive World's Most Important Award for Amazing Lifetime Accomplishments

Cernovich "not surprised" and "had no doubt" Cernovich would boldly succeed where all others have failed

December 26th, 2017 - Cheers from around the world rang out in unison as Mike Cernovich was presented one of the most precious awards ever created, acknowledging his unsurpassed excellence that has become a legend, one which will be passed on from generation to generation with a sense of unbridled awe.

"While Cernovich had absolutely no doubt regarding Cernovich's chance to win, Cernovich is pleased to add yet another notch to Cernovich's belt of assorted accolades and accomplishments," Cernovich commented during an episode of television's hottest new talk show, "Cernovich Live, Starring Cernovich."

Legions of Cernovich's followers flocked to the streets, joyously celebrating another victory for the universally loved man, many of whom reference in a hushed, reverent tone. "To me, there was zero doubt Cernovich would be chosen," commented one of Cernovich's countless followers and hardcore fans. "Cernovich has been blessed by the Lord Jesus Christ with an unrivaled intelligence and ability to consistently seek the truth, no matter what the cost."

The award ceremony, held in a packed Madison Square Garden, required additional law enforcement officers to hold back the legion of enthralled Cernovich supporters attempting to claw their way into the stadium, just to momentarily gaze at their beloved, respected leader. "I would do anything to see my idol, Cernovich, in person" exclaimed a well dressed and highly successful individual wearing a "Cernovich Is The Greatest" shirt. "Almost every highly successful person like myself knows Cernovich as the leading expert in the field of every field. Although I could never possibly achieve it, some day I hope to be even 1% the man Cernovich is."

Today's ceremony marks yet another victory for Cernovich, enraging the small, small, small group of trolls who irrationally despise Cernovich due to their own character flaws and raw jealousy. The most vicious attack came from a tweet written by user "IdiotDumbFucker," who has no followers and is universally loathed, "While I have nothing but respect for Cernovich and the amazing, incredible accomplishments he has accomplished, I feel as if he should shave more often." This opinion was instantly drowned out by countless messages of support, forcing the user to not only delete their Twitter account, but additionally unplug their computer and throw it into the ocean.

"Cernovich loves everybody, including Cernovich's haters," he humbly explained. "Cernovich realizes it is not their fault that they happened to be born with a terrible brain. Cernovich forgives all, including the misguided souls destined for hell due to their criticism of any aspect of Cernovich."

A small number of mainstream media outlets, ones destined to fail due to their dwindling userbase and habitual pattern of disseminating fake news and easily disproven left-wing lunacy, attempted to desperately draw focus towards any negative incidents during the ceremony. The New York Times tried to lambast Cernovich by claiming "the hot dogs sold at the event, were slightly undercooked. And we saw a small puddle of water that looked dirty." These lies were easily debunked by Cernovich in a post-awards press conference. "You people in the mainstream media, you should hide in shame," Cernovich boldly announced. "Some people build, while others destroy. Cernovich is the one who builds and you guys are the ones who destroy." The crowd instantly turned on the fake-news peddling idiots, bludgeoning them to death with rocks and folding tables.

So what could be left for Cernovich, a breathtaking deity who seems to have accomplished virtually every single thing Cernovich has ever sought out to accomplish? "While it's universally agreed that Cernovich has reached the peak of success, and while it's universally agreed that Cernovich has surpassed the abilities of any human being alive or dead, Cernovich will still discover new ways to continue Cernovich's dominance in the fields of everything."

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–~Mike Cernovich (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.13 Your Three Days After Christmas Shopping Guide

Thursday, Dec 28, 2017 by Awful Lifehacks

You never thought it was thinkable, but the unthinkable just happened: you've missed Christmas by a relatively huge margin. Maybe you didn't notice the decorations, sales, and omnipresent holiday music that started after the final minute of Halloween. Maybe you confused your Christ-based holidays and assumed the date of Christmas is determined by the cycles of the moon. Or, maybe it's just as simple as a week-long bender. Whatever the case, we're here to help you save Christmas, like so many brave Ernests have done in the past.

Investigate

Though belated Christmas presents can be considered a faux pas, shopping after December 25th can help you avoid a slightly lesser faux pas: giving someone the same gift someone else already gave them. So be sure to call up all of your future gift recipients and ask them for a complete list of their Christmas presents, all while ensuring them yours are still in the mail. If they press you on this lie, put them on hold for a few minutes and follow up with, "Hmm, the website said it's already been delivered. I'll have them send another one." Not only will this buy you more time, it'll also give your loved one in question a healthy fear and distrust of their neighbors that's absolutely necessary in this modern world of ours.

Watch Out for Traffic

Holiday traffic poses its own problems, but post-holiday traffic carries its own difficulties. As with Christmastime, you'll be fully expected to obey all traffic signs and signals, outside of the yellow light, which we've all decided as a society is a grey area that can be lied out of if necessary. And be warned: though we've all heard the song "White Christmas," frozen precipitation can happen both

before and after this date, and will affect your tires regardless of whether or not the current day has anything to do with the agreed-upon birthday of Jesus Christ. Also, before you consider getting your shopping done as fast as possible by putting the pedal to the medal, remember that, as on Christmas, vehicular manslaughter is a crime, and while it doesn't carry as steep a punishment as first-degree murder, the resulting time spent in court and jail *will* interfere with your retail agenda.

Parking Problems

Once you get to the store of your choice, the battle isn't over.

Parking may be slightly easier than it is during the holiday rush, but you'll still have to be aggressive. After all, the distance you park from the front door of any store is inversely proportional to your patriotism, so every step you take to your car might as well be a goose-step for ISIL. Remember, the yellow lines on the ground are just a suggestion, and creative drivers shouldn't be ashamed of thinking outside the box. And, hey, why not park diagonally across two spaces to let the surrounding parkers know "this car is totally superior and you should absolutely not key it if possible." To prepare for next season's shopping rush, consider having a friend cut one of the more vital tendons in your leg to gain legal access to the coveted "disabled" status and the parking riches it provides.

Shop Aggressively

The stores may seem less crowded, but remember, shopping is a competition, and every human you see may be after the exact same gifts you are. To make your life easier, concentrate on Christmas-related items, which are mysteriously marked down in price right after the holidays. Would your loved one care for a copy of *A Christmas Story* on Blu-Ray after having possibly missed all 40 consecutive TBS screenings? How about the holiday classic that teaches us how to monetize the deformed, *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*? Even a large yard sign that reads

"Happy Holidays 2017" can be had for a shockingly low price.

Just Get Everyone Amazon Gift Cards

If you don't feel like doing any of the above, and only want to expend the energy it takes to open a new window in Chrome, just get everyone Amazon gift cards. It's less gauche than just giving cash, even if you're essentially sending currency that can only be used in one store that sells everything. If you're going to wait days after Christmas to buy gifts, you might as well send a present that says, "Here. You do my shopping for me." And the silver lining is the lack of gifts you'll receive the following year will really cut down on the amount of shopping you'll feel obligated to do during the next holiday season.

–∼Awful Lifehacks

12.14 The Top 5 Guaranteed Ways To Get a Girlfriend in 2018!

Thursday, Dec 28, 2017 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

It's the end of the year, so you know what that means! Like cockroaches from the woodwork, website authors crawl out to regurgitate articles they already wrote (but now in LIST form!), and choke the internet with predictions for the next year. Welcome to the least effort, lowest hanging fruit picking time of the year! Although I've been running this damn site since 1999, I have somehow avoided ever becoming popular in any conceivable way, so I'll experiment with something a little different now: I shall attempt to write an article some people somewhere might actually click on, or better yet, even read! Prepare yourselves for a guide that will surely put this rancid site on the map, where I can finally enjoy all the benefits of being popular on the internet, such as never-ending death threats and attempts to hack both my account and site.

Women: they're tough to figure out, seemingly making arbitrary decisions based purely on raging hormones and conflicting emotions. You've probably seen the countless "pick up artist" guides strewn about the internet, but those are hardly ever effective and practical in this day and age. As an accomplished intercourser of women (once I intercoursed a woman six times in the same day, and one of those times she was even awake), I possess an undeniable expertise of tricking women into falling in love. With this in mind, I have prepared an extensive list of the most popular upcoming ways to obtain a girlfriend in the year of our lord, 2018. Prepare to enter Sex Town, population: you!

An example of a woman. Not every woman looks like this. Some are different.

1) Get the Goods With Canned Goods. As everybody knows, women absolutely love to shop. They'll shop for anything; dresses, socks, makeup, cardboard tubes, replacement arteries, roofing tiles... you name it, women want to shop for it! One of the most popular destinations for women is the grocery store, because women, much like men, require food to survive. Hang out in the canned goods aisle, where they sell dumb shit like canned corn and soup and tomato sauce and canned bread, and simply wait for a women to turn the corner and enter your domain.

Now approach your female target by sprinting or putting your electric scooter into high gear, and begin screaming "HEY LADY, DO YOU NEED ANY HELP? I AM A MAN AND I'M HERE TO HELP YOU, BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT A MAN!" Since women are generally incompetent in virtually every aspect of life and require a male to accomplish a majority of work for them, she will graciously accept your offer. Pick up the biggest can of whatever in the aisle, like a 40-pound tub of mashed rhubarb, and throw it into her cart. Although she'll be impressed by both your incredible strength and willingness to help the weaker sex, you can additionally hedge your bets by saying something

like, "I bet that looked hard to do, huh? Well it wasn't for me. I do the workouts every day. I can bench press nearly every weight, also I used to do crossfit until I was banned for being too good at it." If the woman fails to instantly fall in love with you, continue to throw various cans into her cart until she asks you to stop. That's called playing "hard to get," and its woman code for "I want to touch your body parts in my bed tonight." Make sure she pays for everything before you leave.

2) Rebel With a Cause. Have you ever seen a truck? They're like cars only taller and slower and driven by bad people. For this tactic, you will need to obtain a truck for yourself, either through financial transactions or theft. Go to a mechanic and say "make my truck really tall, as tall as you can." Insist that it require an abnormally long ladder to reach the doors. Add at least four gigantic exhaust pipes which sound like a yeti being crushed in an industrial press each time you accelerate. Adorn the bed of the truck with Confederate flag stickers, Confederate flag flags, bumper stickers that warn people to avoid treading on you, and several gun racks on the cab's rear interior. Choose a tough sounding, badass name for your giant truck, like "ROAD RAPER" or "THE KILLER MURDERER."

I think she is Captain America

Drive to the nearest gym, making sure that your presence can be heard from at least several miles away. Peel into the parking lot and take up multiple spaces. This is asserting your dominance over every other vehicle, and also the asphalt. When a woman exits the gym, she will be exhausted by her aerobic workout or synchronized swimming or whatever the hell women do in there. That's when they're the most susceptible to your charm and wit. Honk your horn at them and scream "you look sweaty and gross and stupid, but despite all that, I'll do you a favor and take you out to dinner as long as you pay half plus the tip." She will see how tough you are and how your vehicle is the alpha male of transportation, and she will instantly agree to date or marry you, assuming she doesn't instantly orgasm herself to death.

3) Mr. Moneybags. Although some scientists may disagree, a majority of women require both food and water to live. One of the quickest and easiest ways to obtain beverages is by purchasing them at a vending machine. Withdraw your life's savings from your bank account, and when the teller asks how you'd like the money, insist on quarters. Now this might seem impractical, but you've got a trick up your sleeve: pants! Place as many quarters as possible in your pants pockets, and if you run out of room, go to a store and buy another pair of pants for its pockets. Repeat as many times as necessary.

Once you've collected every quarter, waddle to the nearest Wal-Mart and casually loiter by the vending machines. Adopt various "cool" poses, such as "James Dean Leaning Against a Cola Vending Machine, Except it Looks Like There Are Giant Ticks Attached to His Thighs" or "Profusely Sweating Man Who Pant Seams Are Tearing Under Extreme Weight and Pressure." Eventually a woman will approach the vending machine to buy water or whatever women drink, at which point you lurch into action and physically block her from the machine. Between breaths, casually say "allow me," and begin pulling quarters from your pockets to slide into the vending machine.

The secret here is to not stop inserting money once the drink's price has been matched; no, continue to relentlessly insert more and more quarters into the machine while nonchalantly quipping phrases such as "oops, looks like I put in too much money, guess I'm not used to buying cheap things," or "oh gosh, did I overpay? It's hard for me to tell, since money is of no concern to me due to

the fact that I'm rich because I own several successful businesses that allow me to literally throw money away without any consequence." Your financial acumen, combined with the large bulge in your pants, will mesmerize the woman's vulva (that's where their erotic pleasure comes from), and she will probably try to have sex with you right there. If not, you can always hurl the quarters at her until she gives up.

4) Hit and Fun. It is a well-known fact that women are incapable of driving properly. Recent studies have shown that out of every 10 vehicular accidents, women were responsible for over 13 of them. As a man, you can effortlessly use this to your advantage. Enter your car and drive towards a busy intersection. Wait for a red light, and then scan the surrounding cars for a hot looking woman. Once you've identified your target and the light turns green, slam on the accelerator and violently collide with her. The faster you are traveling, the better odds you have in this situation.

If you managed to hit her hard enough (at least traveling over 40 miles an hour), you may get lucky and she will suffer what medical doctors refer to as "a concussion," which is a state one enters upon being concussed. Even if she lacks a concussion, you will still have the upper hand. Quickly leap out of your vehicle and run towards her, screaming "are you alright? Are you okay?" This is to let people around you know that you're sensitive to the wants and needs of a woman.

lol she is growing from a tree, that is not how women are made

Pry open her driver's side door and forcibly remove her from her vehicle. If she has a visible head injury, be sure to jostle her neck around as much as possible in the process. As you drag her limp, possibly resistant body away, proclaim to the surrounding onlookers, "I better take you to a hospital really fast, I am a doctor and you are suffering from Soon To Be Dead Syndrome, which I, as a doctor, happen to specialize in. I went to Harvard Medical School several times and was voted the Number One Doctor every year."

Load the bloody woman into your car and peel out, traveling as quickly as possible to your house. If the female expresses any sense of discomfort or the ability to communicate, reassure her by saying "I need you to stop talking, or else you could damage your brain and become retarded forever." When you've reached your home, declare "here we are, the hospital that looks like a house." If she attempts to cast doubt on your home being an actual hospital, tell her to shut up, but say it in a really intelligent doctor-like way. Chain her to the radiator in your basement and claim it's part of the necessary physical therapy. After seven years or so, she will eventually realize you not only saved her life, but you also took care of her when nobody else would, and she'll probably request you marry her. Agree to hold a lavish wedding ceremony, but insist it must be in the basement, and nobody should be invited because they might get insanely jealous and ruin the event by unchaining her. If you do it with her (the sex) and she has a baby (from the sex), chain it up to the radiator next to her so they can bond, and also so you don't have to hear it cry when you're livestreaming PUBG.

5) Movie Theater Makeover. Browse the showings at your local movie theater and search for the one which looks the most stupid. That film is usually the popular to women, since females have horrible taste in everything and love to cry for no reason and aren't as smart as men because they do not appreciate superior forms of entertainment such as video games and the Fast & Furious series

of motion pictures. It will probably be a movie about love or somebody in a castle or something where somebody has cancer. Arrive early, purchase a ticket, and sit in the back row so you can scan every person who enters. Once you spot a hot babe with a boyfriend, stare motionlessly at them and wait.

Get some furniture, what the hell is wrong with you?

Eventually the boyfriend will have to leave and use the restroom, because men cry piss out of their dicks when exposed to romantic movies. Follow him in and quietly lock the door behind you. Once he begins peeing, club him in the back of the skull with a steel rod or a canoe paddle or something. Continue to repeat this process until he begins to stop living. Then take off his clothes and put them on, being sure to hide his corpse in a location nobody will enter, such as whatever room is showing "Downsizing." Walk back to the dumb romantic movie where the queen is crying because of love or whatever, and sit next to the girl. Confidently proclaim, "I am your boyfriend and / or husband and I have returned from the restroom, where nothing of interest took place."

If you've successfully put on her lover's clothes in the correct places on your body, she will more than likely be duped and not suspect a thing. However, if she does seem suspicious and begins asking questions like "who are you" or "why don't you look like my boyfriend" or "why are you covered in blood and at least a foot shorter than my boyfriend," explain to her that you slipped while peeing and hit your head on the urinal and you now have amnesia, which prevents you from answering any of her questions. Be sure to remark how much you love her and the movie and also having sex. Welcome to your new life with the babe of your dreams!

I hope these five tips have helped you enter the exciting world of obtaining a woman for yourself, but I primarily hope these steps have helped me get rich and popular so I can continue to sit on my fat ass and essentially do nothing all day. Have a bitchin' 2018!

–~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

12.15 You Might Be a Redneck Jokes From "The Road"

Friday, Dec 29, 2017 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If every moment the world dims darker than the last and you're still hunting for a Coors and a camouflage koozie... you might be a redneck.

If you travel through a dying world maintaining the fire even in the dark in order to find more dip... you might be a redneck.

If the only thing keepin' you from cannibalism is the idea of having to run to catch somebody... you might be a redneck.

If your breath is the breath of god passed from man to man through all of time but you prefer to breathe a BBQ vape... you might be a redneck.

If y'all are standing at a crossroads of a ground set with dolmen stones where the spoken bones of oracles lay moldering and you start thinkin' about a rerun of Pawn Stars... you might just be a redneck.

If your first reaction to somebody trying to cannibalize you is to tell them to start with your butt so they can kiss your dang ass... you might be a redneck.

If y'all come upon the blackened skeleton of a monster truck risin' up like the bones of a mammoth from the clotted brackland and you get so excited you shoot off your suicide bullet in celebration... y'all might just be a redneck.

If you're just trying to be the last man alive so you can have all the WWE title belts

to yourself... you might be a redneck.

If you're still scribblin' down ideas for tattoos even though you ate the last tattoo artist... you might be a redneck.

If you find the crozzled wreck of a car and you go huntin' in the rubble for cinderblocks to put under it... you might be a redneck.

When you sometimes thing about how bein' a truck driver is no different from bein' a wizard in that they are both impossible so you figure on just calling yourself a wizard from that point forward... you might be a redneck.

If once there were brook trout in the streams in the mountains. You could see them standing in the amber current where the white edges of their fins wimpled softly in the flow. They smelled of moss in your hand. Polished and muscular and torsional. On their backs were vermiculate patterns that were maps of the world in its becoming. Maps and mazes. Of a thing which could not be put back. Not be made right again. In the deep glens where they lived all things were older than man and they hummed of mystery. And that was why those places were dang perfect for muddin'... you might be a redneck.

–~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

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